

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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## The Vast Amount of Enemy Property in the United States

HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH HAS ALREADY BEEN PLACED WHERE  
IT CANNOT BE USED AGAINST THE NATIONAL CAUSE

By A. Mitchell Palmer

Formerly Member of Congress from Pennsylvania, now Alien Property Custodian

THE business being transacted by the alien property custodian is beginning to amount to hundreds of millions of dollars, and is steadily increasing. It is not yet possible to state the gross value of the property taken into custody since last October, when the office was established; but the total is very large, although it represents only part of the enemy-owned wealth in the United States. It does not include the property of law-abiding resident aliens, which under the present law is not seizable. Nor have all the holdings been reported, the omission being unintentional in some cases; and Federal agents have started to search from coast to coast to get in all outstanding seizable property.

The test of enemy character of property is solely one of residence, a fact not yet understood by everybody. Nationality cuts

no figure in the matter. Within the meaning of the act the property of American citizens can be seized, if those citizens are residing within the enemy lines, while the property of unnaturalized German citizens residing in this country, if not engaged in any pernicious activity against the government of the United States, may not be molested.

All aliens interned by the government are regarded as enemies, and their property is treated accordingly. The purpose is to enable the alien property custodian to take over and manage the property of alien enemies of large means who have been permanently interned, and to eliminate any possibility of their carrying on, from the internment camps, trading activities which might be inimical to the interests of the United States. It must be noted, however, that this provision does not include in its

scope an alien enemy under arrest in a local jail who has not been transferred to the War Department, nor an alien enemy already released on parole, nor the great body of alien enemies subject to regulation by the President.

The government of the United States does not intend to interfere with the property of the ordinary resident alien, be he German or Austrian. The seizure of property is strictly limited in its operation to those who have been found to be dangerous, and who have been transferred to the War Department for permanent detention. There is no reason whatever why peaceable German or Austrian residents should be concerned about their property here, whether real or personal, or their funds, such as cash in banks, postal savings, securities, or other investments. On the other hand, property held in this country for, or on account of, or for the benefit of persons who are actually resident within the enemy territory or within territory occupied by the armed forces of the enemy, is liable to seizure. As already stated, this includes the property of American citizens resident in enemy territory, although for good cause the custodian may declare it exempt from the operation of the act.

#### ATTEMPTS TO FRUSTRATE THE LAW

It is apparent that holders of both large and small blocks of property are either not reporting them or are attempting to conceal them. Others are attempting to transfer property for the duration of the war, to be turned back to the enemy owners after peace shall be declared. To stop these practices the fullest powers provided by law will be exerted if necessary, just as the law will be impartially enforced against all individuals or corporations who fail to make proper returns. Full notice has been given, and the time for making reports liberally extended.

A favorite subterfuge is the sale of German-owned property to some purchaser who gives in payment for it notes which by their terms are not payable until after a number of years. The case of the Schutte & Koerting Company, of Philadelphia, proves the futility of this plan for concealing the real ownership. In this instance a note for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, payable in 1937, was given as the consideration for the alleged sale of the common stock of that company to Mrs.

Helene Fischer, daughter of Ernst Koerting, of Hanover, Germany, and wife of a man now interned here as a dangerous alien enemy. Both the company and Mrs. Fischer recited in their reports that the sale was consummated and the note given on or prior to February 14, 1917; but an investigation by the Federal authorities laid bare the fact that the note was not signed until three weeks after war was declared.

There is also an astonishing lack of knowledge of the law and its requirements. Many excuses have been given, but in the future no more excuses can be accepted. A president of a trust company recently admitted that he held one hundred thousand dollars' worth of German securities in his vault. When asked to explain why he had not reported them, he replied that he did not know there was any law requiring it. In another instance a citizen failed to report that the coupons of German-owned bonds were being regularly clipped and the proceeds sent to an address in Sweden, to be relayed to Germany, because he could not betray a confidence.

It is imperative as a matter of national defense that all alien property should, without further delay, be placed in the hands of the alien property custodian. Every citizen who knows of property held for an enemy as described above, or of a transfer of such property to any other individual or institution, or of any debts owing by any person to an alien enemy, must come forward and give information. So must every one who knows of persons who are officers or directors of corporations of which any of the capital stock is owned by any one defined as an enemy, or of persons who may have the custody or control of any property, either alone or with others who are classed as alien enemies under the law.

More than one hundred and forty thousand lawyers in the United States have been enlisted in the campaign to uncover enemy property. These attorneys have been called upon to locate and report to this office all funds held by the enemy in the vicinities in which they live. Property aggregating in value many millions of dollars has been reported and taken over, but it is confidently believed that at least as much, if not more, is still unreported.

The duty of locating and reporting such property is placed by law not upon this office, but upon the individual citizen. It is here that his help is needed.



*It is the only way to stop the flow of money into enemy territory!*

#### THE CUSTODIAN'S HUGE GENERAL STORE

That it is not an easy matter to gather together all this property is quite obvious. The items are many; they run anywhere from millions in stocks and bonds down to a ninety-eight-cent nickel watch. Not only has cash been taken over, but all kinds of negotiable and non-negotiable paper are included in the seizures, to the extent of many millions of dollars, besides real estate.

The kinds of industry now under the direction of the custodian include pencil-making in New Jersey, chocolate manufacture in Connecticut, beer-brewing in Chicago, mining in Mexico, sawmills in Florida, real-estate offices and retail stores, commission houses and public utilities in all parts of the country. The miscellaneous property consists of manufactured articles, household goods, odd lots, much of it subject to waste or storage charges. The lots are scattered all over the country, and many of them are small. Among them, for instance, are some rugs in New York; three horses near Joplin, Missouri; a car-load of cedar logs in the South; some machine-tools in New England—all of these being subject to private sale in order to get the best terms for the government as well as for the ultimate owners. In this respect, the alien property custodian keeps the biggest general store in the country.

Even this business has its human-interest phases. For instance, a young man, whose name for obvious reasons must be withheld, wrote from South Dakota asking if there was not some way to save a farm of one hundred and sixty acres from his father, who had abandoned his wife and children and hurried off to Germany just before the declaration of war. The writer said:

Can't you protect it for us from father, who might return, sell the farm, and go back to his old Fatherland that he bragged so much about? He must have taken the deed of the farm with him. We can't find it. We know he took five thousand dollars which he had saved up in the bank. But don't you think the farm belongs to us children and this country, and not to Germany?

A farmer in Maryland, not far from Washington, wrote that he wished to report the only German property in his possession, which was "one German canary interned in a cage." From Ohio came a communication stating that a woman, a school-

teacher in Cincinnati, had bequeathed an estate valued at ten thousand dollars to Field-Marshal von Hindenburg. A real-estate agent in Texas reported that T. von Bethmann-Hollweg, of Wilhelmstrasse, Berlin, is the owner of a block of real estate in Waco, and that the writer of the report had already invested for the former German chancellor two thousand dollars—earnings from this property—in United States Liberty bonds, and would continue to do so with future earnings.

Odds and ends in property, too, are not few. A woman in Georgia sent in seventy-two cents, which she said she owed to a woman in Germany. Some one in Hoboken, New Jersey, forwarded a number of tin banks for the collection of pennies for war widows and orphans of Germany. After the war these pennies will reach the persons for whom they were intended; in the mean time they will be employed by the government against our enemies. From the Presidio, San Francisco, there came a report turning over five hundred paintings, medallions, and miniatures owned by Austrians, the work of distinguished painters and sculptors of Austria, which were shipped to this country for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, the outbreak of the war preventing their return to Vienna. There is no knowledge of the precise value of this collection, but the amount of insurance required by the owners was more than two hundred thousand dollars.

#### ON THE TRAIL OF THE LAWBREAKER

It has been the policy of the alien property custodian to encourage voluntary reports on the part of citizens, not only because it is a duty to obey the law, but because it is an imperative patriotic necessity that such information should be given. Meanwhile the bureau of investigation, through the various secret service and intelligence organizations of the War Trade Board, the Department of Justice, the Treasury Department, and by its own organization, uncovers enemy property not reported. Whenever necessary, the facts are laid before the proper authorities for prosecution under the penalty provisions of the act—the maximum penalty being a fine of ten thousand dollars, or ten years' imprisonment, or both.

This combing of the country is effective and useful, because enemy-owned property is taken over by the government in trust

and put to work for the United States. Scores of millions of dollars have thus been sequestered and converted into Liberty bonds. Great blocks of property have been sold outright, and enemy interests in many industrial and commercial concerns have been replaced by American control.

Some misunderstanding seems to have arisen in regard to sales of enemy property, and an explanation may be advantageous at this time.

An amendment to the Urgent Deficiency Bill gives the alien property custodian general power to sell all property which shall come into his possession under the provisions of the Trading with the Enemy Act. Under the original act his powers in this regard were somewhat restricted, and he was permitted to sell only if and when necessary to prevent waste and protect the property. These restrictions are now eliminated and he is authorized to sell any and all enemy-owned property in the United States.

It will not be the policy of the custodian, however, to disturb the private investments of the ordinary German subject. The power of sale will be exercised only in cases where in the public interest it seems to be wise absolutely to divorce German capital from American industry and commerce.

In the case of industrial plants and other businesses situated in this country, which are in effect mere American branches of similar industrial and commercial concerns in the German Empire, plans will be considered for thoroughly Americanizing the industries located here. Due notice will be given by public advertisement of the time and place of sale, with full description of the properties to be sold. Sales will be made only to American citizens who satisfy the alien property custodian that they represent American capital exclusively, and that they do not propose to purchase for the benefit, either present or prospective, of the enemy.

There may be cases where the public interest may require sales by some other method than by public auction. Each of such cases will be presented to the President for his determination, and each case will be considered upon its own facts.

The custodian realizes that in making these sales he will be obliged to consider not only the character of the purchasers in order to establish a true Americanization of the properties, but also the effect upon

American markets, both industrial and financial, that might be produced by the rapid liquidation of large enemy holdings. He will, of course, require a fair and adequate price, in order that at the end of the war the United States may be in a position to account in such manner as Congress shall direct for the actual value of the properties taken over and sold, or otherwise liquidated.

#### LIKE A GREAT TRUST COMPANY

The business transacted by the office of the alien property custodian is very similar in character to that conducted by large American trust companies—with this distinction, however, that whereas the ordinary trust company accumulates its trust estates through a long period of time by normal and gradual growth, and thus is enabled to build its organization to accommodate the growing demands of its business, the estates and accounts to be received and operated by the alien property custodian were turned over by the thousand within a short period of time. Indeed, a larger number of trusts than was ever accumulated by the biggest trust company in the United States in fifty years of its existence were thrust upon this new Federal trust company in three weeks.

A synopsis shows that on May 15, 1918, the number of trusts reported was 21,068, and the number of trust accounts opened was 19,550, as follows:

Cash deposited with the Secretary of the Treasury .....	\$30,635,457.39
Stocks .....	130,201,677.70
Bonds .....	48,452,080.09
Mortgages .....	7,036,105.47
Notes receivable .....	5,386,079.27
Accounts receivable .....	53,069,000.81
Real estate .....	4,852,260.26
Business and estates, merchandise, et cetera .....	66,601,076.78
Total .....	\$346,233,737.77

Of the cash deposited in the Treasury, nearly half, or \$10,428,667.22, had been invested in government securities.

When the statute against trading with the enemy was drawn, it was not believed that there was so much alien-owned property in the United States. The rush of documents that began to pour into the office was such that quarters had to be changed three times, while the date for the final report, likewise extended three times, was still unset in April! It is a gigantic task to enter and tabulate all these docu-

ments, and although four hundred persons are employed in the work it will be some time before an estimate of the total holdings can be reached.

Five bureaus have been created, forming a carefully-thought-out system of organization somewhat along the lines of the usual trust company, with such modifications as seemed to be required. These are the bureau of administration, the bureau of investigation, the bureau of trusts, the bureau of audits, and the bureau of law, each in charge of a director. As in other special bureaus created since the war, the larger places in the organization are filled by men who have had much experience in business and trust management. The spirit displayed by these men has been splendid. The government secured their services at salaries which in the business world would be considered merely nominal, and they are now devoting all their time and attention to the work as a patriotic service.

The Secretary of the Treasury issued licenses to the fourteen insurance companies incorporated in enemy or ally-of-enemy countries to continue in business for the purpose of liquidation under the general supervision of the alien property custodian, who, according to the terms of such licenses, must authorize all payments of moneys by the said insurance companies. Upon the final liquidation, the net surplus of their assets over their liabilities will be paid to the custodian. These companies, together with three which have not been licensed, represent gross assets of more than forty million dollars.

The custodian is empowered to demand, receive, and administer as a trust estate any interests which any enemy has in the United States, either tangible or intangible. Where the property is incapable of physical delivery or immediate conversion into money, he can step into the alien owner's shoes, so to speak, and exercise all the rights and powers which the enemy could exercise if no state of war existed.

He can make terms for the collection of enemy money and the delivery of enemy property, and can grant a postponement of its delivery or accept security for it. Notices issued by an enemy owned or controlled corporation will be served upon the custodian, who has the voting-power of the stock and the right to receive subscriptions, rights, dividends, and other payments.

By the provisions of the act all moneys

coming into the hands of the custodian, or of depositaries designated by him, must be paid forthwith into the Treasury of the United States.

#### BREAKING GERMANY'S INDUSTRIAL GRIP

The work of taking over enemy property and turning it into channels of American usefulness was interrupted at first by the innumerable obstacles constantly raised, but within the last two months speed has accumulated from the energy and determination put into it at the start by the force in charge. From the outset this particular work starts in the Bureau of Investigation, which examines all reports made, and also goes out into the country and uncovers such property as is covered up by the many ways possible.

The director in charge of the Bureau of Investigation is Francis P. Garvan, formerly an assistant in the office of the district-attorney of New York, a man with an unusual experience in the handling of several of the biggest criminal cases on record. Under his probe millions of dollars' worth of these enemy holdings has been exposed, and the custodians or holders in this country forced into admissions as to the real ownership. A number of these cases are particularly interesting, notably the great German-owned woolen-mills in New Jersey, where American citizens have now been appointed as directors to assume control.

These concerns, now operated under the direction of the alien property custodian, are the Botany Worsted Mills, the Passaic Worsted Spinning Mills, the Gera Mills, the New Jersey Worsted Spinning Company, and the Forstmann & Huffmann Company. In all they employ more than twenty-five thousand hands and represent a value of about seventy million dollars. The Botany Mills alone did a business of twenty-eight millions last year, one-fourth of which was profit. All their earnings will now be invested in Liberty bonds.

These mills were built years ago by German selling-agents of German woolen firms, with German capital, in order to escape the import duties on woolen goods. German operatives and German machinery were brought over for the purpose. It appears that as the business thrived and expanded, the representatives of the several mills formed an association, nominally for the purpose of securing experienced German labor; but it soon became

a close offensive and defensive alliance of the German woolen interests in the United States. They conducted a daily newspaper, and employed a representative to look out for their interests at Washington and to keep watch on public sentiment in all parts of the country. It further appears that their officers must have had some sort of advance warning from Europe before the outbreak of war, for shortly before that event two million dollars was expended in the purchase of goods and dyes from Germany in anticipation of the emergency that followed.

Other enemy-owned mill properties in other parts of the country, now under examination, will be taken over by the government from time to time, and the cumulative effect of these measures will, it is believed, forever liberate the woolen business in this country from the domination of the woolen cartel of the German government.

The Schutte & Koerting Company, which has already been mentioned, was a Pennsylvania corporation entirely owned by German interests in Germany. This plant, valued at seventeen hundred thousand dollars, with earnings of two hundred thousand dol-

lars last year, has for some time been engaged on contracts for government work. It owns and controls the exclusive right to certain patents under which automatic ejector and injector boiler-valves are made for practically all steamships.

It is evident that taking care of that part of the enemy-owned property in the United States which comes under the jurisdiction of the alien property custodian is no small task. The peak-load of organizing and tabulating work seems to have passed, however, and now the operation seems to have found itself, as it were.

It is hardly necessary to say that the United States government has no intention or desire to profit from these foreign-owned holdings. It only insists that these wealth-producing properties, making their profits in this country, shall not be utilized against America, either in the form of material or of money. The trusts are secure and are under the jealous care of the Treasury Department; and as I have already said, no industrious, peaceable German or Austrian resident need have fear that his property will be interfered with.

## The Reward of Valor

THE GREAT VALUE OF A DECORATION BESTOWED IN RECOGNITION OF THE SOLDIER'S GALLANTRY, AND THE IMPERFECTION OF OUR PRESENT SYSTEM

By Major-General William Harding Carter, United States Army

THE soldier does not receive any money payment that remunerates him for the dangers and hardships of campaign and battle, but all nations award distinctive medals for meritorious service, and especially for bravery in action of such character as to have distinguished an individual above his comrades. Scarcely a day passes that American newspapers do not mention the bestowal of rewards for valor at the fighting-front in France. It has never been made legally possible, however, to give American soldiers distinctive medals on the field of battle.

Within the memory of the present generation of army men only the Congressional medal of honor was authorized to be worn

on the uniform. This regulation has been changed, and to-day not even a White House usher would be able to recognize the numerous medals which are worn on occasions of ceremony. When to the medal awarded for gallantry are added those now authorized for service in various wars and campaigns, in particular armies and army corps, the array becomes truly confusing. The wearing of society badges, buttons, and ribbons, which has become so general among Americans in recent years, has grown until a point has been reached where a coat-lapel without a decoration is the exception.

Very early in his career Washington recognized the value of distinctive badges, not



only for specially heroic deeds, but also for long and faithful services. While the army was encamped about Newburgh, he established the order of military merit known as the Purple Heart, which antedates the French Legion of Honor (1802), the Iron Cross of Germany (1813), the Victoria Cross of England (1856), and all other orders founded to reward officers and men for distinguished bravery in battle, except the Russian order of St. George, which was instituted by the Empress Catherine II in 1769.

Upon the recommendation of a board of officers, the first award of the Purple Heart was made to Sergeant Elijah Churchill in this form:

Now, therefore, know ye that the aforesaid Sergeant Elijah Churchill hath fully and truly deserved and hath been properly invested with the honorary badge of military merit, and is authorized and entitled to pass and repass all guards and military posts as fully and amply as any commissioned officer whatever, and is hereby further recommended to that favorable notice which a brave and faithful soldier deserves from his countrymen.

Given under my hand and seal at the headquarters of the American Army this first day of May, 1783.

By his excellency,  
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

JONA. TRUMBULL, JR., Secretary.

The award of the Purple Heart was never formally discontinued, but simply fell into abeyance during the period following the Revolution, when the army was reduced to a corporal's guard, and opportunities to win distinction in battle no longer existed. It was Washington who provided in orders that chevrons should be worn upon the sleeves of the uniform in recognition of long and faithful service, and the custom has continued in force in the army ever since as an encouragement to *esprit de corps*.

After the Civil War had progressed for more than a year, Congress considered the matter of recognizing individual bravery of a character beyond the ordinary requirements of duty. By joint resolution of July 12, 1862, it established the decoration known as the medal of honor, and directed that it should be presented in the name of Congress to such non-commissioned officers and privates as should most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action.

Numerous regulations have been issued governing the award of the medals, always with a view to safeguarding them as

the emblem of a high order of merit. Notwithstanding the language of the law, however, some medals of honor have been presented for other reasons than deeds of gallantry in action. Congress recently enacted a law to establish an army and navy honor-roll, upon which shall be entered the name of every surviving member of the military or naval service of the United States who has received the medal of honor for having, in action involving actual conflict with an enemy, distinguished himself conspicuously by gallantry or intrepidity, at the risk of his life, and above and beyond the call of duty.

British and European medals awarded for special acts of bravery in battle carry grants of pensions varying from one hundred francs with the Legion of Honor of France to an addition of one-third to the soldier's pay with the order of St. George of Russia. Until within the past year no allowances of any kind were granted to American soldiers receiving the medal of honor. A recent law, however, authorized a special pension of ten dollars per month for any man who won the medal for gallantry in action, and who is retired from service and not less than sixty-five years old. In recommending the passage of the bill the military committee of Congress said:

The bill does not glorify war. It offers no incentive to the provocation of war. It recognizes and rewards in a modest way startling deeds of individual daring and audacious heroism in the face of mortal danger when war is on—deeds that give soul to an army and character to a country. The policy of the measure is to signalize appreciation of that gallant, intrepid, indomitable spirit in war that becomes the best bond to long-continued future peace.

In recent years a custom has been established of presenting medals of honor awarded for distinguished gallantry, by the President in person at the White House. To add to the interest and dignity of the ceremony, all medal-of-honor men in service in the vicinity of Washington are invited to be present in full uniform.

The laws of the United States which instituted the Congressional medal of honor require a much higher and rarer degree of gallantry than is required by other nations for like decorations. Yet, strange to say, our medal is less known and less appreciated, even by the citizens of our own country, than the Iron Cross of Germany, the Victoria Cross of England, or the French Croix de Guerre.

Many Americans know all about the Victoria Cross, but few are familiar with the appearance of either the old or the new medals of honor. The first were made from the bronze of captured cannon, and were so much prized by the recipients that few were willing to exchange them for the newer and handsomer medals subsequently authorized. Congress finally permitted the issue of the new decorations without requiring the surrender of the old medals by their possessors.

With the service or field uniforms the medals are replaced by distinctive ribbons worn on the left breast.

The title of our American decoration does not appeal to the public ear as do the more picturesque names of the foreign orders. It would probably be greatly popularized if it were called by some other designation, such as the valor medal, the valor star, or the American star, the medal itself being in the form of a five-pointed star.

There is another unfortunate feature in our system. The long and tedious delays incident to War Department action on recommendations during active field operations usually prevent awards for gallant or meritorious services being made in time to exert any beneficial influence in any particular command. Rewards bestowed on

the field of battle, when all the witnesses are present, do much to inspire and encourage soldiers. It is to the heart of an army that such recognition directly appeals. An army without heart and without enthusiasm is defeated before it joins battle. In the excitement of battle men usually do what they regard at the moment as the best thing to do, but there is marked difference in the operation of men's minds, and it is the tenacious courage of the few which ordinarily leads and inspires the mass in moments of peril.

Exact justice is a dream of the centuries; but the nearer we approach it in the ranks of a republican army, the more firmly we instill faith in our governmental system into the minds and hearts of its defenders. When we come eventually to adopt a correct military system, and develop generals to whom we are willing to entrust all the higher duties of command and administration, perhaps it will be possible to authorize them to reward distinguished achievements upon the field of battle, subject only to confirmation by the President. The soldier's reward for service of rare merit would then come from recognition by his companion in arms, and such a system would do much to eradicate the all-too-prevalent belief that influence is oftentimes more potent than merit.

### LADS OF THE HIGH HEART

OVER the world our laddies go,  
Singing the songs of home;  
Far where the tides of battle break  
In a crimson foam.

Over the weary roads of France,  
Singing an old-time tune,  
They go where the hills are fringed with flame  
And the great guns croon.

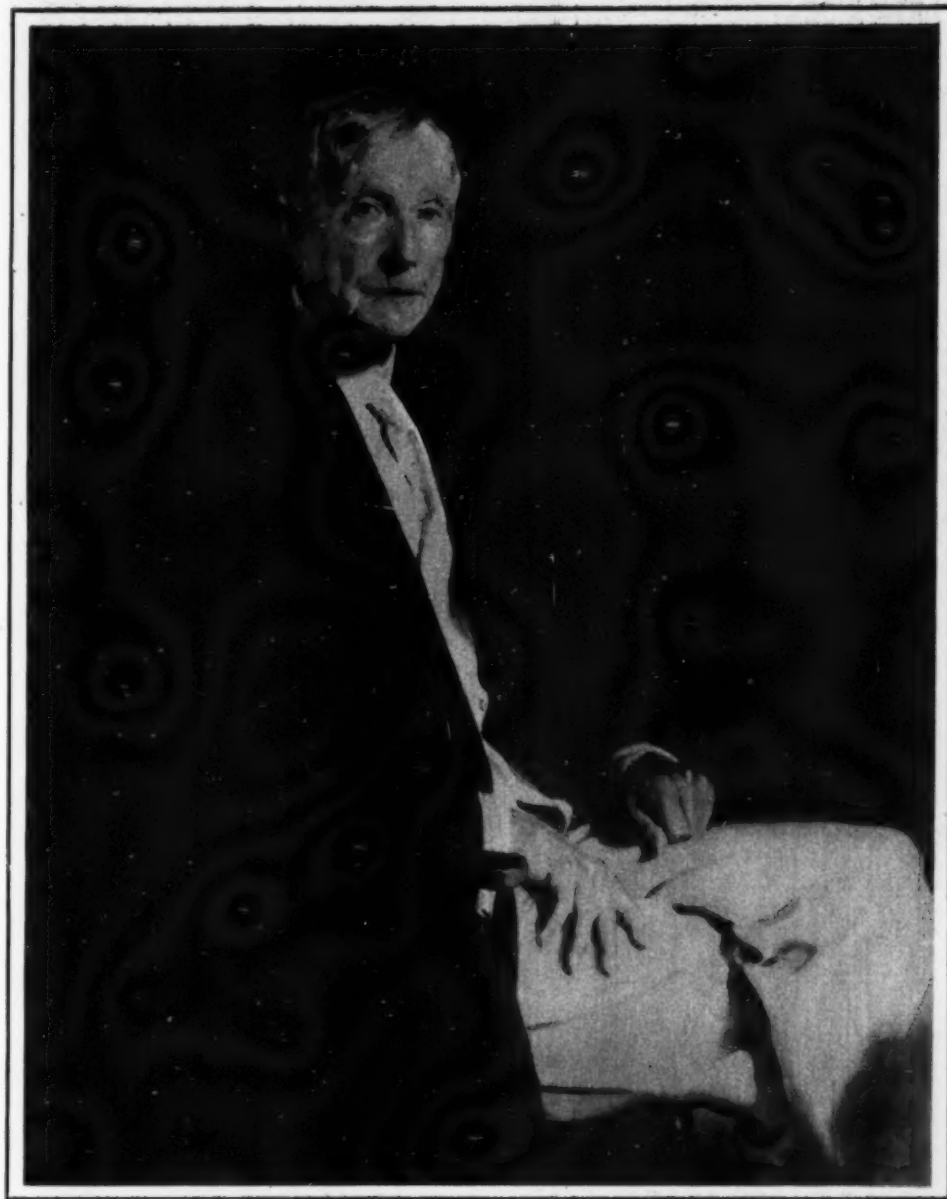
Singing a song, they swing along—  
Lads of the dauntless West—  
Their bayonets bright with freedom's light,  
Onward they press.

Gaily they march with singing lips  
Many a tireless mile,  
And hearten the saddened soul of France  
With a Yankee smile.

Over the world our laddies go  
With rollicking song and cheer;  
May we be as brave of heart and lip  
Who must linger here!

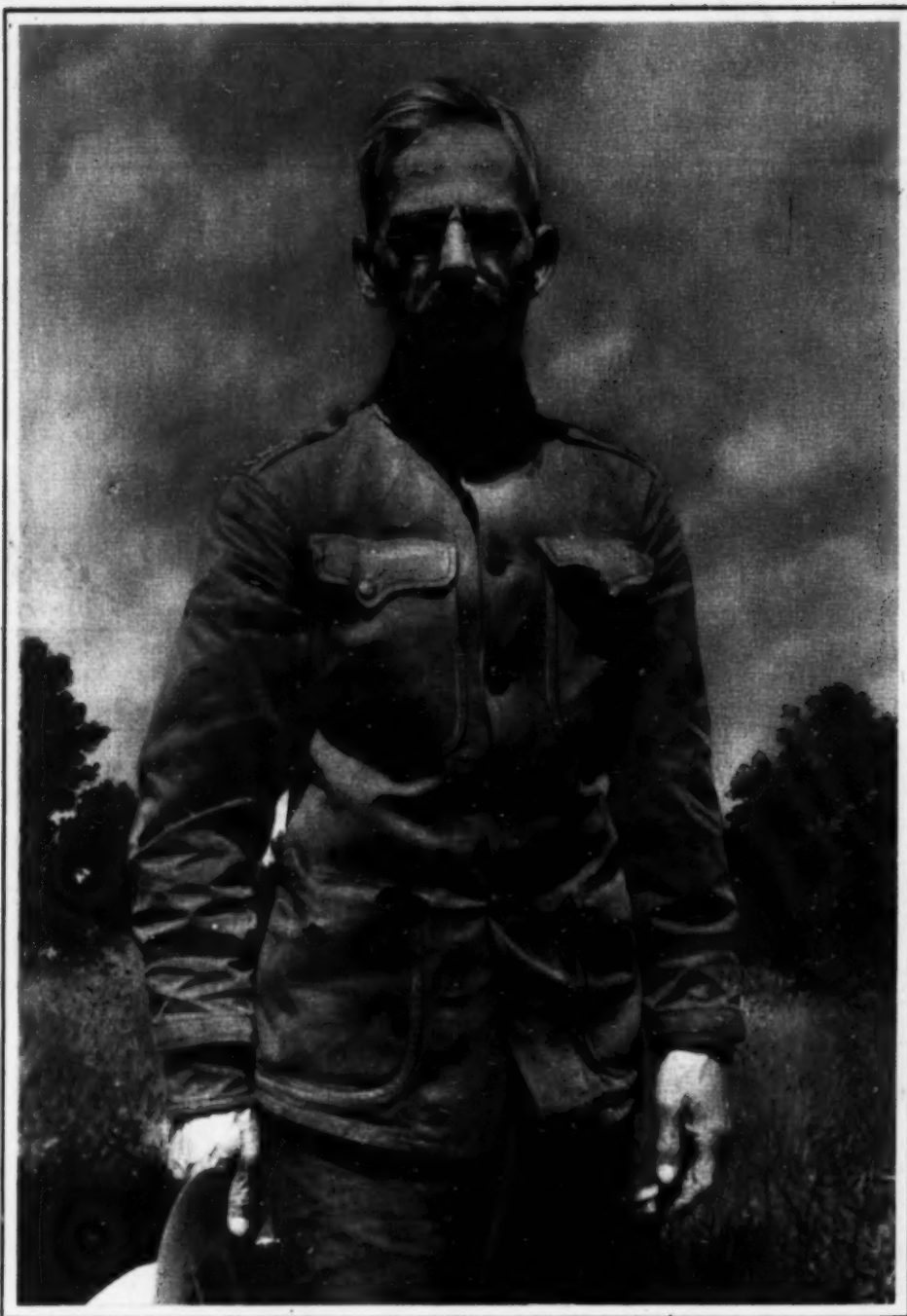
Arthur Wallace Peach

# *In the Public Eye*



THE NEW SARGENT PORTRAIT OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

A striking study of America's richest citizen by the most famous portrait-painter of the day

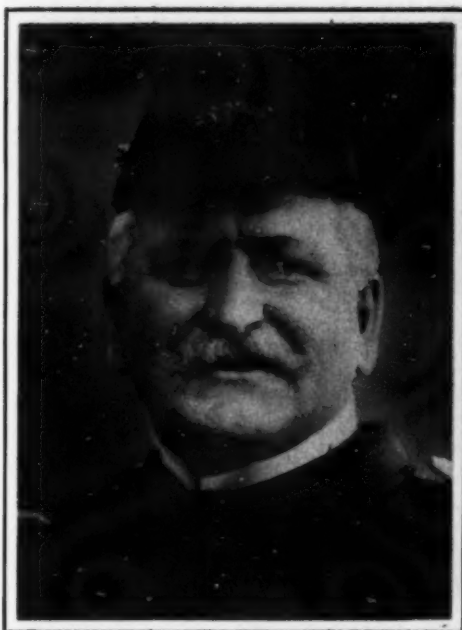


MAJOR-GENERAL ENOCH H. CROWDER

Provost-Marshall-General, in charge of the operation of the draft by which our great national army is being raised

From a photograph by the Central News Service, New York





**REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN D. McDONALD**

In command of the Brooklyn Navy-Yard

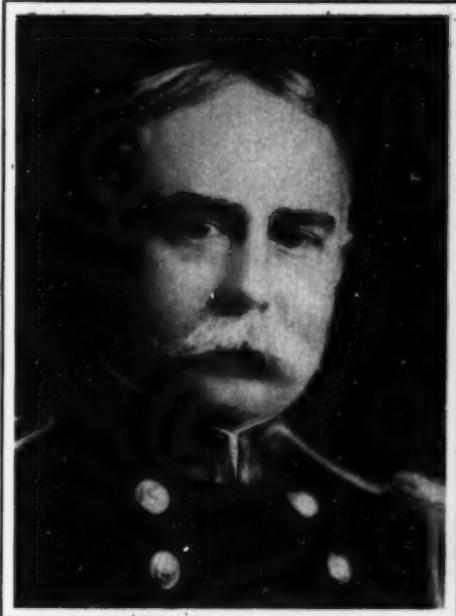
From a photograph by the International Film Service



**REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE E. BURD**

Industrial manager of the Brooklyn Navy-Yard

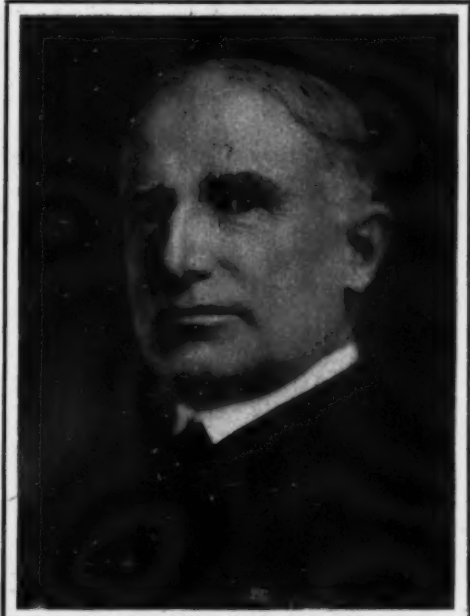
Photograph by H. H. Davis, official photographer



**REAR-ADMIRAL AUSTIN M. KNIGHT**

Formerly head of the Naval War College, Newport,  
appointed to command the Asiatic Fleet

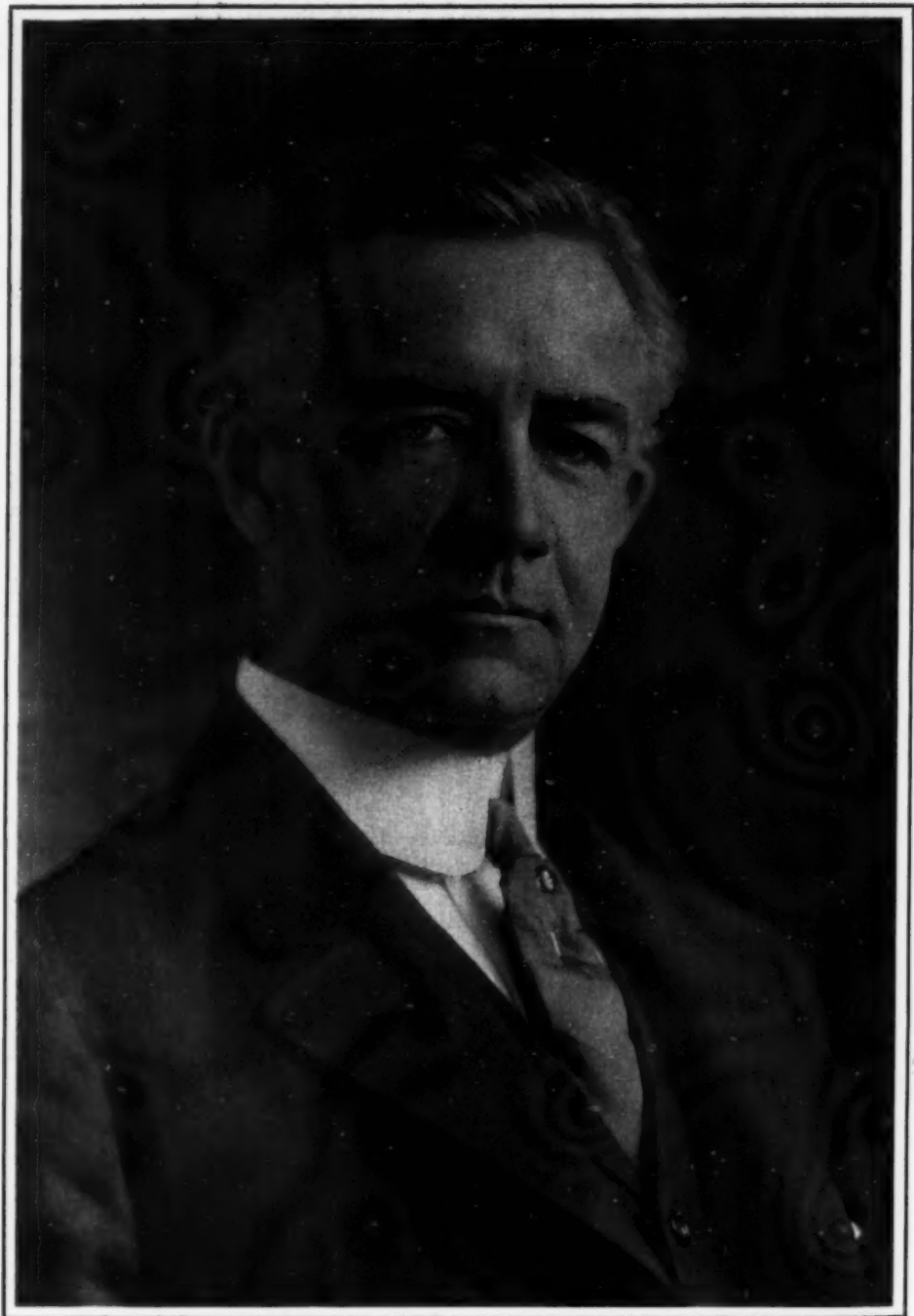
From a photograph by the Central News Service



**REAR-ADMIRAL HENRY B. WILSON**

Appointed to command American war-ships in French  
waters, in succession to Rear-Admiral Fletcher

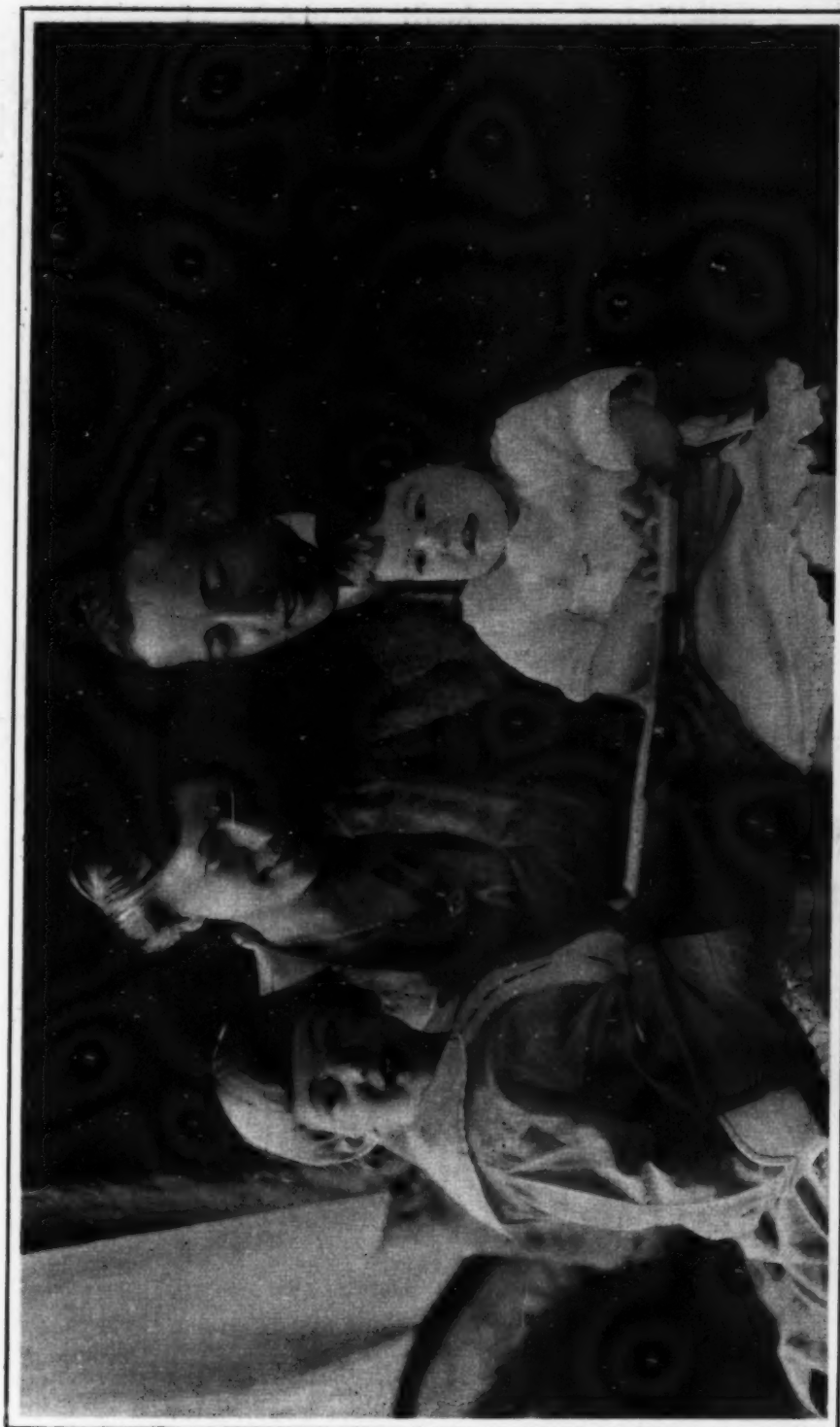
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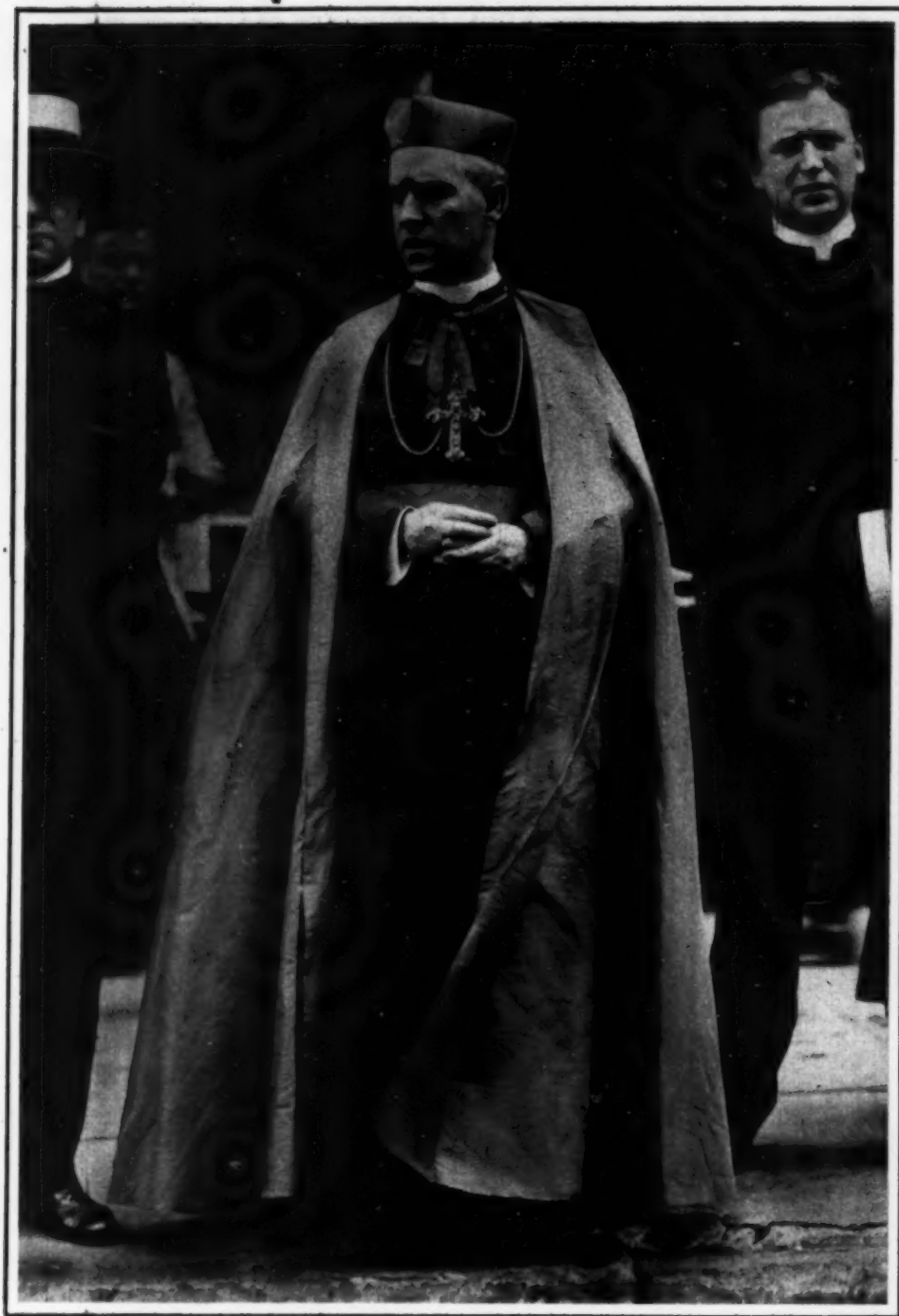
UNITED STATES SENATOR GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK, OF NEBRASKA

Who has succeeded the late Senator Stone, of Missouri, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



THE PRESIDENT'S SECOND DAUGHTER, WITH HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN  
Mr. and Mrs. Francis B. Sayre, with Francis B. Sayre, Jr., and Eleanor Sayre  
From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



THE RIGHT REV. PATRICK J. HAYES

Auxiliary bishop of New York, who has gone to France as bishop of the Roman Catholic chaplains  
with Pershing's army

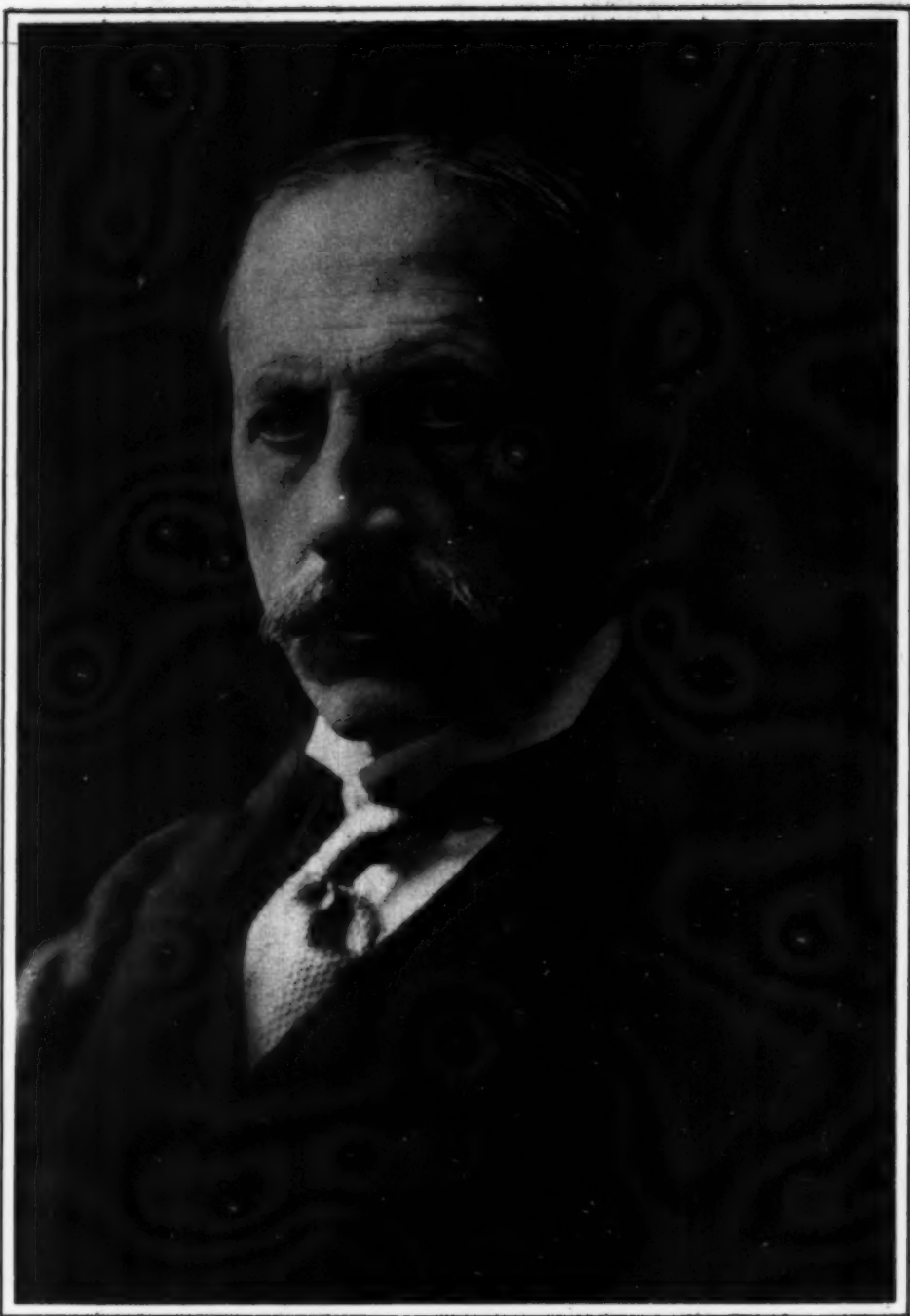




THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK'S COMMITTEE ON NATIONAL DEFENSE

Left to right, standing—Commodore Joseph T. Thail (State Naval Militia), William H. English (Empire Trust Company), W. C. Durant (General Motors Company), Finley J. Shepard, Henry R. Hoyt, Louis G. Kaufman, Ex-Senator William A. Clark, George MacDonald, Michael Friedman, Joseph P. Grace, Mortimer L. Schiff (Kuhn, Loeb & Co.), Henry MacDonald. Sitting—Rufus L. Patterson, George W. Loft, Nicholas F. Brady, Henry Seligman, Rodman Wanamaker

From a copyrighted photograph by Paul Thompson, New York



**VISCOUNT MILNER, THE NEW BRITISH WAR MINISTER**

Lord Milner has succeeded the Earl of Derby as Secretary of State for War, Lord Derby having been appointed special ambassador to France

From a photograph by Vandyk, London

# The War Service of Our American Doctors

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION HAS ADDED AN HONORABLE PAGE TO ITS HISTORY BY ITS PATRIOTIC AND SELF-SACRIFICING WORK FOR OUR NEW ARMIES

By Leonard Keene Hirshberg, M.D.

**I**F there can ever be compiled a record of American self-sacrifice in the great war, a page of gold will be reserved for our surgeons and physicians.

At the present time few people understand what sacrifices thousands of our medical men have made and are making in order to bring new life and hope to the sick or wounded soldiers of democracy in the hospitals behind the lines. There is an old saying that "war is the statesman's game, the lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade." To the doctor it is the supreme opportunity for self-sacrifice.

Every hour that our army surgeons spend behind the trenches in France, they are of course exposed to the common dangers of warfare—the bursting of shells, the flying shrapnel, the deadly bombs of German airmen. To reach the battle-zone, they have crossed seas infested with murderous submarines, leaving behind them their homes, their families, and their friends. There is something else that they have left behind them—their private practises; and what that means, in loss of revenues and in the interruption of careers, the average reader probably fails to realize.

Some of these men have earned as much as a quarter of a million dollars in medical fees in one year. To mention a specific case, Dr. Hugh Young, professor of urology in the Johns Hopkins Medical School and Hospital, has made that much and more. Seldom, before the war, did he receive less than one hundred thousand dollars in a twelvemonth for professional services rendered; and during the year in which he operated on the late "Diamond Jim" Brady and a dozen or more Senators and political personages, he is said to have

earned nearly three hundred thousand dollars. That is the sort of practise that Hugh Young abandoned to go into a hospital behind the firing-line in France. He did it as his offering to the national cause.

There are many others who, when the call of patriotism was sounded, immediately gave up princely incomes to enter the service of the army or the Red Cross, where they will probably receive the pay of a captain, twenty-four hundred dollars a year, or possibly that of a major, three thousand dollars. Only a very few will have the rank of colonel, with four thousand a year.

It has been strongly urged by Surgeon-General Gorgas and other leading authorities that higher military grades should be opened to doctors holding the very important and responsible positions that some of these men occupy. Instances have been cited where essential orders were disregarded because the surgeon issuing them, owing to his lack of rank, had not the necessary authority to secure their enforcement. There have been many cases where an eminent practitioner has volunteered for service, and has been put in charge of a big hospital, but finds himself inferior in rank and authority to some former pupil who entered the medical corps before the war. Such an injustice, under the present system, cannot be rectified by promoting the older and abler man, for, under ordinary circumstances, the highest rank allowed to the volunteer surgeon is that of major. No higher commissions are issued in the medical reserve corps, and only a few colonelcies in the national army.

There is a bill before Congress, fathered by Senator Owen, to permit the nomination of a number of medical officers as brigadier-

generals and major-generals. In its terms, this applies only to the regular branch of the medical corps; but it would apparently be possible, without further legislation, to extend similar privileges to the new medical establishments. It would, however, be highly optimistic to expect that the bill will have passed through Congress when this article reaches the reader.

#### A MAGNIFICENT MEDICAL CORPS

Consider the result of this patriotic devotion on the part of the noblest of the

professions. America's fighting men will be backed up by the greatest army medical corps in the history of the world. Already the giant plan of organization is complete, with the master hands of Finney and Cushing showing in its every detail.

In the great work of treating the American wounded in France, Major John M. T. Finney will be director of surgery. Associated with him will be Dr. Harvey Cushing, who went over with the Harvard unit, and many other eminent surgeons.

The surgeon-general recently explained



DR. HUGH YOUNG, PROFESSOR OF UROLOGY IN THE JOHNS HOPKINS MEDICAL SCHOOL, NOW A MAJOR IN THE MEDICAL CORPS

*From a photograph by Holmes, Baltimore*





DR. JOHN M. T. FINNEY, HEAD OF THE JOHNS HOPKINS SURGICAL CLINIC,  
AND DIRECTOR OF SURGERY TO THE AMERICAN FORCES IN FRANCE

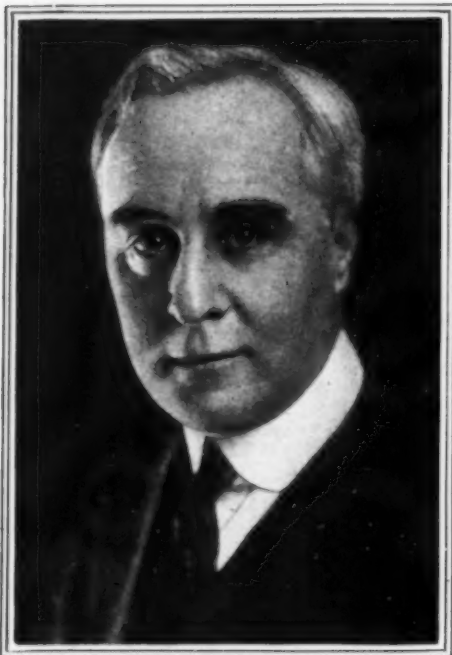
*From a photograph by Mrs. Bennett, Baltimore*

the general working of the whole system, from the time when stretcher-bearers pick up a wounded soldier in No Man's Land until he reaches convalescence, ready either to go back to the trenches or to be sent home.

Divisional and regimental hospitals will unite to collect the wounded from the battle-zone, and to give temporary relief at dressing-stations. Thence wounded men will be transported to field hospitals. Later they will be shifted to evacuation hospitals, and then to base hospitals. It is possible

that the field hospitals may ultimately be eliminated, owing to the rapidity of motor-ambulance transportation between the front and the evacuation hospitals.

The evacuation hospitals will be located about ten miles in the rear. There women nurses will be employed in special relief teams, and skilled surgeons will be stationed there for the special purpose of operating upon men suffering from abdominal wounds, of whom one-half will recover if the necessary operations are promptly and skilfully done.



DR. FREDERIC A. BESLEY, OF CHICAGO, SERVING  
IN THE MEDICAL CORPS



DR. WILLIAM S. BAER, OF BALTIMORE, SERVING  
IN THE MEDICAL CORPS

Major Finney has worked out a plan by which surgical cases will receive coordinated treatment at each successive hospital from the trenches to the rear—thus obviating any possibility of errors due to the second surgeon not knowing what has been done by the first surgeon.

#### PROMINENT SURGEONS IN THE SERVICE

Among the array of America's foremost surgical talent incorporated in the new department are Dr. George W. Crile, of Cleveland; Dr. C. H. Mayo, of Rochester, Minnesota; Drs. George Brewer, Samuel Lloyd, Charles L. Gibson, William S. Terriberry, and Charles H. Peckall, of New York; Dr. Frederic A. Besley, of Chicago; Dr. R. H. Harte, of Philadelphia; Dr. F. A. Washburn, of Boston; Dr. E. D. Clark, of Indianapolis; Dr. Fred T. Murphy, of St. Louis; Dr. R. T. Miller, of Pittsburgh, and Dr. R. S. Hurley, of Detroit. There are many others, of course, but it is impossible to do more than mention a few within the limits of the present article.

The surgeon-general's department, as far as it relates to operations, is to be divided into several classes—orthopedic and head surgery, venereal, general surgery and med-

icine, X-ray laboratories, and mental diseases. Dr. G. E. de Schweinitz, of Philadelphia, is in command of the branch of head surgery, which includes the wonderful work of facial reconstruction.

Dr. Harvey Cushing, of whom mention has already been made, was chief surgeon of the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, of Boston, and professor of surgery at Harvard, with an income perhaps greater than Dr. Young of Baltimore. War, the "final argument of kings," called upon him to drop all material considerations and to enter the army with a salary probably less than what he paid his secretary in peace-time. Like Dr. Young, Professor Cushing is with the American expeditionary force in France, and both these brilliant men have already contributed important improvements to the art of the military surgeon. A doubtful story is told of him that he once transplanted part of the brain of a pig into the skull of a German fatally wounded with double hemorrhage of both cerebral hemispheres.

"The operation was a success," said the narrator, "much to the chagrin of the insulted pig, although both the donor and the donee died."

Not all the glory nor all the sacrifice is for the surgeons. Medical men, called in the pundit's parlance "internists," also share the knight-errantry of their profession. Dr. Livingston Farrand, president of the University of Colorado, far-famed as a student of tuberculosis, has been hard put to it in France in the campaign that is

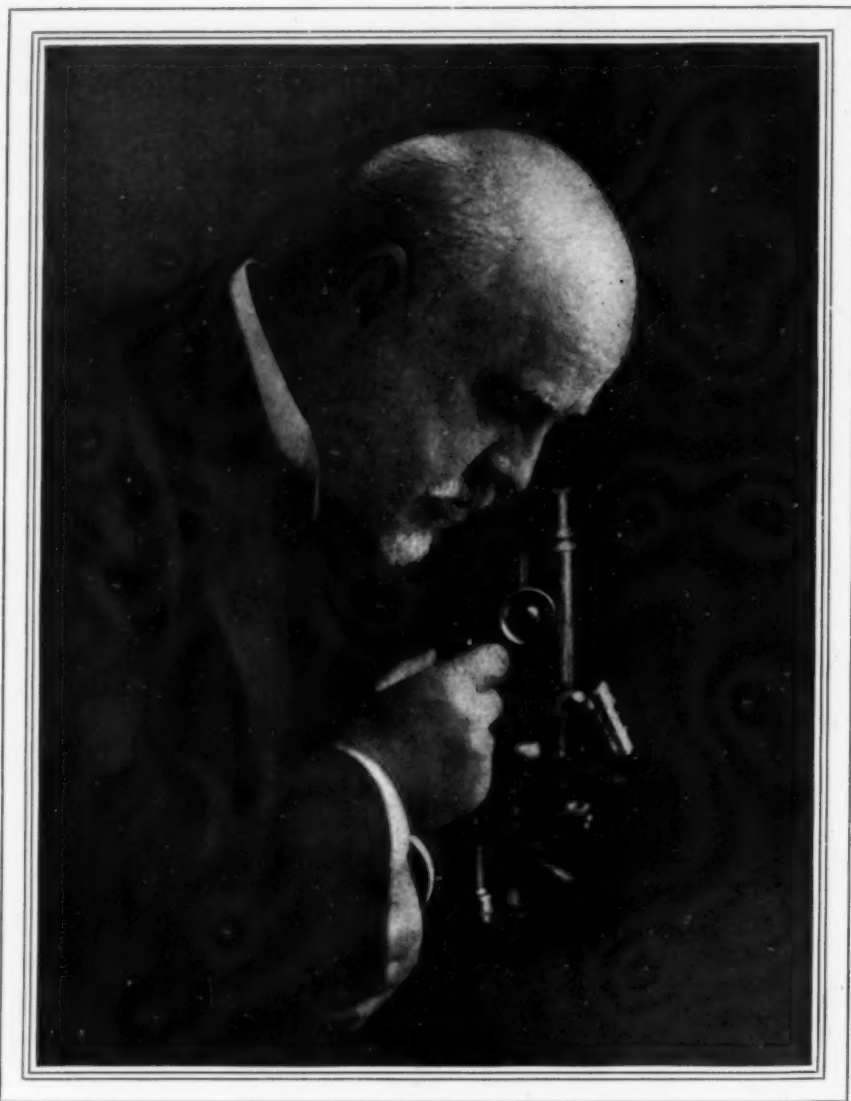
being waged against that grand marshal of the doughboys of Death, tuberculosis—dreaded more widely, perhaps, under its ancient name of consumption.

Pneumonia alone is the supreme war lord over tuberculosis. Of these insidious foes of mortal men it has been truly said that their battle with mankind has been in



DR. ALEXIS CARREL, OF THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE IN 1912, NOW SERVING IN FRANCE, WHICH IS HIS NATIVE COUNTRY

*From a copyrighted photograph by Hori, New York*



DR. WILLIAM H. WELCH, FOR MANY YEARS PROFESSOR OF PATHOLOGY AT JOHNS HOPKINS,  
WHO HAS DONE MUCH TO ORGANIZE THE ARMY MEDICAL WORK

*From a photograph by Bachrach, Baltimore*

progress from time immemorial. Unless we resist them with all our energies, their deadly bacteria may yet extirpate the human species, just as the prehistoric monsters of past ages disappeared before the advent of the comparatively puny race of man. The task of safeguarding our armies from these scourges rests largely upon the shoulders of such men as Dr. William S. Thayer, an eminent Baltimore physician who recently returned from a

mission to Russia, and Dr. Livingston Farland in France.

#### THE BACTERIOLOGY OF WOUNDS

Dr. John J. Moorehead, of New York, an indefatigable surgeon and bacteriologist, has been at work upon a branch of the medical sciences which has developed into a fine art as well as a valuable agent of life-conservation among our soldiers and sailors. He recently told a friend that his

study of the bacterial flora of wounds has led to a considerable diminution in the instances of serious infection—commonly known as “blood-poisoning”—which so often follow injuries from shot, shell, or shrapnel.

He first identifies each species of microbe in the wound, and then sorts out those which become vicious within twelve hours after the injury is received.

“Some do not colonize and multiply

over the wound,” he is quoted as saying, “until a day has elapsed.”

It has thus been found possible to determine how different kinds of germs will act in a wound; how many hours after the wound is inflicted the germs will begin to grow and destroy tissue. We can identify every germ, and we know its habit.

Sometimes, when bullets or shell-fragments drive clothing or other foreign substances into a wound, many varieties of



THE LATE DR. THEODORE C. JANEWAY, PHYSICIAN-IN-CHIEF AT JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL,  
ONE OF THE FIRST AMERICAN DOCTORS TO LOSE HIS LIFE IN THE SERVICE

*From a photograph by Bachrach, Baltimore*



germs are likewise driven in. If these germs are still in their harmless stages, we simply open the wound wide and cut away the bruised and torn tissue, leaving a healthy, blood-red surface. Then we completely close the wound, and nature carries on the work. Tubes, drains, and frequent painful dressings are eliminated, and the result has invariably been quick recovery.



DR. E. D. CLARK, OF INDIANAPOLIS, SERVING AS  
A MAJOR IN THE MEDICAL CORPS  
*From a photograph by Nicholson, Indianapolis*

Before the habits of germs were known, surgeons were unable to close wounds, because they feared the germs and subsequent infection. Wounds were held open, the germs were allowed to pass their harmless stage, and were permitted freely to propagate in favored cavities, which are always hothouses of germ culture.

Not long ago, in the table-talk at a luncheon club of financiers, writers, artists, and a potpourri of "regular fellows," the self-sacrifice of American medical men came under discussion. Their magnanimity was generally conceded except by the financiers. One of these explained his feeling with a story.

A doctor and a surgeon, because of their general heroism and benevolence, were on their way to heaven. St. Peter greeted

them right heartily at the gate, and told them they had done so well that anything they wished for would be given them. The surgeon at once wished that he had all the money in the universe. The physician wished that he had all the diamonds and other jewels in the universe. Each man got his desire.

"But if only I could have been there with some beautifully engraved certificates of the Amalgamated Bonanza Gold-Mining Company," quoth the financier, "all the wealth in the world—gold, jewels, and all—would have been mine, and the eminent medical worthies would have had the pretty shares of stock in its place!"

"Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes." Such foul whisperings traduce the spirit of the best American doctors. As a witness to their high-minded and disinterested devotion to public service there is the sad instance of Professor Theodore C. Janeway, one of the first great American doctors to give his life for his country in this world war of democracy against autocracy.

#### THE CAREER OF DR. T. C. JANEWAY

Dr. Janeway was physician-in-chief at Johns Hopkins Hospital and full-time professor of medicine in the Johns Hopkins University Medical School. Volunteering for service, he became a major in the Medical Corps of the army, with the modest pay of that rank. His previous salaries as physician-in-chief and as professor were a little less than twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and his additional earnings as editor, contributor, and consultant must have made his total income a figure with six digits.

Dr. Janeway's first service was in the surgeon-general's office in Washington, and as supervisor of the camps in the interest of the health of the soldiers. On one of these trips, overworked and intensely aggressive, he fell ill with pneumonia. That was on the 21st of last December, and on the 27th he died, a martyr to the great cause.

Theodore C. Janeway was born in New York on November 2, 1872, and was the son of Dr. Edward Gamaliel Janeway, a celebrated diagnostician and consulting physician, who died in 1911. He was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School in 1892, and from Columbia University in 1895. Three years after he got

his medical degree he was appointed an instructor at New York University, and a few years later he became lecturer in medical diagnosis there. Before he left New York to become professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins, Dr. Janeway was Bard professor of medicine at Columbia and head of the medical staff of the Presbyterian Hospital.

In April, 1914, the trustees of Johns Hopkins University invited Dr. Janeway to come to Baltimore as professor of medicine, to occupy the chair formerly held by the celebrated Dr. Osler, now Sir William Osler, Regius professor of medicine at Oxford. He had served there for only three years, and was in his forty-sixth year and at the zenith of his career, when death came to him in the service of his country.

#### WORK OF THE RED CROSS WAR BOARD

A state of war was declared to exist between the United States and the warlords of Germany on April 6, 1917. The machinery of the army had begun to move before President Woodrow Wilson attached his signature to the declaration. Army Base Hospital No. 18, the Johns Hopkins Hospital unit, with Major John M. T. Finney as chief surgeon, was on its way to France



DR. LEONARD K. HIRSHBERG, OF BALTIMORE, SERVING WITH THE SECOND MARYLAND INFANTRY

in May, before the War Council of the Red Cross, with Henry P. Davison as chairman, was formed.

President Wilson created the Red Cross War Board on May 10, and this body alone has since appropriated more than five million dollars a month for the following objects:

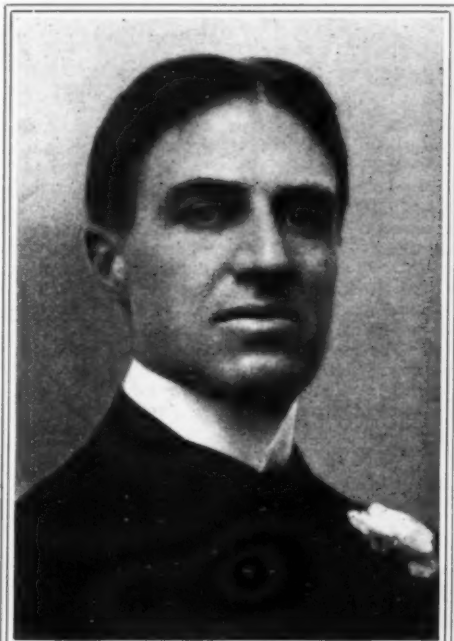
To establish and maintain hospitals for soldiers in the American army.

To establish and maintain canteens, rest-houses, recreation-huts, and other means to supply the American soldiers with such comforts and recreations as the army authorities may approve.

To establish and maintain, in France, canteens, rest-houses, recreation-huts, and other means to supply comforts and recreation for the soldiers in the armies of our Allies.

To distribute hospital equipment and supplies of all kinds to military hospitals for soldiers of the American or Allied armies.

To engage in the care of mutilated, sick, and disabled soldiers, and to instruct them in useful trades; to provide shelters and health to destitute children and adults, and to guard against tuberculosis and other dread scourges.

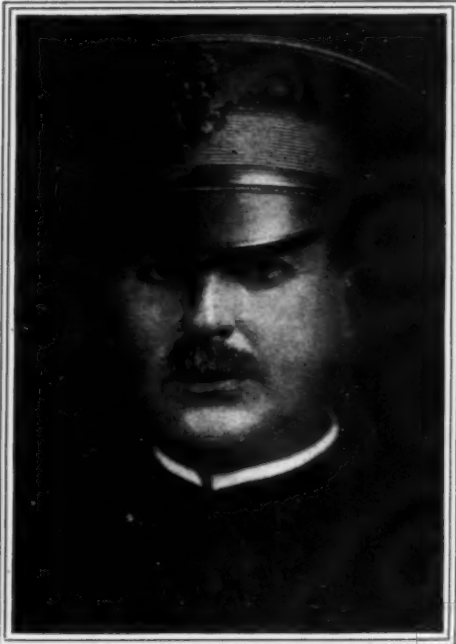


DR. WILLIAM S. THAYER, OF BALTIMORE, WHO HAS BEEN SERVING ON A MISSION TO RUSSIA



DR. SAMUEL LLOYD, OF NEW YORK, SERVING AS A  
MAJOR IN THE MEDICAL CORPS

*From a photograph by Pach, New York*



DR. F. A. WASHBURN, OF BOSTON, SERVING AS A  
MAJOR IN THE MEDICAL CORPS

*From a photograph by Bachrach, Baltimore*

Obviously, for this and the army medical work, there was required of our American physicians a sacrifice equivalent almost to Ossa piled on Pelion and both upon Olympus. Forty thousand physicians, it is said by Colonel Noble, one of Major-General Gorgas's chief lieutenants in the surgeon-general's department, would not be too many to care for all our men in the service.

Before any of our fighting men reached the battle-front, six base hospitals—among them the Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Columbia, Yale, and Chicago units—were organized by the Red Cross. Within three months after our entrance into the war there were eighteen such base hospitals in active service in France, and many others making ready.

Each base hospital has a staff of at least twenty-two physicians, from sixty-five to eighty-five Red Cross nurses, several dentists, and one hundred and fifty enlisted men, many of whom are of high-class university or medical training. Often there is in addition a large independent ambulance corps. There were more than fifty such base hospital units ready for service on September 1, 1917. The official censorship

would probably disapprove of a statement of the present number.

I recently received from a sergeant at the headquarters of the base hospitals a letter which I think would interest the reader:

The units arrived, and I have delivered the articles you sent. Activities are much extended now. Wish you were back with us.

Do you know why the treacherous, hypocritical *boches* bomb our hospitals? It may surprise you, but one of these German snakes, taken prisoner, says there is a definite Teutonic military purpose in it. They "feel sorry"—as if such brutes ever could feel sorry for anything!—for the wounded patients, but the bigger object of killing doctors and nurses is too important to be disturbed by that. The idea, he says is this—it requires from four to six years, at least, to turn out a good doctor, and three or four years to make a good Red Cross nurse; therefore, each doctor or nurse killed is worth at least a dozen or more officers and soldiers.

FREDERICK LANSBURGH, Sergeant.

#### A DEAN OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

As General Joffre is affectionately called the "papa" of the French armies because that gallant veteran stemmed the onrush of the German tidal wave at the Marne, so Professor William H. Welch, a famous and talented veteran of the American medical profession, is called "Popsy" by nearly all

the noble band of doctors in America. Dr. Welch is often termed the greatest living pathologist. He garnered his sheaves and gathered much honey in his student days directly from the great Pasteur, Lister, numerous to mention, he gave up all his other work when the nation sounded the call to arms. As Major William H. Welch he has whole-heartedly devoted his time and his money to a wise and mature super-



DR. WILLIAM S. TERRIBERRY, OF NEW YORK, FORMERLY HEAD OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE NATIONAL GUARD, NOW SERVING WITH THE NATIONAL ARMY AS A LIEUTENANT-COLONEL

*From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York*

Virchow, Charcot, and other leaders of European medicine.

An organizer and director of such enterprises as the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, the Carnegie Institution, the Johns Hopkins Hospital, the Maryland State Board of Health, and others too

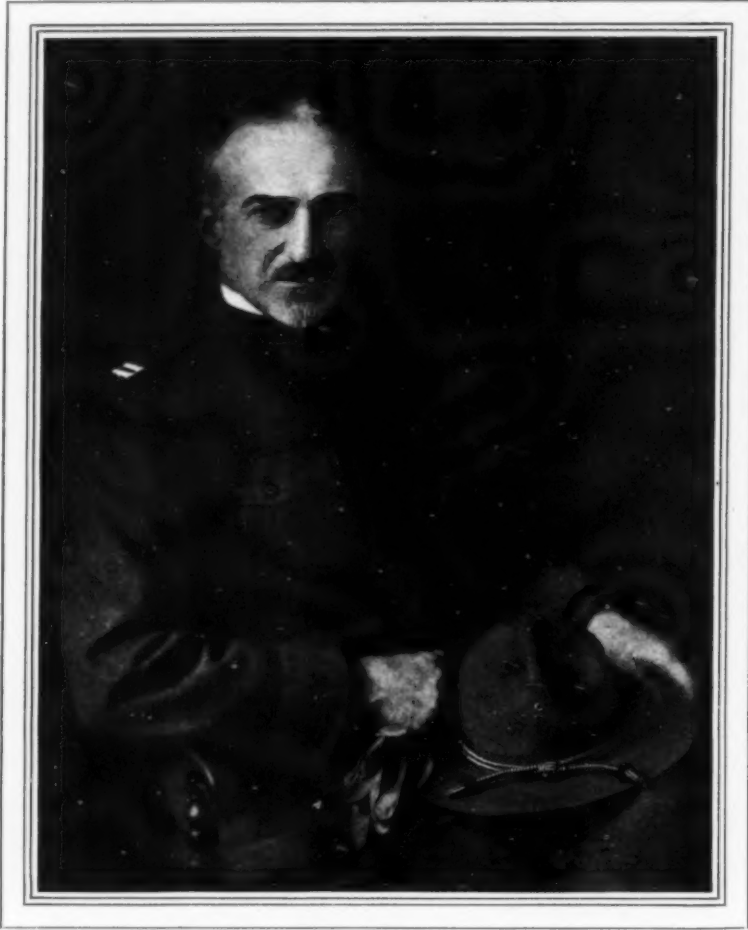
vision of the base hospitals just mentioned. He has done much to organize the army medical work upon an efficient, scientific basis—a task for which his lifelong executive skill specially fitted him.

Under Dr. Welch were trained and educated a very large number of the medical

worthies of this day and generation—among them Sir William Osler, Dr. Lewellys F. Barker, Harvey Cushing, the late Theodore C. Janeway, John M. T. Finney, Howard A. Kelly, Simon Flexner, Alexis Carrel, William S. Baer, Bertram Bernheim, the late Brigadier-General Sternberg, Major-

to return from the war-zone to this country. Like so many other medical men who have volunteered for duty, his anxiety to serve against the super selfishness called Prussianism made Dr. Crile give up practically every heart's desire.

Dr. Crile was educated in London and



DR. SYDNEY M. CONE, OF BALTIMORE, A PROMINENT ORTHOPEDIC SURGEON WHO HAS GONE TO FRANCE WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

*From a photograph by Bachrach, Baltimore*

General Rupert Blue, Major-General Gorgas, Jacques Loeb, and many others of our best doctors.

#### OTHER DOCTORS WHO SHOULD BE NAMED

When Dr. John M. T. Finney hastened abroad with Base Hospital No. 18, Dr. George W. Crile, that marvelous surgeon of Cleveland, Ohio, received a brief furlough

Paris as well as in Cleveland, and has done much original research in physiology, pathology, and surgery. Professor of clinical surgery in the Western Reserve University, surgeon to the Lakeside Hospital in Cleveland, and the winner of many sought-for prizes, he is a man whose labors for the sick and wounded are worth twenty times the payment he will receive for them.



Dr. Richard Pearson Strong, of Boston, honored Fortress Monroe with his birth, on March 18, 1872. As professor of tropical medicine at Harvard, the Red Cross and the United States government availed themselves of his services for a mission to Serbia. He and Dr. Klatz, the discoverer of the anerobic bacillus of contagious typhus, were despatched with an expedition to that unhappy country, where they are blessed to this day for aiding in the fight against that scourge of armies.

To Dr. Strong have come many honors and no little wealth from his medical work. He has earned honorary degrees from Yale, Johns Hopkins, Harvard, and Michigan. The Secretaries of War of several administrations have previously availed themselves of his energy and ability; yet he is still under forty-six years of age.

It would manifestly be impossible to name all the prominent American doctors who have come forward to help conserve the health and lives of our expeditionary forces; but a few more names may be mentioned.

Dr. Astley P. C. Ashhurst, the adept and interesting surgeon of Philadelphia, long an assistant to the wonderful Dr. John B. Deaver of the same city, has burned his professional bridges behind him to help in the great crusade.

Dr. Frederick Henry Baetjer, an actinographer so famous and so indefatigable that students of the practise of the X-ray come from as far as Japan to learn his methods,

has placed himself and his art at the service of the army. Dr. Ashbury, of Washington, another Roentgenologist, has done likewise.

Nor have the orthopedic surgeons—the specialists who make over disfigured frames—been backward in war work. Drs. Robert W. Lovett and Joel E. Goldthwait, of Boston; Dr. Russell Hibbs, of New York; Drs. William S. Baer, Sydney M. Cone, and J. Zachary Taylor, of Baltimore—these and others are in France to use their best skill in making over the maimed, the halt, and the blind.

These are the knights errant of modern science. These are the men who, using their talent and their training as buckler and shield, have gone forth to do, not their bit, but their all, for the great cause to which America is consecrated. Their unflinching courage, their unfaltering devotion, constitute one of the finest manifestations of the spirit which is America—the spirit which has set the seal of doom on the forehead of the German monster.

One word more may be added. The fine spirit of the women doctors of America, too, has been shown by their readiness to undertake war duties—not in the army, of course, but in the Red Cross service. It was officially stated not long ago that forty-three women physicians had gone abroad and were at work—often, no doubt, in posts of difficulty and danger—in France and in several other countries in which the Red Cross has established its beneficent agencies.

### OUR BOYS

It's not your boy, not mine  
Who's gone to meet the call;  
They're "our boys" now, and truest love  
Beats in our hearts for all.

Flower of the nation's youth,  
They put life's visions by  
To take the standard of the right  
And keep it floating high.

With solemn joy we thrill  
To know how brave they are;  
America, thy service flag  
Gleams bright with many a star!

A common cause unites  
The North and South to-day,  
And East or West—God bless them all,  
Our boys who march away!

*Frederick G. Earle*

# Efficiency Through Simplicity

AN INTERVIEW WITH REAR-ADMIRAL SAMUEL MCGOWAN, WHO, AS PAYMASTER-GENERAL, IS THE CHIEF PURCHASING OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

By William Atherton Du Puy

**D**URING the last few months no question has been more constantly in all our minds than this—are adequate supplies of clothing, of food, of munitions, of everything that they need to win the war, available for the men who are to do the fighting?

Unfortunately, the answers we have had have not always been in the affirmative. There have been explanations of difficulties in the way, promises of accelerated production, vanishing dates in the future at which the needs would be met. Investigations have been endless, accusations and recriminations often and widely repeated. Revelations have bred discouragement. Delays have spelled tragedy, have threatened calamity.

Throughout these trying months, however one purchasing agency of the government has stood every test. The Bureau of Supplies and Accounts of the United States Navy Department has met every need of the war situation by producing the materials required at the moment of demand. Every bluejacket has been adequately clothed and fed. Every naval vessel has had its fuel, every gun its ammunition. The need had but to be made known to be supplied.

In its very proper concern lest its vital war agencies should fail it, the government has had this bureau examined by efficiency experts. The Council of National Defense has sent its wise heads to look over the organization. Julius Rosenwald, who runs the biggest mail-order house in the world, was one of these. Congress has had the bureau's representatives on the carpet for cross-examination; and not one of these agencies has uttered a word of adverse criticism. None has suggested improvements. The Bureau of Supplies and Accounts has

invariably received a clean bill of health and hearty congratulations.

Knowing this, the writer went to Rear-Admiral Samuel McGowan, paymaster-general of the navy and the chief of its centralized purchasing bureau. I had known him as a dynamic figure in the Navy Department, as the genial and much-sought bachelor of the navy social set, as a man who had once been a newspaper reporter in South Carolina, who had become an assistant paymaster in the navy, and who, after twenty years in the service, had worked his way to the top. I asked Admiral McGowan to tell me the secret of the success of his organization. This is what he said:

"The answer is simplicity, the elimination of the non-essential. We have reduced to its lowest terms the conduct of a business which in eleven months has spent three hundred and seventeen million dollars. Business, as we conduct it, is stripped of every ruffle and frill and ornament. It stands unadorned. In this condition it is by no means the formidable, mysterious, and difficult creature it appears in its accustomed garnishments of circumlocution. It lends itself to handling with astonishing ease and despatch.

"At the foot of Thirty-Fifth Street, in Brooklyn, the navy has the longest pier in the world, which will berth nine supply-ships at a time. It is divided into four sections, and each section has its complete store of all supplies for which the ships in service are likely to ask. A supply-ship tied up opposite any one of these sections can, without moving, load itself with all the materials that a navy uses.

"Adequate stocks are always maintained. When a ship is loaded, the supplies are replenished. This is one of the reservoirs

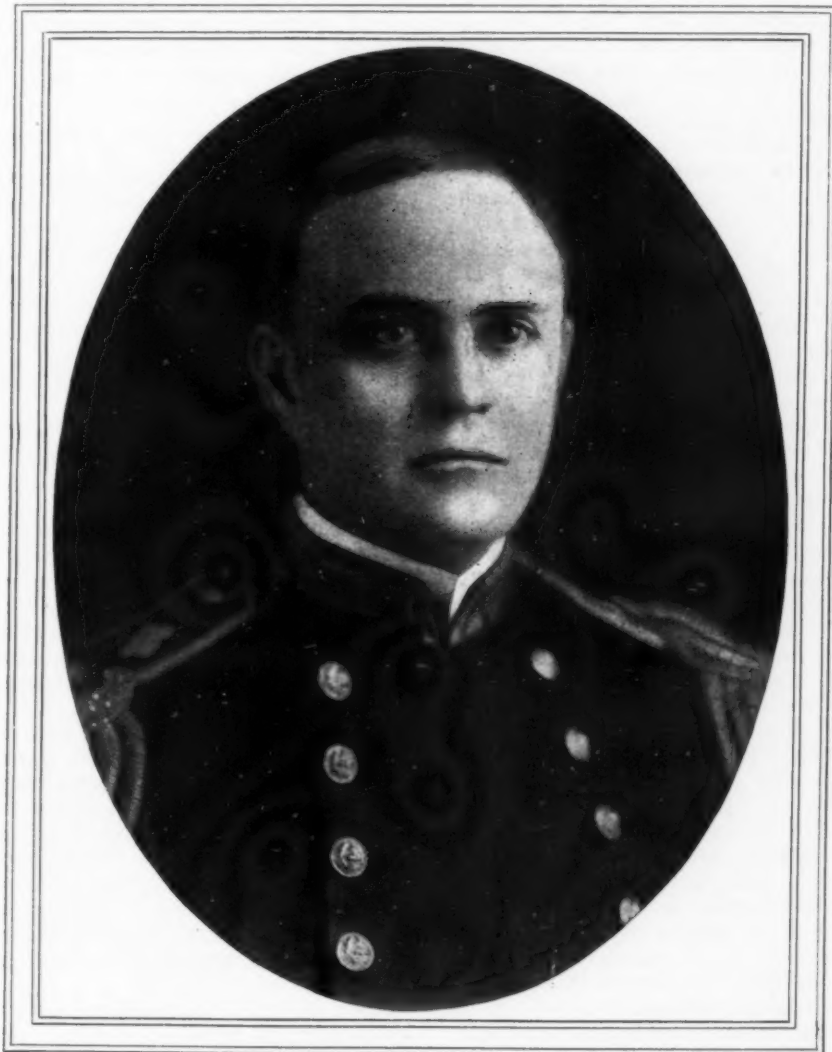
which must be made inexhaustible. Its maintenance is our job.

"The task which is now our first concern is furnishing supplies to our fighting ships in European waters. Vice-Admiral Sims is in command over there, and we work on the principle that he knows his business and his needs. The wisdom of a request from him is never questioned. When he asks for a thing, he gets it. There is a standing order that requests from Admiral Sims must be followed to the letter and handled on the day of receipt. No visé or approvals

are necessary. That is surely a simple, direct, and effective method of handling things. Admiral Sims has assured me that the results are highly satisfactory to him, that he is getting what he needs to accomplish his task, and that he feels no impeding red tape.

#### THE RULES OF A WORKING OFFICE

"We try to eliminate every unnecessary detail in accomplishing our purpose. For instance, in the arrangement of the room in which I receive my visitors, I have tried to



PAYMASTER-GENERAL SAMUEL MCGOWAN, HEAD OF THE BUREAU OF SUPPLIES  
AND ACCOUNTS, UNITED STATES NAVY DEPARTMENT

*From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington*

carry out the principles on which the business organization of the navy is operated. You will note that there is but one desk—that at which I work. There is but one chair—that in which I sit. The appearance of the office may be a bit bare and inhospitable, but let me show you the results.

"You will see that my door stands open. Whoever wants to may walk in. There are no matters here to discuss in confidence. The purchases of the navy are an open book. One visitor is welcome to walk in and listen to what his predecessor is saying. As a matter of fact, one caller bumps another out, and that saves time for me.

"I rise when the visitor enters. As there is no second chair, he cannot expect me to ask him to sit down. The absence of that chair saves me hours every day. He is not likely to gossip long while we both stand. He states his business, gets his answer, and goes. In this way I am able to handle hundreds of visitors in a day.

"There is another point upon which I insist. Every visitor shall be seen. The easiest way is to see him when he first presents himself; otherwise he will come again and again. He will appeal to other officials—to the Secretary of the Navy, to his Congressman—and in the end he will force us to hear him. If we see him in the beginning, we shall have saved his time and ours and that of other men. Even from a selfish standpoint, it is the wisest way.

"When I see a man, or when anybody in the bureau receives him, the theory is to finish with him then and there. By cleaning up the man's mission you dispose of him finally, and he will take no more of your time. It is the easiest way. Everybody in the bureau is instructed to listen to each visitor and satisfy him. As a result, the man goes away feeling friendly, speaks well of us, and may return to serve some useful purpose.

"Take the case, for instance, of a disgruntled bidder who, not long ago, sputtered about the bureau like a lighted fuse. He had been hurrying to Washington to put in a very important bid, and his train should have arrived in the early morning, but was late. He got to the department at eleven o'clock, and the bids had been opened at ten. Had his bid been in, he would have secured the contract, and the government would have saved some money. Therefore he held that we were high-handed and arbitrary in not allowing him to bid.

"We took great pains to show him that if an exception were made in his case it could not be refused in others. Then we should open up a serious possibility of defrauding the government. Two dishonest men might work in collusion. One of them might be at the department when bids were opened, while another was on a delayed train that came in a little later. The first man might slip the second a tip on the bids already opened, and the late arrival might make his figure accordingly. All our safeguards against unfair practises might thus be upset.

"Of course, he saw that we were right. Had we not listened to him and satisfied him, he and his friends would have been chasing us yet.

#### READINESS THE RESULT OF FORESIGHT

"In the spring of last year, when we entered the war, there was thrust on the purchasing agency of the navy a sudden and vast increase of work and responsibility. Our first war plans contemplated an increase in personnel from sixty-four thousand to ninety thousand men. We were ready to clothe the additional twenty-six thousand immediately, but the jump was to two hundred and seventeen thousand.

"Since the war had been in the offing for three years, there would have been little excuse for us if we had not at least laid plans for meeting such an emergency. We did not have the necessary clothing on hand, but we knew how to get it. We began to place orders at once. All summer the manufacturers were turning out uniforms for us. When fall came and the weather began to nip, every man in every training-station and on every ship had an adequate supply of clothing.

"I don't believe that a single man on a single destroyer in the North Sea got cold last winter. There was no reason why he should, when you inventory the clothes he had in his locker. There were for each man, as a special and additional preparation against cold, extra heavy woolen underwear and socks, a blanket overshirt with hood, a waterproof and wind-proof suit with hood, a pair of heavy woolen mittens, and a pair of heavy leather sea-boots.

"We got our clothes made before the demands became heavy from other sources. Now we are practically out of the market, leaving the way clear for the very large army orders.



"In all purchases we deal direct with the producer. The degree to which this simplifies transactions is almost beyond conception. The middleman, in most lines of business, is worse than a non-essential. He makes purchases much more difficult than they are without him. He gets a commission, which is borne by the purchaser. Not merely is the money wasted, but it is spent for a service which obstructs business. It used to be the practise to deal through agents—middlemen between the manufacturer and the government. We don't do it any more.

"The individual with whom the government deals—and it appears to me that the same would be true of any buyer—should be an expert in his line, and should understand all the details of the manufacture of what he sells. This the broker is not. When technical questions are asked, he must refer them to the manufacturer. He gets his answer, which is transmitted to the buyer. The two men who know most about the problem never come face to face. Even were the broker as honest as the manufacturer, even were it not for the fact that the government pays his commission, dealing through him is less satisfactory than buying direct. It is beyond my understanding why purchasers in quantities should buy otherwise than direct from the producer.

#### THE SIMPLIFICATION OF CONTRACTS

"Another important step toward simplification in buying is the elimination of the variables. There are certain elements that are constants, that are always known; others it is impossible to measure in advance. The manufacturer used to be asked to deliver certain goods. Even where the freight-rate was known, he had to wrestle with the problem of piling the materials in a warehouse. Not knowing the cost, he made a liberal estimate to protect himself.

"The variable might have been the price of wool for uniforms. This we remove by stating that he may furnish the wool at a given price, or we will furnish it. We are extensively in the wool business, in order that we may make contracts in this way. It makes our proposals more flexible for the manufacturer.

"By such methods we eliminate the variables, and the manufacturer can make his bid on the service he renders—a thing which he can definitely measure. The manufacturer who can render this service most ef-

ficiently, and who is satisfied with the least profit, makes the lowest bid and gets the contract. The proposal has been reduced to its simplest terms.

"The purchase of flour for the navy is another example of stripping the proposal bare. The deliveries bothered the miller until we made the rate on car-load lots at the mill. Then there entered the probable price of wheat at the time of delivery. This last we solved by proposing that the price should be made exclusive of the cost of the wheat, and that this cost, gaged by the price at Minneapolis on the day of delivery, should be added. The miller then had the simple problem of estimating the cost to him of milling the wheat, bagging it, and loading it on cars, plus the profit he demanded. His bid was made on the basis of these elements.

"The navy writes specifications for every standard article for which it asks bids. It is a delicate task to so write a specification that it can mean but one thing—the exact thing wanted; but we have done this for fourteen hundred articles.

"Each specification is printed. When we want given quantities of that article, we ask for bids. The requests go out to the firms on our mailing-list. There are some eleven thousand of these, and we aim to include all reputable concerns that would be likely to wish to bid.

"When the specified day and hour arrive, we open the bids, and the contract goes to the lowest bidder. He produces the article. If it is according to specification, it is accepted and paid for; otherwise, as the manufacturer well knows, it will be rejected. The process is so simple that an immense business is handled quite easily and, we think, satisfactorily.

#### THE RULE OF CLEAN DESKS

"The rule of simplicity applies at many points. If you go through our offices at half past four o'clock any afternoon, you will fail to find a single paper on any desk. This is almost true at any hour. Whatever communication is received is handled and despatched then and there. That refuge of the shiftless, reference to some other desk, is cut to the minimum. The first action is made final wherever possible, and the papers are immediately sent on their way or filed.

"Letters are answered immediately upon receipt. This is the easiest way. A letter



that is not answered at the time of reading must be read again. The time it consumes in the office is therefore doubled. The delay may be costing money at the other end. 'Dispose of it now' is our simple rule.

"There is another detail of office operation which I want to mention, because I have found that it saves much time and discord. We apply our principle of simplicity in answering internal complaints. One employee believes that another is handling his work wrongly, is acting unfairly to his fellows, or is ignoring possibilities of improvement. He makes a complaint to his superior. That superior asks if the complainant has discussed the matter with the man of whom he complains. If he has not, he is sent back to do so. He will be protected in offering his criticisms.

"When the two talk the matter over between them, the difference usually dissolves into thin air. They merely misunderstood each other. If there is an issue, the facts are ascertained, and the matter is then taken up and settled by the superior with both men present; but it is remarkable how few issues there are when the matter is frankly talked out.

"In the matter of purchases, the Navy Department differs from other branches of the government in that practically all our buying is done through this single agency. We also have an advantage in the fact that the law allows us certain latitude in buying. It has heretofore been the rule that other departments should ask for specific appropriations for specific purposes, and purchases could not be made until the appropriations were available. For the navy, however, there has been a fund in the Treasury against which we could draw, later reimbursing it from specific appropriations. This has enabled us to watch the needs of the service and to keep a balanced stock of goods in our warehouses.

#### THE NAVY A WORLD-WIDE SHOPPER

"As a shopper, the navy has rare opportunities for advantageous buying. The officers of the pay corps are the purchasers for the navy, and they go bargain-hunting in all the markets of the world. The responsibility of keeping his ship properly stocked goes with the supply officer into all manner of ports. There are hundreds of these men. The sum total of their accumulated information as to where and how to buy is without a parallel.

"When you add to this knowledge the fact that the navy has ships in most seas, and that they often have much unused cargo-space, you will see what opportunities we have. Naval colliers, for instance, carry cargoes to the Philippines and Samoa. Having unloaded, they must return to home ports. The law will not allow them to carry commercial freight; but they are sure to inquire whether there is anything in that part of the world that the navy needs.

"For instance, a collier may be passing Brazilian ports at the season of the year when the coffee-crop is being harvested, and may bring home a supply for our use. Every middleman in the fragrant bean's long journey from the docks of Santos or Rio de Janeiro to the breakfast-table may thus be eliminated.

"Just as the navy gets its coffee at the very plantation door, so also it may secure nitrates from Chile, pyrites from Spain, pineapples from Hawaii, hemp from Manila, teak from Rangoon, tin from Singapore, and shellac from Calcutta. So it may get its kapok from Java or the Philippines—kapok being a tubular fiber, much lighter than cork, from which we make our life-preservers. We also use it to fill the mattresses upon which the men sleep, so that in an emergency they can be thrown overboard to serve as life-rafts.

"In the present emergency the navy has taken advantage of its penchant for directness and has used its head in a judicious purchase wherever the opportunity presented itself. When the war first broke out in Europe, for instance, there was a discharged American naval collier in the vicinity of the Straits Settlements. Since India and southeastern Asia are the world's source of supply for certain naval stores, we considered the best purpose to which we might put this available cargo-space.

"Now, shellac is largely used in the navy, and it comes from India. We immediately got a big exporter whom we knew in Singapore on the cable, and asked him to quote us figures on a thousand tons of shellac. He did so, and the price was low. We closed with him, and got a big shipment on very advantageous terms.

"In the same way we have brought tin from the Straits Settlements and the Dutch colonies. Just now we are hoping to get some of the great stores of sugar that are lying in the warehouses of Java because there are no ships to carry it to Europe or

the United States. There is a good opportunity for a bargain in sugar in that part of the world just now.

"But the best buy we have made lately was in wool. Knowing that we should continue to need uniforms, and that wool would probably be hard to get, we looked the map over and found that there was plenty of the fleece in Australia. The British government owned warehouses full of it, but had found difficulty in transporting it to England. It had been bought from the sheep-

ranchers at about thirty-three cents a pound, while at the time it was selling here around sixty-five cents.

"As soon as a general governmental price policy was established, and it was made clear to Great Britain that our products were to be sold to our Allies at the same prices that we were paying, the British government gladly offered to furnish wool at actual cost to meet our navy's needs. It was a good illustration of the opportunities that come to us as world-wide shoppers."

## The Voice of Belgium

THE NOBLE AND INSPIRING UTTERANCES OF DÉSIÉRE JOSEPH MERCIER, PRINCE OF THE CHURCH AND SPOKESMAN OF A MARTYRED PEOPLE

By Bernard J. McNamara

ALMOST a decade has passed since I stood one Sunday afternoon in the historic church of St. Peter in Chains, at Rome, listening to a red-robed priest who was delivering a magnificent oration on the influence of Christianity. It was a masterly address, though scarcely appreciated by the many hearers who continually came and went, after the fashion of listeners in the Roman churches. Another drawback was the fact that it was given in beautiful French, which was imperfectly understood by the Italians who formed a majority of those present.

The speaker was a tall, gaunt man who looked every inch the ascetic and the student. He was indeed both, as I afterward learned. He scarcely appeared like a man of action, and I did not dream that he was destined, within a few years, to win the admiration of the world by his courage and resolution in facing a supremely terrible crisis.

As he spoke, this cardinal, for such he was, could almost have touched the wonderful masterpiece of Michelangelo—the famous statue of Moses, the Lion of Israel. The speaker—at least so it seemed to me—once or twice allowed his gaze to rest for quite a space of time on the powerful figure of the leader of the Jews. He seemed to be

studying the strong and noble face brought out so splendidly by the chisel of the great Italian. I often wonder now if the preacher of that day ever thought that he, too, would ere long be hailed as a lion among men!

The speaker was Cardinal Désiré Joseph Mercier, Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium, and the occasion was the taking possession of his titular church in Rome, San Pietro in Vincoli, or St. Peter in Chains. It is certain that no one who listened to him foresaw that he was to become one of the greatest figures of a world war; that the man of books, the teacher, was to show himself the man of action, and by his words and deeds be the leader and consoler of a stricken nation. But so it has turned out in the swift course of time.

An English writer calls Cardinal Mercier the Lion of Malines—a name that the great churchman's courage justifies. Another hails him as the new Paul of the twentieth century, and his wonderful letters to the Belgians and to the world bear out the fitness of the phrase. But it remained for a recent collector of his letters to give him perhaps the most appropriate title—the Voice of Belgium. For in very truth the Belgian cardinal is the voice, the mouth-piece solitary and alone, of the brave little nation that dared to choose death and

agony with honor, rather than safety with shame and perfidy.

Without a king, without a government, the poor Belgians under German rule looked around for a leader, for some one to direct them, for a voice to defend them, for a spokesman who would dare to stand up before the ruthless conqueror's cannons and remind him that law and justice have not wholly perished from the earth. They looked for all these things, and they found them in one man who was to be henceforth their temporal as well as their spiritual leader. They looked for a voice potent and strong, for a spokesman courageous and unafraid, and they found the wonderful combination in one man—Cardinal Mercier.

Mercier's letters to his people show how he has guided them, how he has sought to gain spiritual benefits for them out of the calamities of war. There is a majesty and loftiness of thought in them which far transcends almost all the other literature that this tremendous struggle has called into being. And their value lies partly in the fact that they are eminently applicable to our own and other countries.

Since our entrance into the war we have come to realize that the sad thought expressed in his letter on "Patriotism and Endurance" is unfortunately applicable to very many Americans, even to-day:

Let us acknowledge that we needed a lesson in patriotism. There were Belgians, and many such, who wasted their time and talents in futile quarrels of class with class, of race with race, of passion with personal passion.

If this was true of the Belgians before the war, they proved that it was no longer true on August 2, 1914, when, in the face of a mighty and unscrupulous foe, the Belgian nation became practically as one man and said to the invader:

"We will not let you go through!"

Wonderful, magnificent, unselfish unity of a whole people! If the rest of the Allies, if our own United States, could show such unity, the end of the war would not be very far distant. Memorable and glorious 2nd of August, never to be forgotten! It meant a cruel lesson learned, an awful sacrifice endured, a nation purified by fire and made conscious of its spiritual and moral greatness.

At once, instantly, we were conscious of our own patriotism. Far down within us all is something

deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, and this is the need and will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the public thing, *res publica*. And this profound will within us is patriotism.

What a wonderful nation ours would be if every individual in it measured up to the cardinal's lofty standard of patriotic self-sacrifice!

Family interests, class interests, party interests, and the material good of the individual take their place, in the scale of values, below the ideal of patriotism, for that ideal is right which is absolute. Furthermore, that ideal is the public recognition of right in national matters and of national honor.

Now, there is no absolute except God. And to affirm the absolute necessity of the subordination of all things to right, to justice, and to truth is implicitly to affirm God. When humble soldiers, therefore, say, "We only did our duty," they express the religious character of their patriotism. Which of us does not feel that patriotism is a sacred thing, and that a violation of the national dignity is in a manner a profanation and a sacrilege?

Can we wonder now that with such an ideal before them, the Belgians did the great things that history records to their credit?

In another letter Cardinal Mercier bewails the fact that at the beginning of the war a few highly placed men went so far as to say that a verbal protest would have been sufficient, and it was not necessary for Belgium to sacrifice herself. Such talk aroused the indignation of the Lion of Malines, and he did not hesitate to give public utterance to his just wrath. But now he says:

I never hear this language on any lips now. If war—I mean a just war—has so much austere beauty, it is because war brings out the disinterested enthusiasm of a whole people, which is ready to give its most precious possession, even life itself, for the defense and vindication of things which cannot be weighed, which cannot be calculated, but which can never be destroyed—justice, honor, peace, liberty. The ardent, unflagging interest which you give to it purifies you, separates your higher nature from the dross, draws you away to uplift you toward something nobler and better than yourselves. You are rising toward the ideals of justice and honor. They support you and lift you upward.

The Voice of Belgium speaks clearly to his people and to the world. Happy the day, and speedily may it come, when in every heart on American soil there will be an answering echo to these noble words of unselfish patriotism!

# Paying for the War

AN OUTLINE OF OUR WAR FINANCE, AND AN EXPLANATION OF THE NEED OF A  
LARGE INCREASE IN WAR TAXATION

By Claude Kitchen

Member of Congress from North Carolina and Chairman of the Ways and Means  
Committee of the House

THE larger our bond issues, the longer must war-tax legislation remain on the statute-books. The interest to be paid yearly on outstanding government bonds cannot be paid out of funds borrowed from the people; it must be paid out of fixed revenues. That we ought to raise more taxes than we are now raising is my belief; and we ought to raise them now, when our incomes and profits are so much larger than ever before, and larger than they will probably be after the war.

Furthermore, by its continual sale of Treasury certificates and Liberty bonds, the government has barred up almost every avenue of the credit which is so vital to American industry and business. The government has almost exhausted, and will continue during this war to exhaust, the surplus loanable funds of the banks throughout the country by its continuous demand for money with which to defray, in part, the expenses of the war. This contraction of credit facilities forced the government to create the War Finance Corporation to assist American business at this critical financial period.

Yet it is evident that we Americans should not expect to make enormous profits—vastly greater than before the war, in many cases, even after deducting the present income and excess-profits taxes—and make no increase in taxation, but continue the tremendous bond issues to fasten on future generations to pay.

Taking the tax measures during the Civil War as an example, a larger part of the funds for the prosecution of that war was raised in a period of three years *after* the war than in a period of three years *during* the war. There was too little taxation during the war. I have studied the gov-

ernment's financing of the Civil War, and I believe that it adopted the wisest methods practicable at that time. I think that there is a better method now, because we are more enlightened upon economics. We are more enlightened as to where to put the money burden and how to get the funds we need.

I cannot say positively whether Congress will consider the passage of a revenue act at this session; but most probably it will not. Personally, I think we ought to have framed and passed such a measure earlier in the session, and so expressed myself. I knew then, and I know now, that we are bound to have another huge revenue act at some time to help take care of the vast expenditures for the next fiscal year; but the administration and the Secretary of the Treasury, as well as a large majority in Congress, were of the opinion that a new tax measure should form no part of this session's program. Therefore Congress has been driving ahead on its program without a revenue bill, in the hope of adjourning by July 1. This it can do, but with a tax measure added to the program we should be lucky to adjourn by the November elections.

If we do not collect more by taxation now, when the people are able to pay more from their enormous profits and incomes, but continue to issue bonds, piling up hundreds of millions—and it will reach a billion and more—of interest to be paid yearly by taxes, the rates of taxation will have to be increased anyhow, in order to produce sufficient revenue to take care of current expenses and of the annual interest charge; and the increase will have to be made at a time when incomes and profits are likely to be on the decrease.



We are now taxing excess profits, including war profits. The probable yield of these taxes is estimated at about one and one-quarter billion dollars. For two or three years after the war profits will probably remain about as large as at present. They may not be war profits, but they will be excess profits, made possible by conditions resulting from the war. The actual war industries, such as munition-making and the manufacture of other military or naval supplies, will not have as large profits after the war as they have now. It remains to be seen whether the decrease in that line after the war will be fully compensated by an increase in other manufactures, such as may be required in the peace-time work of reconstruction, here and abroad. But we must have, as things stand now, larger collections from incomes and excess profits.

#### THE PROBLEM OF RAISING BILLIONS

It was not believed, when we first entered the war, that our expenditures would even approach the staggering figures they are now reaching. Some of the money is not actually spent, being loaned to our Allies; but the government faces the necessity of providing these credits with funds from the national Treasury. That they will be repaid goes without saying, but the problem to-day is to provide the funds to make the loans or establish the necessary credits as fast as needed.

It may be recalled that when I presented the first bond bill in the House of Representatives, appropriating three billions for our Allies and two billions for our own expenditures, I said that five billions more would be required by the United States before the end of the fiscal year 1917, which closed with June. I also said that the various government departments had greatly underestimated the expenditures that we should have to incur on account of the war.

Including loans to foreign nations, our total expenditures for the fiscal year 1917—ending June 30, 1918—are estimated at \$16,116,000,000. Up to the middle of April, our total loans and credits to foreign governments had reached \$5,285,600,000. The balance existing on that day under the established credits was less than half a billion.

By taxation, under the acts authorized, the collections of this government amount to about three and one-half billion dollars

annually. This sum is less than one-quarter of our total expenditures for the fiscal year 1917. It seems probable, at the time of writing, that the entire oversubscription of the Third Liberty Loan may be needed, the Secretary of the Treasury having reserved the right to call for it, before we can have another tax bill, even if the Congress were inclined to write another at this session.

Nothing at this time is known about future bond issues, but even bond issues are not unaccompanied by difficulties. One in particular, not fully understood by the people, is the question of interest. The rate of interest of each issue, and the convertibility feature, have been stumbling-blocks. In arranging the Third Liberty Loan it was decided to make an effort to reach a definite settlement on both these points, at least for the present. It is believed that with interest at four and one-quarter per cent, the maximum rate has been reached.

It will be remembered that the three-and-one-half-per-cent bonds issued under the act of April, 1917, contain a contract with the holders of those bonds to the effect that they could be converted at any time during the war into bonds bearing a higher rate of interest, if bonds bearing a higher rate should be issued. We cannot, of course, take the convertibility feature away from that first issue of bonds.

It was also specified that the bonds issued for the second loan could be converted into future bonds carrying a higher rate of interest; but this privilege was made conditional. It had to be exercised during the period prescribed for the conversion, and at the end of the stipulated time the privilege terminated.

Now the time has come when the convertibility feature must be eliminated. Why? Because, with three loans subscribed, we shall have about fourteen billions of bonds outstanding; and if we continued the convertibility feature, individuals and corporations holding that huge amount would be interested—with other investors desiring a higher rate—in bearing the market on the bonds, and pushing them down below par, in order to force the government to issue each succeeding loan at a higher rate than the preceding one. It has been the purpose of the House, in omitting the privilege of convertibility, to prevent any such manipulation.

We think that a government bond bear-



ing four and one-quarter per cent is worth par, and always will be worth par, though manipulation may at times depress the market price below par. I believe that every man, woman, and child owning a Liberty bond owns a gilt-edged security. There is no reason why the men and women of America should not be satisfied with the rate of interest now established, to say nothing of the other privileges which government bonds carry. The present rate was fixed for patriotic and equitable reasons, and no thorough American can object to it.

At the beginning of the war the administration started out with what may be called a "fifty-fifty" idea—that is, to pay half the cost by taxation and half with bonds. Our expenditures and our loans to our Allies, however, have grown so enormously and so rapidly that that idea has been set aside. At present I do not know what the administration's views are, but I believe that students of finance are agreed that it will become necessary for us to have a considerably larger collection from taxes if the bond issues continue, as in all probability they will. I repeat that I am in sympathy with the idea that we should fasten as little burden as possible on future generations, and raise as much now by taxation as is reasonably possible, considering the necessity of keeping our industries going and not seriously crippling them.

If, as some have urged, we should levy the same tax on excess profits that Great Britain levies—and she is now considering a further increase in the rate—and if we should adopt the same normal income tax as Great Britain, keeping our surtaxes as they now are, we should probably raise additional revenue to the amount of three billions annually, or even more. In comparing British taxation with ours, it must be remembered that while there are local taxes in England, they are much smaller than the amounts levied by our States, counties, and municipalities. The taxes that our people pay in the States and cities, and in such local tax subdivisions as road districts, school districts, and the like, are, I should say, five or six times greater than local taxes in Great Britain.

Therefore, while the British excess-profits tax is much greater than the excess-profits tax in this country, nevertheless, when we consider our excess-profits tax and other Federal taxes, and the State and lo-

cal taxes that an American must pay, the total rate of taxation in England is not so much larger than ours.

The revenue problem is far from easy of solution. We must meet it as it confronts us. It involves the well-being of the entire country, and, in so far as our loans to foreign nations go, the well-being of other champions of liberty. But the revenue question, now and in the future, is not the only one before the administration or before Congress. We have the problem of production, the problem of our industries and our commerce, which are the sources of our national wealth.

#### THE WAR FINANCE CORPORATION

To retain for American business a place under the sun, the War Finance Corporation act has been passed. It has been passed strictly as a war measure. It is unprecedented, radical, and, I may add, economically revolutionary; but we have been convinced that for the more effective prosecution of the war the time has come when the government must in some way go to the rescue of industries whose operations are necessary or contributory to the prosecution of the war. Such industries may be directly necessary, as those producing material needed during the war; while others may be indirectly necessary because they employ thousands of men and women whose very life depends upon their work.

If we withhold financial help, then the government must of necessity take over or commandeer the war industries of the country, including, perhaps, many public utilities, power-plants, and the like, and must manage and operate them, providing the funds needed for their maintenance. So it was decided that it would be better for the government to assist in furnishing money and credits for such industries than to take them over.

As I have already pointed out, the government has barred up almost every avenue of credit by its constant demands for funds, exhausting the surplus loanable funds of the banks throughout the country. During the intervals between the loans, the Treasury has issued large amounts of certificates of indebtedness. Although by law they cannot run for more than one year, they absorb the supply of ready loanable funds. We can see, therefore, how greatly the government has affected the market for money and credit.

There were three ways by which the government could have rendered the necessary financial assistance to necessary industries. One was by direct advances and loans by the Treasury—a system which would have required billions of additional bonds and taxes. Another was by investing the Federal reserve bank system, through the Federal Reserve Board, with powers and functions which might have endangered the system by overcoming and swallowing it up. So a third plan was suggested and adopted. It is a new agency.

The War Finance Corporation's total capital stock is five hundred million dollars, and it is authorized to issue bonds in an amount equal to four times the capital paid in, and with a maturity of not less than one nor more than five years. The life of the corporation is ten years, but it cannot do business, except winding up its affairs and liquidating its assets, after six months after the termination of the war, the time of such termination to be proclaimed by the President.

A provision of the act prevents a loan to any one corporation of more than one-tenth of the capital, or fifty million dollars. To prevent doubling up, in the case of a corporation controlling subsidiaries, the allied concerns will be regarded as one corporation for the purpose of a loan.

These advances will probably be made in bonds instead of money. For instance, a company having proper securities applies to the War Finance Corporation for the loan of a million dollars. The corporation does not have the money in hand, and it does not want to go to the trouble and expense of selling its own bonds. It will, however, advance to the applicant the amount asked for in bonds, which the borrowing company will go out and sell, or which it will pledge at a bank as security for the funds it needs.

To take another illustration, let us suppose that a munition company needs a million dollars, and applies to a bank for it. The bank, not having the money available, takes the company's note and securities, and applies to the War Finance Corporation. The latter, satisfied that the security is adequate, will advance to the bank seventy-five per cent of the loan which the bank makes to the company; but the bank must give its note, secured by the company's note to it and all the securities pledged by the company to the bank as

well. In this case the limit is seventy-five per cent, but the directors are authorized to advance the whole amount of the bank's loan if the bank puts up not only its note and the note and securities of the borrower, but additional security amounting to at least thirty-three per cent of the amount of the advance.

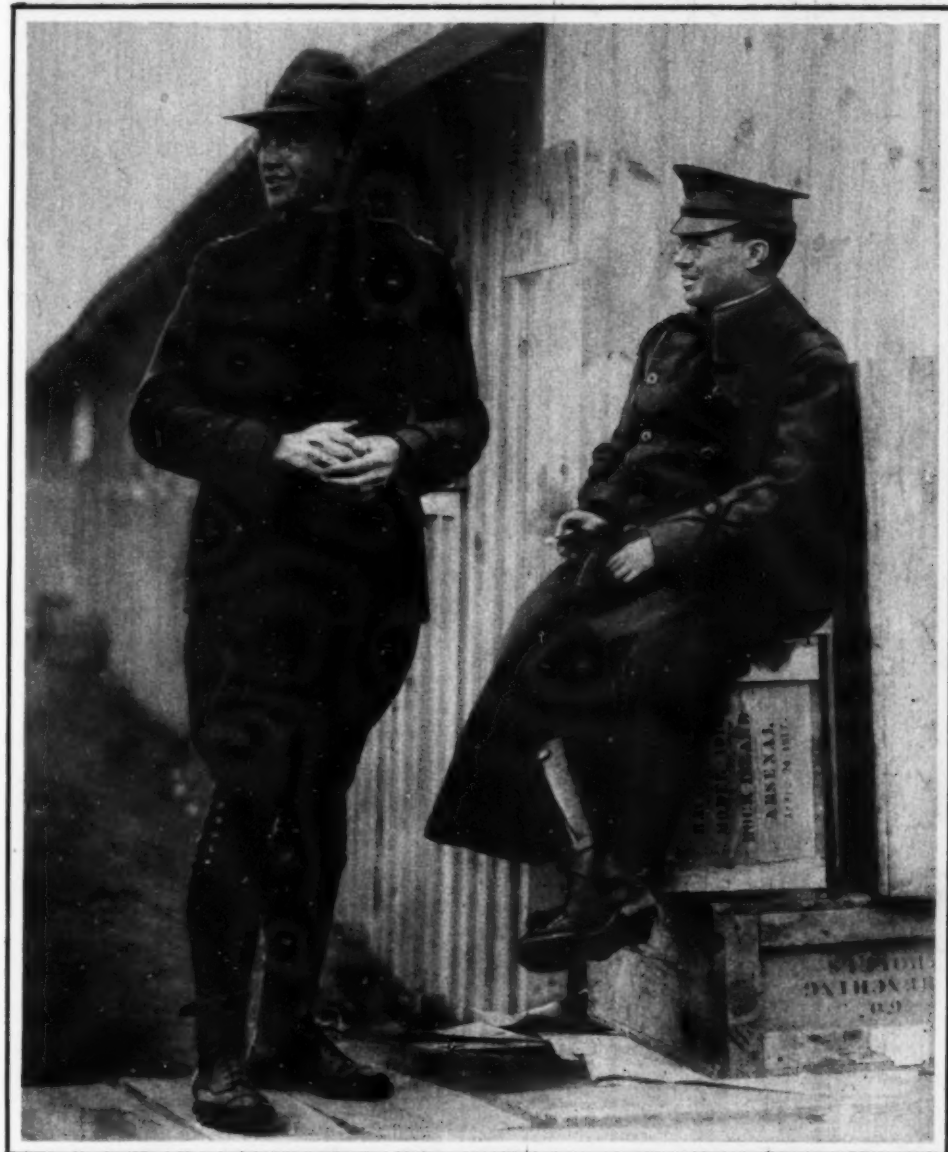
The recipient of loans need not be a war industry. It is not obligatory to make loans to war industries. If the directors deem advances to savings-banks, banking institutions, trust companies, or building and loan associations, important in the public interest, such institutions are eligible to apply for loans. In this case the pledge of securities must have a market value of at least thirty-three per cent more than the amount wanted.

The various savings institutions are contributing to the war anyhow, because their depositors are withdrawing deposits and buying Liberty bonds. They are also advancing money to the government on its certificates of indebtedness. The government is practically in competition with them. Hundreds of millions of their deposits have already been put into government securities, and this will continue as long as the Treasury is forced to sell bonds.

Financing the war, and financing the government, and financing business, and financing the people—one at a time, so that each can finance the other—is the key to victory. To the public, Congress may seem to be progressing slowly. A day's delay at the front might lose the war, but a day's haste in legislation, without due thought and care, might be equally disastrous. The fact is that the House has passed more legislation this session, up to date, than in the same period of any other session in the history of Congress.

In explaining these complicated questions in a sketchy way for readers of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, I am actuated by a desire to bring home to them some of the responsibilities which the present administration faces. Of course, at no time since the beginning of the world has legislation of any kind been welcome to all the people all the time; but we are endeavoring to find the line of least resistance, and to enact laws that will meet with the approval of all the American people most of the time, or most of the American people all the time, unless we should be so fortunate as to achieve both.

# *Fighting Sons of Fighting Men*



CAPTAINS L. M. AND E. H. SCOTT

Sons of Major-General Hugh L. Scott, formerly chief of the General Staff, United States Army



MAJOR ULYSSES S. GRANT, 3rd

Son of Major-General Frederick D. Grant, and grandson of General Ulysses S. Grant

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington



LIEUTENANT ULYSSES S. GRANT, 4th

Son of Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., and grandson of General Ulysses S. Grant

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

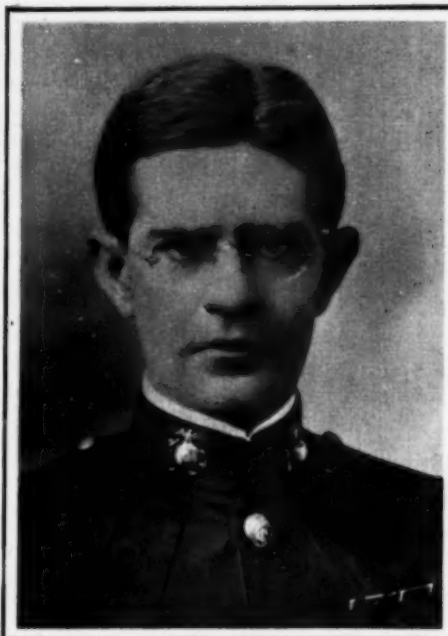




**SERGEANT ANDREW JACKSON**

Son of Colonel Andrew Jackson, C. S. A., and grandson of President Jackson's adopted son

Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



**MAJOR FREDERICK H. DELANO, U. S. M. C.**  
Son of Rear-Admiral Francis H. Delano



**COLONEL DAVID D. PORTER, U. S. M. C.**  
Grandson of Admiral David D. Porter and member of a famous fighting family

Photograph by the Bain News Service, New York



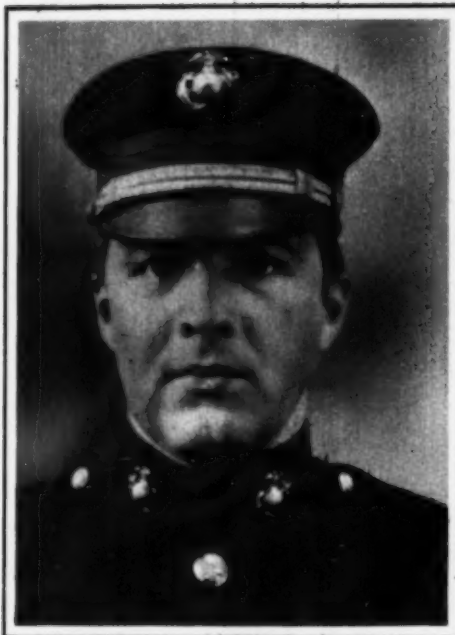
**CAPTAIN EDWARD G. BLISS**  
Son of General Tasker H. Bliss. Chief of Staff



**MAJOR WILLIAM H. PARKER, U. S. M. C.**  
Son and namesake of Commander Parker and grandson of Commodore Foxhall A. Parker and of Rear-Admiral Thornton Jenkins



**MAJOR ADNA R. CHAFFEE**  
Son and namesake of Lieutenant-General Chaffee, who served in Cuba in 1898 and commanded our forces in China in 1900



CAPTAIN JOHN B. SEBREE, U. S. M. C.

Son of Rear-Admiral Uriel Sebree

By courtesy of the U. S. M. C. Publicity Bureau



COMMANDER HUGO W. OSTERHAUS

Son of Rear-Admiral Hugo Osterhaus

From a photograph by Pach, New York



PAYMASTER EDWARD R. EBERLE

Son of Rear-Admiral Edward W. Eberle

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing,  
Washington

LIEUT.-COM. RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, JR.

Son of Rear-Admiral Richard Wainwright

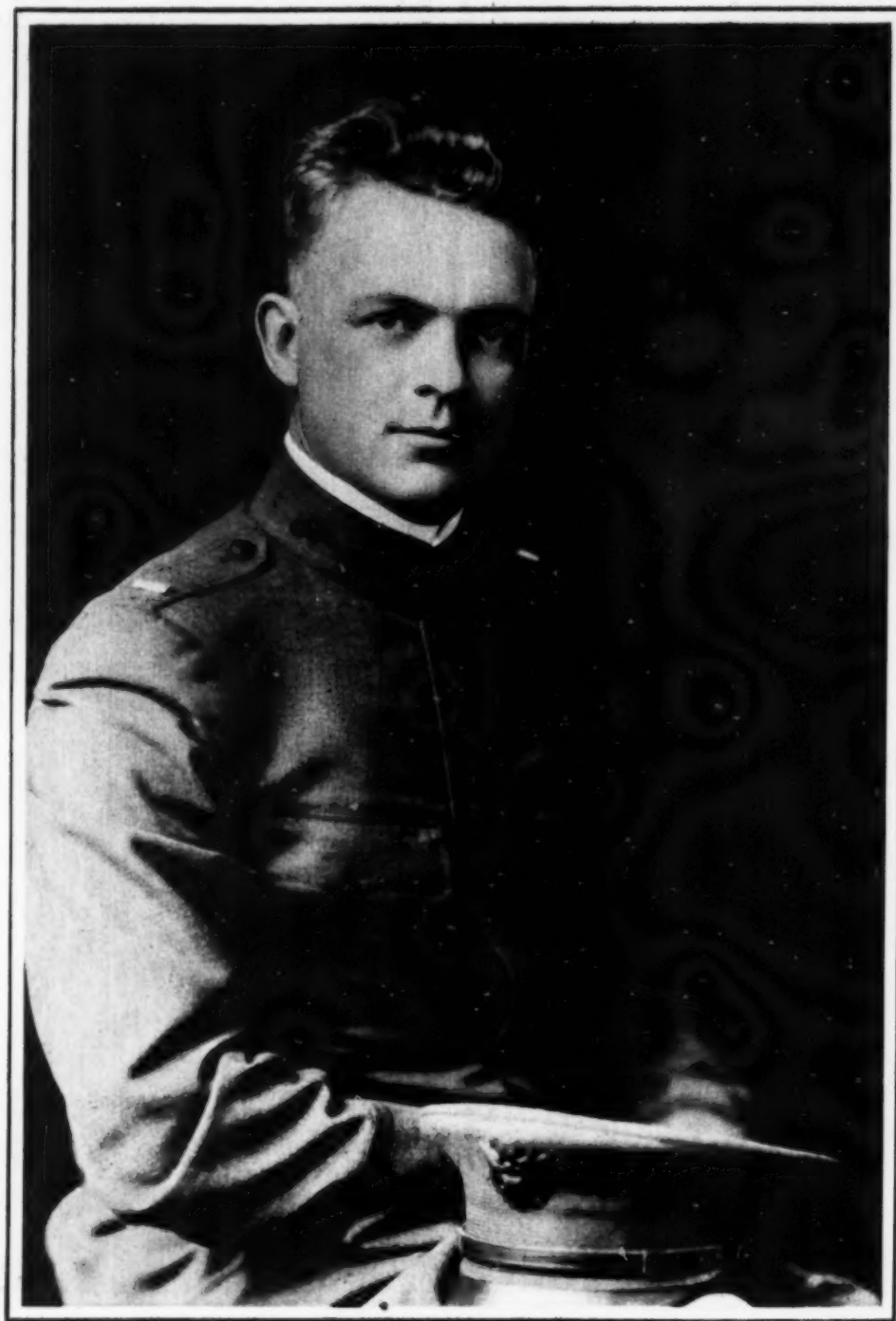
From a copyrighted photograph by the Western  
Newspaper Union



CAPTAIN OSBORNE WOOD, HARVARD REGIMENT

Son of Major-General Leonard Wood

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. LEE

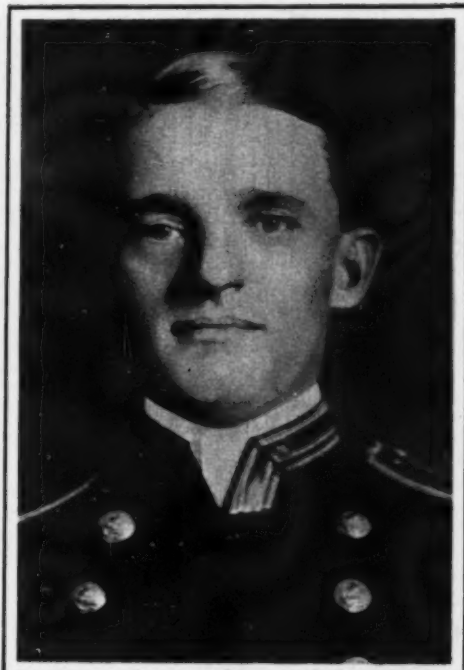
Grandson and namesake of the great Southern general

From a photograph by Koehne, Chicago





LIEUT.-COMMANDER RICHARD B. COFFMAN  
Son of Rear-Admiral De Witt Coffman



COMMANDER FRANCK T. EVANS  
Son of Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans



CAPTAIN FRANK R. McCOY  
Son of Brigadier-General Thomas Francis McCoy



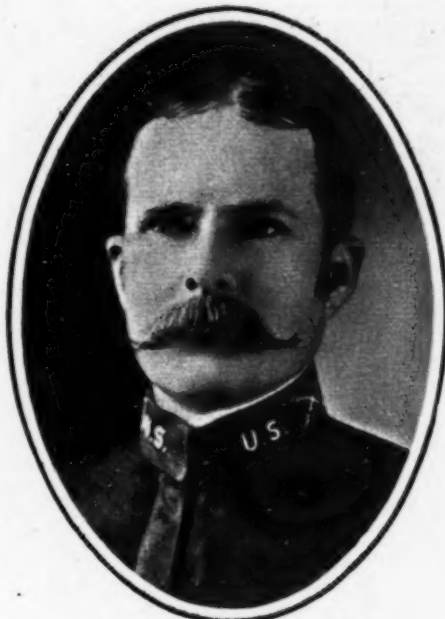
LIEUT.-COMMANDER JOSEPH K. TAUSSIG  
Son of Rear-Admiral Edward D. Taussig



LIEUTENANT CHARLES P. CUSHING, U. S. M. C.

Grandson of Commander William B. Cushing, a famous hero of the Civil War

By courtesy of the U. S. M. C. Publicity Bureau



COLONEL JAMES LONGSTREET

Son and namesake of Lieutenant-General Longstreet, the famous Confederate commander

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ISRAEL PUTNAM, FIFTH OF THE NAME

A private in the United States Marine Corps, and a descendant of the famous Revolutionary hero, Major-General Israel Putnam



PAYMASTER CHESTER G. MAYO  
Son of Admiral Henry T. Mayo



PAYMASTER ARTHUR H. MAYO  
Son of Admiral Henry T. Mayo, who is the commander  
of the Atlantic Fleet



PRIVATE WILLIAM S. COWLES, U. S. M. C.  
Son of Rear-Admiral W. S. Cowles and nephew  
of Colonel Roosevelt



**CAPTAIN CLINTON E. FISK**

Son of Colonel Willard C. Fisk, well known in New York as commander of the Seventh Regiment, National Guard

From a photograph by Paul Thompson, New York



**MAJOR RICHARD B. PADDOCK**

Son of Colonel Richard B. Paddock and nephew of General Pershing—He was recently reported as wounded in France

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# Australia and Her Part in the World War

HOW THE COMMONWEALTH HAS MET HER WAR-TIME PROBLEMS, AND HOW HER SONS HAVE FOUGHT IN THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

By the Hon. Crawford Vaughan, M. P., Former Premier of South Australia

TO the cause of human freedom Australia has brought her best gifts. If, through her failure to adopt conscription, she has not quite risen to the height that some of us marked out for her, she has, in President Garfield's phrase, "gathered up her jewels of manhood and gone down into the fray, resolved on measureless ruin or complete success."

In July, 1914, when mankind stood bewildered and horrified at the imminence of this Armageddon, we prayed with the rest of the civilized world that the terrible menace might pass away. When, however, Germany flung off the mask and disclosed her long-prepared plot against human liberty, Australia knew that to her, with other civilized countries, had come one of those great crises which sooner or later test the moral fiber of a people.

As the Kaiser with ruthless perfidy trampled upon the liberties of little Belgium, the fear on the part of the self-governing dominions of Britain was not that the mother country might involve them in a world-wide war, but that she might too long delay taking up the brutal challenge of Prussian militarism.

Australia, it is well to remember, is a self-governing democracy. Her liberty to manage her own affairs is not the fruit of any heroic effort on her own part, but may be said to be a result of the struggles for freedom by Washington and the men of Valley Forge. The lesson of Bunker Hill, bitter as it was to Lord North and George III, was not lost upon British statesmen. It taught them that an empire could be held

together by bonds of freedom, but never by bonds of force. When the minutemen of Concord "fired the shot heard round the world," they sounded the death-knell of the Kaiserism of that day. Fortunately for mankind, a Hanoverian king failed in his attempt to impose his ideas upon the colonists of America, as the Kaiserism of to-day is destined to fail.

Washington's gift to the British dominions was the recognition by the mother country of their rights of nationhood. They tax British commodities without question or restriction; they pay not a farthing of tribute to the empire; they maintain their own armies and, where they so desire, their own navies. No restraining hand is laid upon their legislative powers, for, although nominally the power of veto rests with the king, it is rarely exercised. The dominions are not necessarily tied to Britain's chariot-wheel, and they were under no compulsion to enter the war against the Kaiser because Britain had made it her war.

But, owing her liberty, as she does, to the efforts of others, Australia, like her sister dominions, could not stand idly by and acquiesce in the butchery of Belgium by the power that brazenly claimed to inherit the traditions of Attila and his Huns. Belgium had dared to resist the Kaiser's legions, not in her own behalf only, but on behalf of France and of humanity generally. To allow her to go down in the struggle, fighting single-handed against a brutal treaty-breaker, would be to acquiesce in the greatest crime ever committed against civilization. When the tocsin of war first rallied



the far-flung forces of the British Empire to the union jack in a phalanx that stood four-square to all the winds that blew, Australia at once offered twenty thousand men for service abroad, and pledged herself to stand by the Allied cause "to the last man and the last shilling."

half a million. Altogether the overseas dominions have sent a million men to Europe, besides helping to wrest from Germany all her colonies and Pacific possessions. Australia now garrisons old German New Guinea, while New Zealand forces hold the former German Samoa.



A REGIMENT OF AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSE PARADING ON COLLEGE STREET, SYDNEY, BEFORE EMBARKING FOR THE FRONT

In confirmation of that pledge Australia has enlisted four hundred thousand men out of a total population of five millions—a little less than the population of New York. To this contribution of eight per cent of the Australian population must be added eighty thousand men from New Zealand, bringing the Australasian gift to liberty up to nearly

Australia maintains at the front five divisions of about twenty thousand men each, one being in Egypt and Palestine, and four somewhere in France. There are, in addition, medical and nursing staffs in every theater of war.

The Australian Commonwealth bears the cost of the initial equipment of its forces

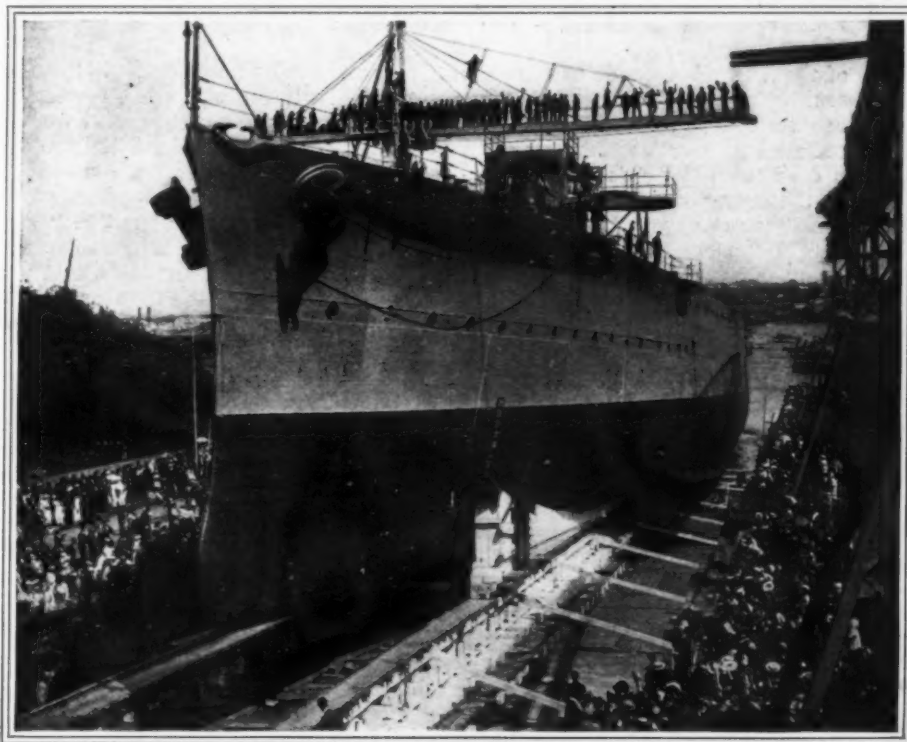


"HALT!"—TROOPERS OF THE AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSE, TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF THE CAVALRY-MEN WHO HAVE DONE EXCELLENT WORK IN PALESTINE AND ELSEWHERE

on sea and on land, and pays its soldiers and sailors a higher rate than any other army in the field, the daily remuneration being six shillings, or a dollar and a half, for seven days a week, with separation allowances for the soldier's wife and children. Pensions are provided on a liberal scale for disabled soldiers and for the widows and dependents of those who have fallen in bat-

tle, the amount of the gratuity being determined by a special board.

The casualties among our Australian troops have been heavy, totaling more than a hundred thousand, while the actual deaths from disease or wounds amount approximately to thirty thousand. The angel of death has indeed been abroad in the land, but this has only served to stiffen the reso-



THE LAUNCH OF H. M. A. S. (HIS MAJESTY'S AUSTRALIAN SHIP) BRISBANE, A CRUISER OF FIFTY-FOUR HUNDRED TONS, AT COCKATOO ISLAND, SYDNEY, ON SEPTEMBER 30, 1915



GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY, AND THE TOWN HALL—SYDNEY, A CITY OF SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE, IS THE METROPOLIS OF AUSTRALIA AND CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF NEW SOUTH WALES

lution of the Australian people to complete the task they have set before them. Australia has resolved that her gallant sons shall not have died in vain; that from these honored dead she will "take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion."

#### THE ANZACS AT GALLIPOLI

The fateful Gallipoli campaign, with all its blunders and tragedies, elicited in Australia no word of complaint. The people realized that if the full harvest of the heroic efforts of the Anzacs and of the gallant British and French troops were not reaped, nevertheless, the expedition played its useful part in this world-wide war. As the Germans admitted at the time of the successful evacuation, the attack upon the Dardanelles held at bay a force of three hundred thousand Turks, who otherwise might have done effective service elsewhere at a time critical to the Allied cause.

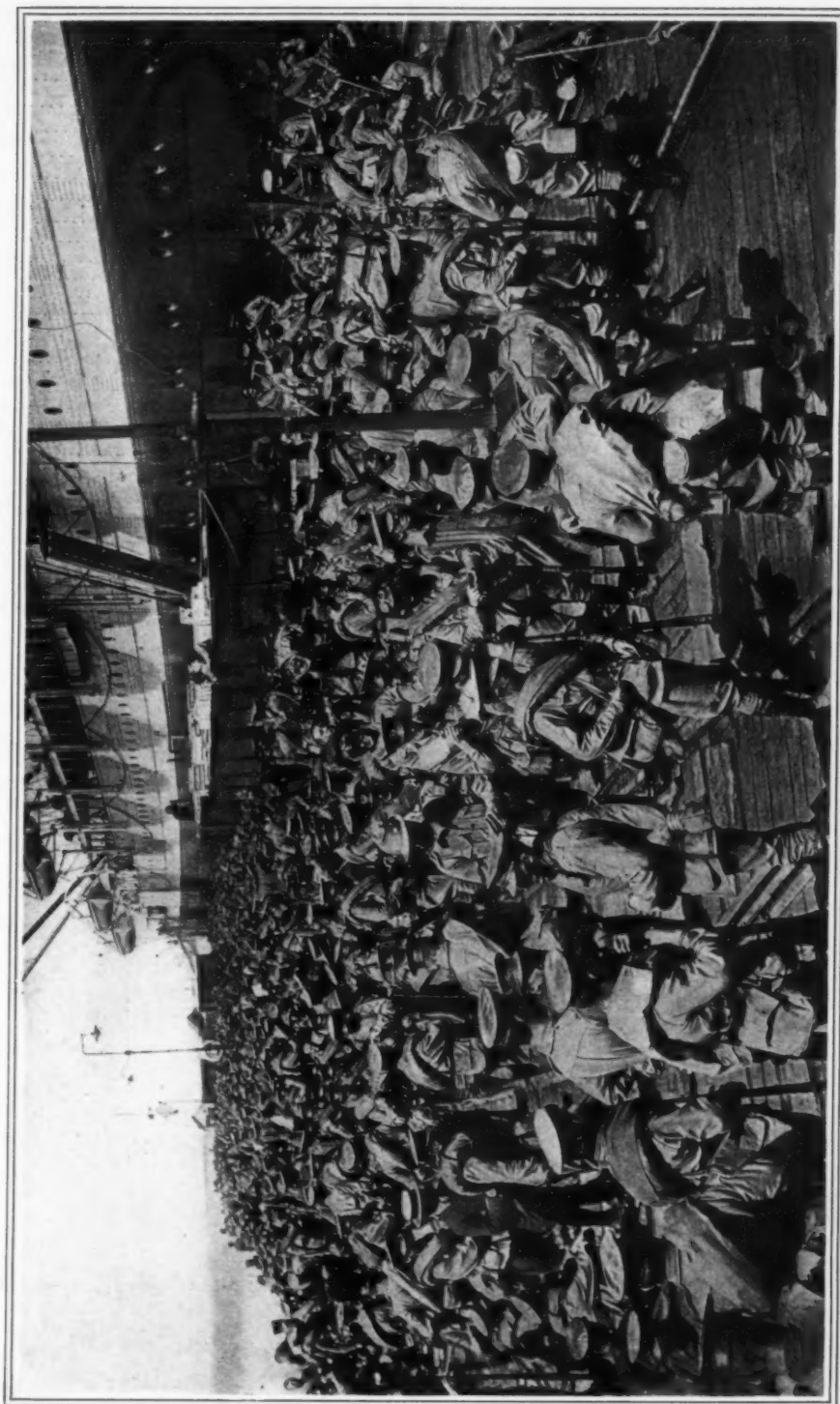
The story of the storming of the heights of Gaba Tepe constitutes a proud page in the annals of Australasia's military achievements. It is reminiscent of the scaling of the Heights of Abraham by Wolfe and his men. Close to the classic ground where

Greek and Trojan fought and fell, these new warriors from the antipodes, inspired by their love of liberty, gave proof of qualities of which Hector himself might have been proud. At Pozières, in Flanders, in Egypt and Palestine, the same story has been retold in a dozen battles, as indeed it could be told of the splendid Canadians at Vimy and elsewhere, and as it will be told when in the fiery trial of battle the sons of America show that the spirit of 1776 still lives.

#### THE AUSTRALIAN NAVY

At the outbreak of the war the Australian navy consisted of one battle-cruiser, the *Australia*; two smaller cruisers, the *Sydney* and the *Melbourne*; some destroyers, and a pair of submarines. The last-named were soon out of the conflict, one mysteriously disappearing in the Pacific and the other being sunk in the Dardanelles.

To the powerful guns of the *Australia*, however, the Commonwealth probably owed her immunity from attack by the German Pacific fleet. When Von Spee's flotilla had been sunk off the Falkland Islands, the *Australia* was despatched to the North Sea, while the *Sydney* and the *Melbourne* took up the work of convoying troop-ships to



A BATTALION OF AUSTRALIAN INFANTRY ON THE PIER AT PORT MELBOURNE, ABOUT TO EMBARK FOR THE FRONT—PORT MELBOURNE IS A SUBURB OF THE CITY OF MELBOURNE, CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF VICTORIA

Europe. It was on one of these voyages that the Sydney received an S. O. S. from Cocos Island, and raced with every ounce of steam pressure she could carry to give battle to the German cruiser Emden. She battered that dangerous raider to pieces in a fierce and sanguinary encounter.

billet, and that nothing he can do will alter a shell's predestined course; but he is at least a cheerful philosopher. The character of his philosophy was revealed by a returned lieutenant who was appealing for recruits at a meeting held in Maryborough, Victoria, at which I was present.



A SAMPLE OF THE FOREST WEALTH OF AUSTRALIA—A GIANT KAURI PINE IN THE SEMITROPICAL STATE OF QUEENSLAND

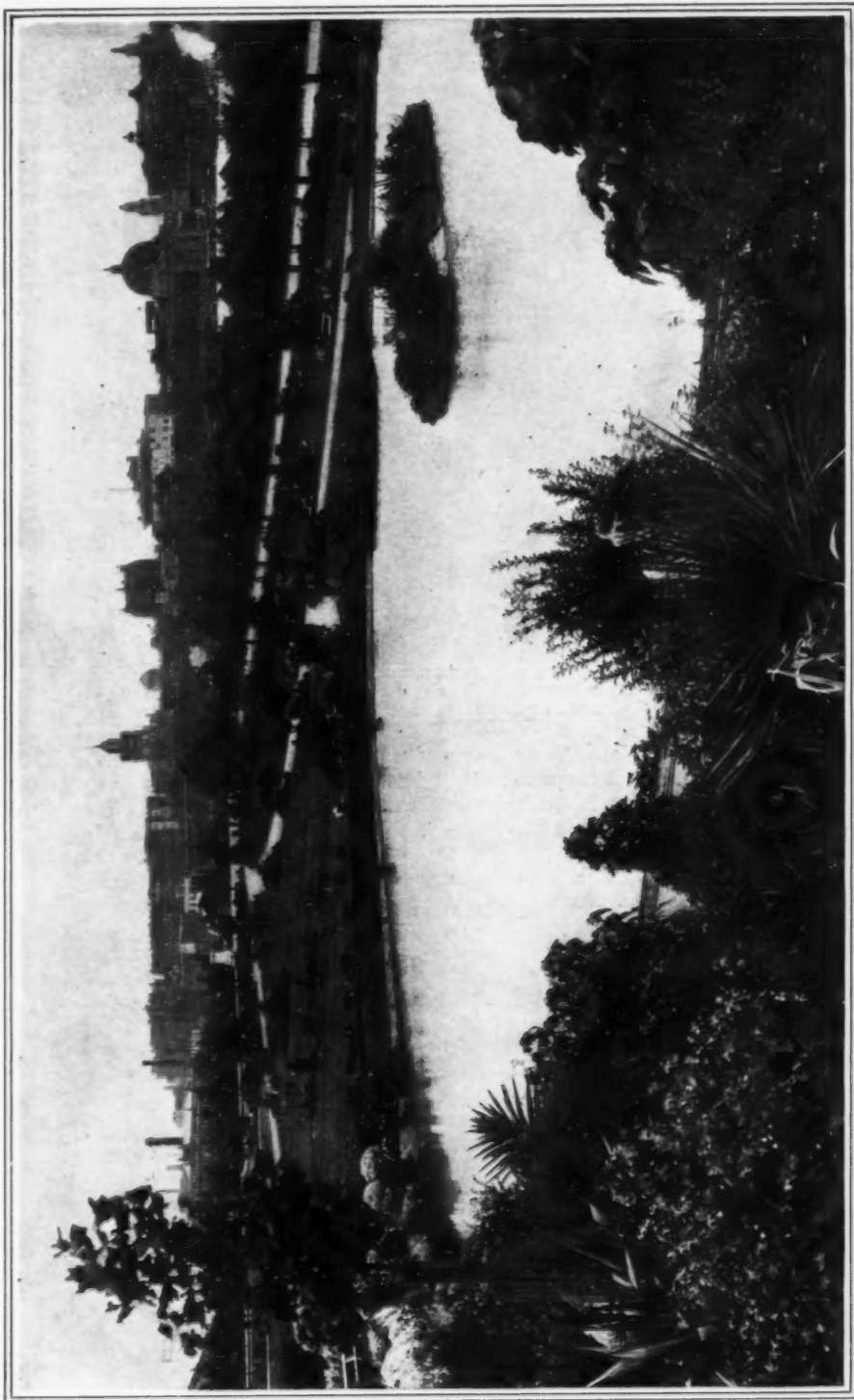
It speaks well for the devotion of Australian sailors that when, after a vigil of twelve months in the bitter North Sea, a change of station was offered to the men on the Australia, they respectfully asked to be allowed to stay at their post until the German fleet came out. It is understood that their request was acceded to.

#### AN AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER'S PHILOSOPHY

The Australian soldier, unlike his antagonist, the Turk, is not a fatalist. He may vaguely believe that every bullet has its

"If," he said, "you come to the recruiting-office, you will be faced with two alternatives—you will either be accepted or be rejected. If you're rejected, there's nothing to worry about. If you're accepted, you're still faced with two alternatives—you'll be sent to France and put either into the front trenches or into the back trenches. If you're put in the back trenches, there's nothing to worry about. If you're put in the front trenches, you're still presented with two alternatives—you'll either be seriously wounded or be slightly wounded. If you're





ALEXANDRA GARDENS, MELBOURNE—MELBOURNE, CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF VICTORIA, HAS MADE A VERY CLOSE RACE WITH SYDNEY FOR THE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE LARGEST CITY IN AUSTRALIA, AND HAS A POPULATION OF NEARLY SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND



AUSTRALIA'S PASTURE-LANDS SUPPORT ABOUT EIGHTY MILLION SHEEP—THIS IS A TYPICAL FLOCK AT BUNGAREE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA

slightly wounded, there's nothing to worry about. You'll be sent to a hospital and a nurse will look after you. If you're seriously wounded, there still remain two alternatives—either you'll recover or you won't recover. If you recover, there's nothing to worry about; if you don't recover, it's no use worrying."

This "don't worry" philosophy brought down the house.

The Australian soldier is sometimes charged with lack of discipline. General Birdwood, the brave Australian who became known as the "soul of Anzac," was telling a British general of this trait. He gave as an instance the case of an Australian private who, in the Gallipoli trenches, suddenly called out to him:

"Birdie, duck yer bloomin' block!"

"Did you court-martial him?" inquired the British officer.

"No," replied Birdwood dryly. "I ducked me bloomin' block; if I hadn't, I wouldn't have been here now!"

#### AUSTRALIA'S WAR-TIME PROBLEMS

A country as far remote from the great markets of the world as Australia has its

peculiar problems of transportation, and just now these are enormously complicated by war. The Suez route of twelve thousand miles from England to Australia is too much exposed to submarine attack to be of much service during war except for fast transports and passenger-ships. Even among these the toll has been so heavy that the Red Sea passage is virtually closed for commercial navigation. The Cape route and the Panama Canal offer better chances against the under-water warfare, for both the Indian Ocean and the Pacific have only spasmodically been infested by raiders.

Australia's war problem, however, has not been so much concerned with trade routes as with tonnage. The year 1914 presented no serious transportation difficulties, for a season of drought had left the Commonwealth with no wheat and little wool or meat to send abroad. Nature, however, ever correcting her balance, made up for her parsimony of 1914 by coming to us with full hands in 1915, and Australia then reaped the largest harvest on record.

Even in an ordinary year our railways and storage facilities would have been severely strained in the task of getting this lavish

yield of mother earth to the seaboard; but with the growing shortage of shipping, the grain piled itself up in immense stacks at inland centers, waiting for the vessels that never came. Disaster loomed ahead like a menacing rock before a storm-driven bark; for the price of wheat in Australia depends wholly upon the sale of that cereal abroad, and merchants buy the grain from farmers only as they sell their cargoes in Mark Lane.

The situation was only saved by the creation of a government wheat pool, in the organization of which I personally assisted. Under this plan the Commonwealth government and the governments of the wheat-producing states assumed control of all wheat grown, advancing to the farmers seventy-two cents a bushel, with a guarantee of further payments as the crop was shipped and sold.

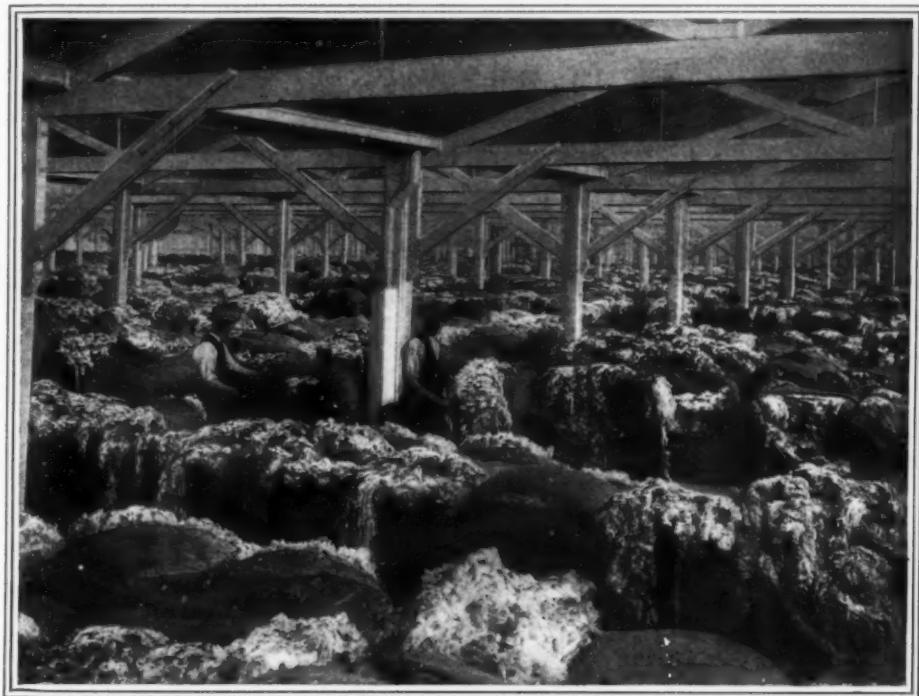
The harvests of 1915, 1916, and 1917 were abnormal, the three years furnishing the enormous total of approximately four hundred and seventy million bushels. This yield of twelve and one-half million tons of grain would have overtaxed the world's available merchant marine in ordinary

times. With war licking up the tonnage afloat with an insatiable appetite, the imperative need for storing this wheat at Australia's seaboard became obvious. Possessing no elevator storage system, the states were compelled to improvise immense stacks, many of them a quarter of a mile in length and as high as their own weight would allow.

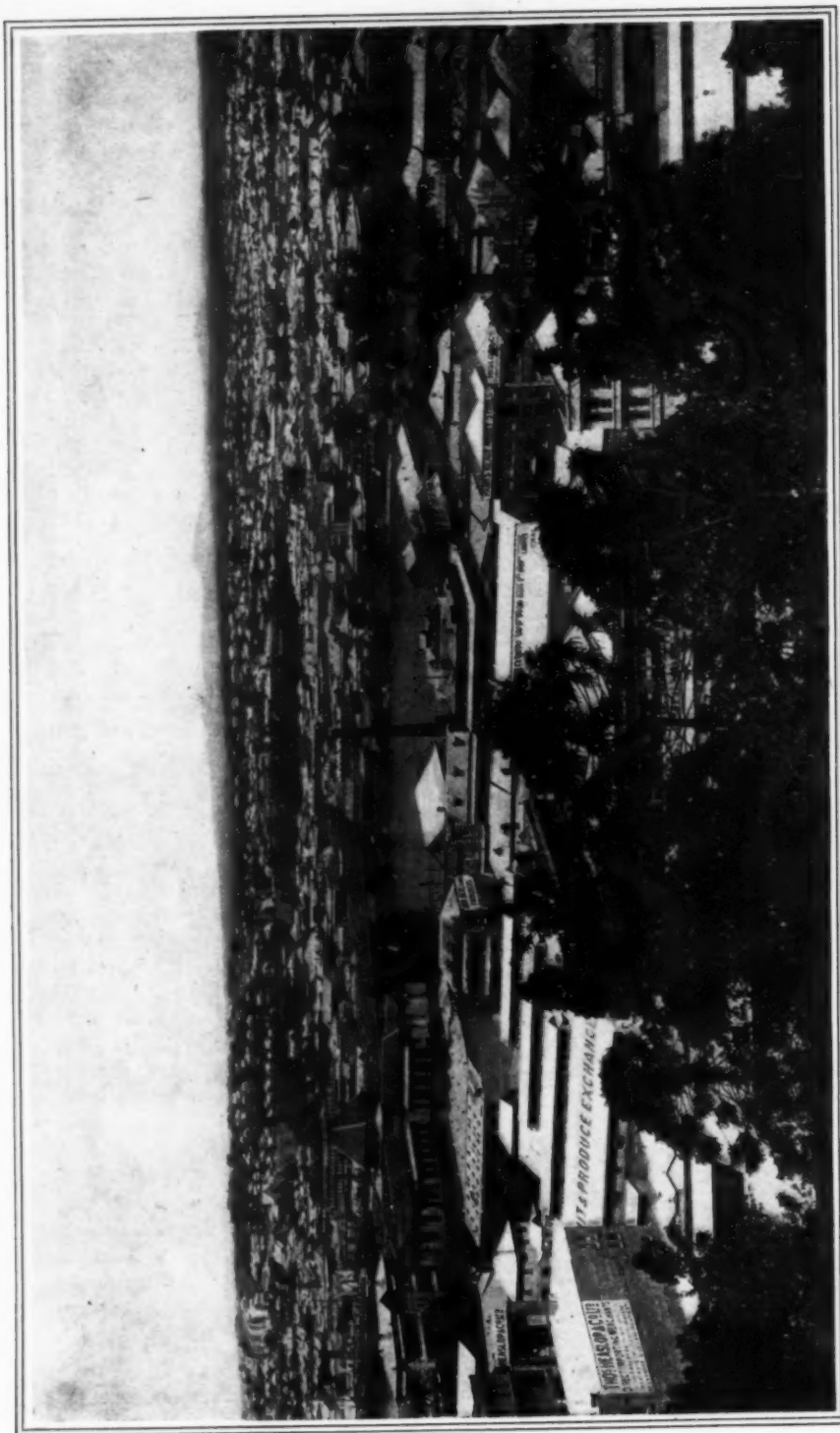
These granaries became the breeding-ground for myriads of mice. A plague of the mischievous rodents swept over the land like a tide, and wheat-stacks crumbled and fell, spilling the golden grain in all directions. Many Pied Pipers offered their services, and in time, by rebagging and re-stacking in mice-proof stacks, the evil was successfully combated, but not until more than three per cent of the harvest had disappeared. Rain and cold weather finally disposed of the greatest mice pest that Australia has ever experienced.

#### PREMIER HUGHES AS A DEALER IN WHEAT

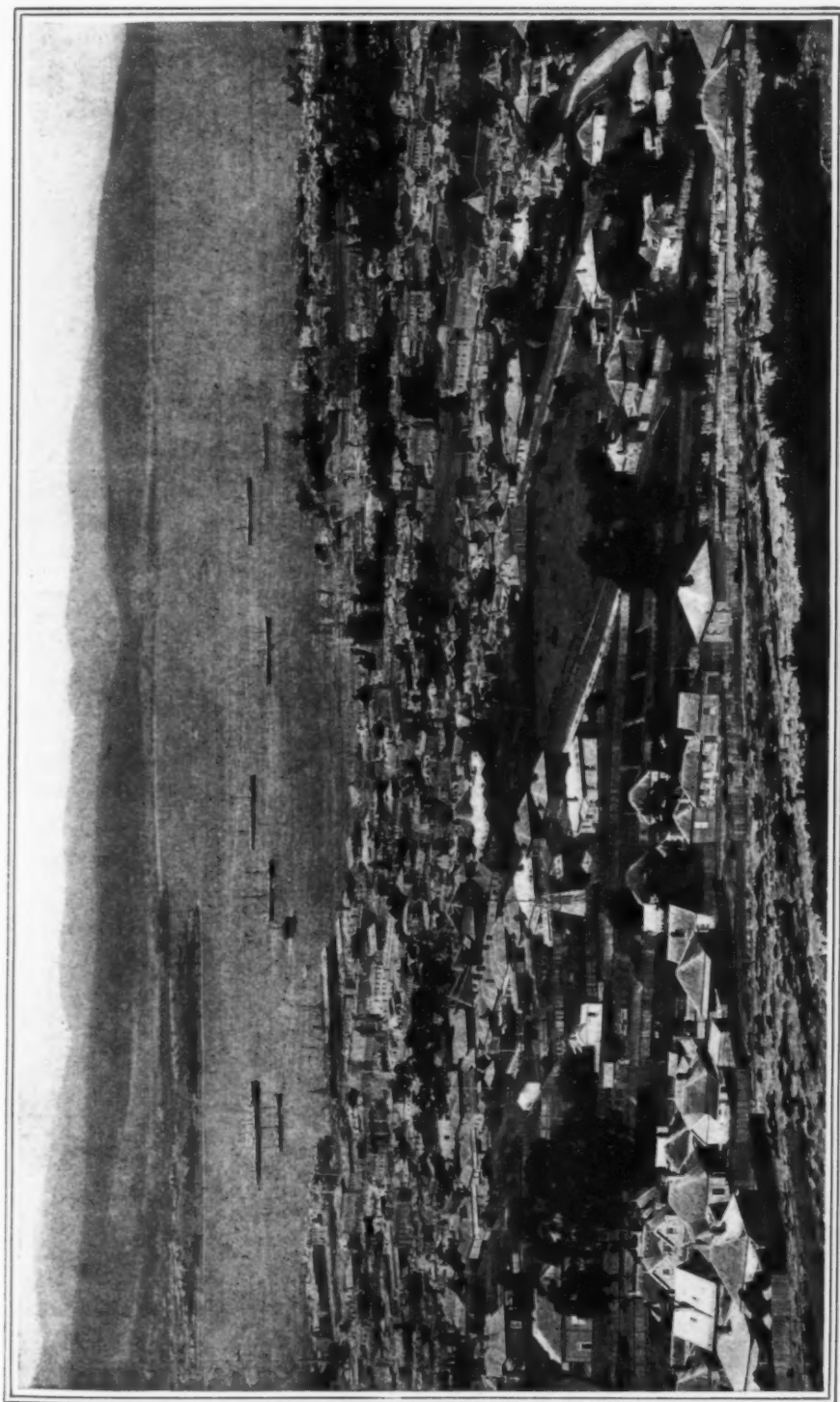
At this time Mr. Hughes, the Australian prime minister, stepped into the field as the biggest trader in the world. He had to dispose, if he could, of several millions of tons



AUSTRALIA IS THE WORLD'S LEADING PRODUCER OF WOOL—HERE ARE SEVENTEEN THOUSAND BALES READY FOR SHIPMENT AT PORT ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA



GENERAL VIEW OF BRISBANE, CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF QUEENSLAND—WITH ITS SUBURBS, THE CITY HAS A POPULATION OF ABOUT ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY THOUSAND



GENERAL VIEW OF HOBART AND THE RIVER DERWENT, WHICH FORMS ITS HARBOR—HOBART IS THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND STATE OF TASMANIA, AND HAS A POPULATION OF FORTY THOUSAND





AN AUSTRALIAN WHEAT-FIELD AT HARVEST-TIME—AN OUTFIT OF HARVESTERS AT WORK AT HALLETT, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

of wheat, a wool crop valued at millions of pounds, and a metal production which is one of the largest in the world. He disposed of the lot to Great Britain, with the exception of a few small deals with France and the United States.

During the famous conference of 1916 in Paris, Mr. Hughes was approached by an emissary of the French government, who had heard that the Australian premier had some wheat to sell, and who said that France was prepared to purchase. The price was arranged satisfactorily, and then

the Frenchman was asked how much wheat he wanted.

"Sir, my country will take all that you can spare," he replied with a grandiloquent gesture.

"All we can spare!" repeated Mr. Hughes. "Will two million tons do you for the present?"

A rapid calculation into French terms ensued, and then the emissary, with hands raised, ejaculated:

"*Mon Dieu*, I did not know there was so much wheat in all the world!"



A VINEYARD AT MAGILL, NEAR ADELAIDE—AUSTRALIA'S VINEYARDS PRODUCE ABOUT THREE MILLION GALLONS OF WINE ANNUALLY

France was satisfied with one hundred thousand tons.

In the wake of the wheat pool came the wool pool, all Australian wool being taken over by the federal government and sold to Great Britain in a single transaction. Appraisement boards satisfactorily adjusted the values of different clips, basing their calculation upon the average minimum price of thirty cents a pound.

#### GERMANY'S GRIP ON METALS

The metal problem offered a more complicated issue. Germany's tentacles had for years firmly gripped the metal output of Australia. Preparing for this Armageddon with a thoroughness worthy of a better cause, Germany had contracted for Australia's lead, spelter, and copper on terms most favorable to herself. Many a Broken Hill miner who enlisted to serve his country owed his death to bullets made of the very lead which he, or men like him, had mined away out there on the borders of the Australian "Never, Never."

To Mr. Hughes's own personal research the world owes the unraveling of the German plot and the striking off of the tentacles that the Teutonic octopus had stretched out over the whole metal world. The result of the prime minister's activity was the signing of contracts under which Great Britain agreed to take most of the lead, spelter, and copper production of the Commonwealth for the next ten years.

One story of the German methods deserves to be told. Just after war was declared a leading metal-broker gave an "at home" at his mountain residence, somewhere in Australia, in aid of the suffering Belgians. The federal government sent a special officer to watch the touching spectacle of sympathetic Australians moving among the lovely Alpine shrubs and donating their mites to a great and appealing cause. On the following morning the officer arrested the host on a charge of trading with the enemy in metals which had gone to the manufacture of munitions

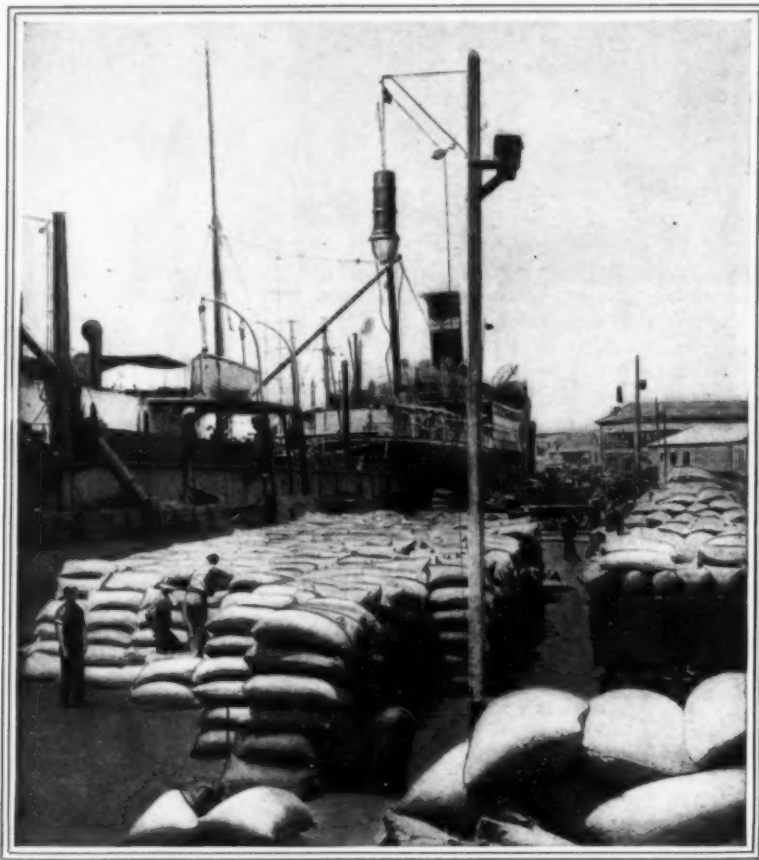


GENERAL VIEW OF ADELAIDE, CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, AND THE THIRD LARGEST AUSTRALIAN CITY, HAVING A POPULATION OF A LITTLE MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND

used for the slaughter of Belgium's heroes and martyrs. The charge was still being dealt with when I left Australia, the law's delay having postponed the final judgment.

Australia's financial stability remains unshaken by the effects of the war. The Commonwealth finances her own forces abroad,

to be financed, and as old loans mature new issues have to be raised at higher interest-rates. Australia's indebtedness is heavy in proportion to her population, but it must not be forgotten that her liabilities are partially offset by valuable assets in her government-owned public utilities—rail-



SHIPPING WHEAT AT QUEEN'S WHARF, PORT ADELAIDE—IN SPITE OF THE SCARCITY OF TONNAGE DUE TO THE WAR, IN THE YEAR 1915-1916  
AUSTRALIA EXPORTED NEARLY FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF WHEAT AND FLOUR

equipping them with guns, clothing, food, and all the supplementary necessities of the campaign, while Great Britain furnishes supplies and munitions for the troops on the battle-field. To meet her enormous liabilities Australia has raised six hundred millions of dollars in Liberty Loans—an amount which, in proportion to population, is equal to twelve billions of dollars from the United States.

In addition to this, state undertakings contracted for prior to the war have still

ways, tramways, water-works, telegraphs, and telephones.

#### WHY CONSCRIPTION WAS REJECTED

Australia's rejection of conscription on two separate referendums was puzzling to people who remember that compulsory military training has been established in the Commonwealth for many years. The compulsory training law was originally enacted by a Labor government, and has had the continued support of the Labor party. Con-

scription in Australia was not rejected by a party vote. Some Labor states, like West Australia, carried it, while in my state every Liberal constituency rejected it, notwithstanding that the Liberal members of Parliament were almost unanimously favorable to the draft.

Many and contradictory are the reasons that induced the electors of Australia to refuse to follow the democratic lead of Britain and America in compelling every citizen to do his manifest duty in the hour of the nation's peril. Our remoteness from the scenes of carnage, the shortage of labor, the belief that the production of food was more essential to victory than the contribution of man-power to the Allied armies, the disinclination of volunteer soldiers to be associated with "slackers," the pro-German sentiment in certain German districts, a certain amount of Sinn Feinism inspired by Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne—all these were among the factors that defeated conscription. Moreover, many voters—especially women voters—while not unfavorable to the proposed measure, held that the responsibility for enacting it should properly be shouldered by their Parliamentary representatives.

That the vote against conscription was in no way an indication of any popular desire to haul down the Australian flag was clearly proved when, four months after the first referendum had failed, a general election was precipitated on the Commonwealth. The result of that election was a sweeping victory for the government, every state returning senators pledged to support Mr. Hughes, who also won an overwhelming majority in the House of Representatives. The people of Australia, though opposed to war in general, were obviously determined that this war should be prosecuted with unrelenting vigor.

The second conscription proposal, voted upon in December last, failed as did the first; but again there is not the slightest justification for any suggestion that Australia will not keep her sword unsheathed and her army at full strength in the battle-line until the object for which the sword was drawn has been completely attained.

No matter how the tide of victory ebbs and flows, Australia's banner, with its six stars emblazoned in the union jack, will float side by side with Old Glory and its forty-eight stars until the world has been made safe for democracy.

### CAGE-BORN

THE cage-born bird, unhappy thing,  
His keeper says that he will sing  
More sweetly if his eyes are out;  
With sightless soul and pinions furled,  
Shut out from all the glorious world,  
From radiant seas and hills and plains,  
From leaping winds and sudden rains;  
Through shapeless night, devoid and long,  
He pours his sorrow into song.

Oh, earth-born soul that to the stars  
Looks forth from these low prison bars,  
Enchained by some grim-visaged god  
Of wrathful heart and ruthless rod!  
For all this thirst for liberty,  
For these vain struggles to be free,  
This reaching out for life and love  
That mock us like a flitting dove;  
For all this waste of holy fire,  
For all this unfulfilled desire,  
Will you with loftier spirit soar  
When sorrow darkens every door,  
And, guided by an inner light,  
With sweeter music fill the night?

*Elizabeth N. Barr*

# EDITORIAL

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## Big Expectations

WE Americans have been undergoing a process of disillusionment. It has been irritating, humiliating, and has opened our eyes to dangers we have been ignoring. Our plight has been the result of accepting hopes as facts, of treating expectations as accomplished results. Perhaps in that harshest and most successful of all schools, the institution presided over by experience, we shall learn to restrain ourselves in the future, to measure our promises to ourselves by the yardstick of possibilities.

Nobody will deny the virtue of such a revision of our practise; yet neither as a nation nor as individuals must we banish big expectations from our minds. Pessimism can never accomplish what optimism can. The man and the institution that set their marks above the records of achievement will produce more than the man and the nation that are content with ambitions to equal the deeds already done. The will to win presupposes the capacity to do the impossible. The possible is within the reach of every man; the impossible is what genius wins by unremitting devotion to labor, by ceaseless attention to little things. The man who seeks the possible will get along; the man who challenges the impossible will lift all his fellows to better things. The one will fail, and nobody will know it; the other fail, and the world heeds his failure, for even though he fail, he passed in thought, in purpose, and in deed the man who never tried.

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## Austria Four Years After Her Declaration of War Against Serbia

IN July, four years ago, Austria-Hungary, finding in the murder of the Hapsburg heir at Serajevo a long-sought provocation for hostilities against Serbia, became the first aggressor in the war. To-day, of all the belligerents, she stands to pay the heaviest penalty for the world-wide catastrophe which this act of hers precipitated.

She has never been permitted to forget that the pretext which Germany found for a war of military conquest was the provocation that Austria had chosen for a declaration of hostilities against her small neighbor south of the Danube. She has been dragged through the war as a Prussian vassal. She has been humiliated and chagrined until now, in the throes of hunger, bankruptcy, and a suicidal race war, she is nearer than ever before in her history to her long-threatened and long-impending extinction as a great European power.

In constitutional history there is no grimmer jest than the nineteenth article of the Austrian constitution, providing for the rights of citizens:

All the races of the state have equal rights, and each race has an inviolable right to preserve and foster its nationality and language. The equal rights of all languages customary in the country, in school, official, and public life are recognized by the state.

In Austria-Hungary there are about fifty-two million people; of these twenty millions are Germans and Magyars and thirty-two millions are Slavs



and Italians. Yet the Germans and Magyars rule over the Slavs and Italians, and are forcing them to fight their battles in a war in which success would bring only a continuation of the oppression these two unprivileged races have long endured.

In Austria every holder of even the most insignificant government position must speak German; even conversation in another language is now considered a breach of discipline. The "equal rights" of the Czech language in Bohemia have never been recognized by the administration. In school facilities the Czechs have always been discriminated against. The Czechs and their neighbors of a race closely allied with them, the Slovaks, although the more cultured and advanced people, have one university for ten million population, while the Germans, with only a million more in population, have eleven universities.

The Magyar nobility rule Hungary. Though numerically weaker, the Magyars almost entirely exclude the Slavs from a share in the government. The Hungarian parliament is not a representative body, but a parliament of Magyar nobles, in which they hold all but eight seats. The whole course of administration has for its purposes the advancement of Magyar interests and the repression of the rights of other races.

War has not welded these complex elements into a united whole. The government forced the cooperation of the Slav races, but it was unable to secure their unquestioned loyalty. To them Austrian success has meant only the extension of German power. They have seen Prussia rescue the Austrian armies from defeat at the eleventh hour and then enforce, as her price, the control of Austrian civil and military establishments and their own subjection.

They see the impending bankruptcy of Austria-Hungary under the enormous war debt she is piling up. They see, too, the demoralization of the commerce and industries of the Dual Monarchy and its utter inability to compete with Germany after the war. To them all this can mean only a vassalage more subservient even than that which will be forced upon the other allies of the Central Powers and upon the people of the conquered territories.

The ever-present causes of dissatisfaction and discontent have made racial strife a characteristic of Austro-Hungarian political life for years. It was a danger that was constantly threatening the unity of the monarchy, and which both Austrian and Hungarian politicians were always attempting to counteract. It appears forebodingly now, because of the opportunities that the war has given for the assertion of the spirit of nationalism.

The power of the Austrian Slavs has long been feared by German and Magyar alike. At the end of the Balkan War, Bethmann-Hollweg, the German chancellor, in reviewing the defeat of Turkey, said:

One thing is certain—if it should ever come to a European war wherein German and Slav stand against each other, it would mean danger to the Germans if, in the present balance of power, the Southern Slav state should take the place hitherto occupied by European Turkey.

Count Czernin attempted to dismiss the growth of Slav national sentiment by saying that the leaders should be whipped into subjection. The Bohemian deputies refuted all his statements regarding their right to be heard, and at the same time took occasion to convince him of the sympathetic unity of action between the Czechs and the South Slavs.

In November, 1915, Bohemians, through the Bohemian Foreign Com-

mittee, representing the Czechs and Slovaks, set up their claim for an independent state. A year later, at a meeting held at Corfu, the South Slav Confederation, with representatives present from all the Slav states of southern Austria, declared for a separate national existence.

The effect has been that Bohemians are fighting in the Allied armies, one of the most recent additions being a large Czech contingent which joined the Italian forces on the Piave. Several companies of Slavs deserted from the Austrian army, with their officers, and joined the Serbs.

As a measure against further desertions, the Emperor Charles had Slavic regiments on the Italian front transferred to France and their place taken by Hungarians. The Slav movement has gained a decided advantage through an understanding, the first that has ever been effected, with the Italians of Austria and with the government of Italy regarding territory bordering on the Adriatic.

Divisions made upon ethnical boundaries desired by the people would be a Czecho-Slovak state, including Bohemia and Moravia, with a population of twelve millions, and a South Slav state, including Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, joined with the two Serb kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro, giving a total population of about twenty millions. This would leave the Italians of Trentino and Trieste, who wish to be restored to Italy, the Rumanians of Transylvania, and various other groups such as the Poles, Ruthenians, and Slovenes. Hungary would revert to the Magyars and the purely German provinces in the north to the Germans.

The chances for holding these conflicting interests together lies less in the power of Austria-Hungary than in the might of Germany. It is a question whether Germany could not gain more by annexing the German provinces of the north and forming an alliance with the Magyars than by attempting to bolster up the weak Hapsburg rule. Were the war to end now, the defeat or the victory of the Central Powers would mean the same to Austria-Hungary. She would be merely a vassal of Germany, ruled and directed from Berlin.

Austria has taken the place of Turkey in Europe. She has many points in common with Turkey. As in Turkey, every man describes himself by the race to which he belongs; so in Austria, no man is an Austrian, but a Bosnian, a Pole, a Bohemian, or a German. Austria is a government and, like Turkey, a poor one. She is not a nation, but a congeries of warring nationalities, a dynastic survival of feudalism, and an anachronism.

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## Don't Heckle the Boys in Khaki!

THE universal feeling of affection and proprietorship toward our soldiers is one of the sweetest by-products of the war. It illumines life in the highways and byways at every turn. It brings a tear to the eye and a throb in the heart of the most matter-of-fact. Just because this sentiment is so precious it would be a pity if it should become abnormal, if interest were ever to degenerate into curiosity and solicitude into officiousness.

There are all sorts of boys inside the uniforms, reticent boys and expansive boys, garrulous youngsters and silent youths. One of the hardships of the training-camps, for sensitive natures, has been the lack of physical privacy. We imagine that an invasion of their mental and sentimental reserves would be equally distasteful. We doubt, for instance, whether any boy likes to be

cross-examined on a railroad platform as to the intricacies of his psychologic processes with regard to the war, whether he expects to enjoy bayoneting Germans or not, and how he said good-by to the girl at home.

The picture has a reverse side, of course. There is no place in the army of a democracy like ours for the swaggering young lieutenant who elbows civilians off the pavement and receives a pleasant greeting with an icy stare. But life at the front ought to furnish a quick corrective for the extremely few cases of megalomania that the sudden acquisition of authority may breed in our military forces.

## When One Dollar Is Two Dollars

**W**HEN Liberty bonds or War Savings Stamps are bought by an individual who is able to lend money to the government only by dint of personal sacrifice, the dollar he saves and lends means practically two dollars in so far as winning the war is concerned. His sacrifice, assuming that it is sensibly made by giving up non-essentials, has a far-reaching industrial effect. As that expert economist, Mr. Otto H. Kahn, said in a recent address on "The Need for National Efficiency"—

If he [the individual] saves ten dollars, the immediate result is that he can loan that amount to the government. But an equally important result is that to the extent of ten dollars he has set labor free from private purposes to war purposes.

If five hundred farmers in Nebraska decide to go without that new set of parlor furniture for the present, and each of them buys a hundred-dollar bond, their action means more than fifty thousand dollars loaned to the government. It means a certain amount of relief in a number of industries. A logger may be released from a lumber-camp and sent to France. Some carpenters may find themselves free to enter a shipyard. Materials used in varnish or polish are needed in making munitions. The freight-cars that would bring the lumber from the woods to Grand Rapids and afterward carry the furniture to Omaha are free to carry essentials. A crate-maker or a clerk in a furniture house may go to a shell-factory, or to the front.

If a thousand schoolgirls in New York go without candy so that each may pay a dollar a week on a fifty-dollar bond, the benefit does not end with the loan to the government. The transaction means more sugar for the Allied armies. It may mean a candy-maker or a store clerk released for war purposes; perhaps a dentist more free to don the olive-drab. There is not a bonbon eaten at a *matinée* that does not involve—in microscopic degree, to be sure—the labor of men and horses in cane-fields, railroads, docks, ships, mines, foundries, wagon-shops, glass-factories, and paper-mills.

If a thousand workmen in one town go without intoxicants in order that they may, without stinting their families, pay four dollars a week apiece on two hundred dollars' worth of bonds, there is a good deal more in it than two hundred thousand dollars poured into America's war-chest. It means better and more efficient workmen, happier families, more grain for bread, horses taken out of the brewer's harness and sent to the farm. It gives the workman more time for himself, and, if he chooses to convert that time into money, the industrial output is increased. The man has lost nothing. He has gained the will to do without and to save. He has his bond and probably a desire for more bonds. The government has his loan and pays him well for it. The nation benefits by the labor he has set free and by the foodstuff he has prevented the brewer from drawing out of the national granary.

Abstinence from some luxuries—and the things that seem to be necessities in peace may be luxuries in war-time—brings to the non-essential industries a slowing down that is natural and gradual. It is much to be preferred to the sudden and arbitrary closing of factories by the government. An industrial administrator might unwittingly strike in the wrong place, but the effect of economy, sensibly practised by individuals throughout the land, is just and unerring. It is the exercise, not of the government's police powers, but of the law of supply and demand.

Each individual must decide, after considering the government's requests and his own needs, how much more than usual he shall save during the war, and where he shall save it. He may go without delicacies; he should not go without sufficient nourishment. He may give up frivolous entertainment; he should not go without intellectual stimulant. He may conserve in the matter of clothing, but it ought not to be at the expense of his self-respect. It is not only possible, but advisable, to be thrifty without being niggardly.

If a man doesn't know just how to go about it, let him ask his wife. She is wiser in such things than all the professors of economy.

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## The Beginnings of Belgium

**J**UST prior to the outbreak of the present war, most Americans knew comparatively little about Belgium. They realized that it was a fertile and populous constitutional monarchy, rich in coal and iron, situated between northern France, Holland, and northern Germany, and possessing an extensive African colony in the region of the Kongo. Of its origin and history they knew less than of its geography and constitution.

An interesting book has just been published in France and this country which throws considerable light on the beginnings of Belgium, through the narrative of a Belgian nobleman who participated in some of the events which led to the establishment of the kingdom only about ninety years ago. In 1830, Count Mercy Argentaui was grand chamberlain to King William I of the Netherlands, whose dominions then included not only Holland, but also the states which soon afterward became the modern kingdom of Belgium. These states, which had formerly been an Austrian province, and which Napoleon had annexed to France, were placed under the rule of the Dutch king at the downfall of the French emperor; and for fifteen years William I endeavored in vain to give a good government to two utterly dissimilar nationalities, the Protestant Dutch and the Catholic Belgians. Count Mercy Argentaui was the governor of South Brabant, and made every effort to induce the King of the Netherlands to treat the Belgians liberally; but the monarch imposed the Dutch language upon them and was otherwise so tyrannical that the people arose in the revolution of 1830, which deprived Charles X of his throne in France, and demanded their independence. With the sanction of France, England, Prussia, and Russia, the Belgian states were constituted a new kingdom, and on June 4, 1831, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was chosen as their titular ruler. Such were the beginnings of Belgium.

When modern Belgium was thus formed, it was Prussia, more than any other of the high contracting parties, which desired the permanent neutrality and inviolability of the new monarchy. The Prussians favored the erection of a fresh barrier against possible military designs on the part of France, because they still feared a recrudescence of the Napoleonic spirit. In 1914,



however, they violated Belgium's rights and used her territory as a free highway of invasion, regardless of their plighted word or the laws of God or man. The heroic refusal of the Belgians to submit to this German abuse of power will ever shine out as one of the noblest achievements of mankind. The liberty-loving men who founded the little kingdom of Belgium less than ninety years ago builded better than they knew.

## The Bird in the Gilded Apartment-House

**A**MONG the songs that have become sentiments which are part and parcel of the English heritage was one about a bird in a gilded cage. His lot, as we recall, was rather an unhappy one. Although the precise nature of his grievance has escaped recollection, it was not that of Mr. Irvin Cobb's celebrated comparison—"no more privacy than a goldfish." It was rather a case of too much privacy, or of an enforced privacy, as we remember. In other words, the bird was not unhappy because he was in a gilded cage, but because he was kept there.

The emotions of this particular member of their species must be wholly inexplicable to the birds of to-day who, of their own free choice, take up their summer residence in bird-houses constructed by humans, and fearful and wonderful to look at, not to say to dwell in. For some seasons past the ancient passion for building houses for birds has been perceptibly reviving. There has been a sort of renaissance in bird-house architecture. On the summits of poles in many suburban communities new edifices have lately appeared of two, three, and even four stories. We have seen one of six. It is almost a skyscraper, and compares favorably with the largest apartment-houses on New York's fashionable east side of Central Park.

Now, it may be that there is a bird-housing problem—occasioned, no doubt, by the war, which has probably interfered with annual migrations or changed their course. If so, a Federal commission should be appointed to study the subject and present conclusions and recommendations. If there is such a problem, it cannot be met by the well-meant but ill-coordinated efforts of individuals, erecting four-story and six-story habitations on poles here and there. It will probably require an appropriation by Congress and the building of bird barracks or cantonments, to be filled by a selective draft. Much economy in construction costs can also be effected in this way.

Rising early these summer mornings and leaning from the casement windows of our bedroom, we hear many complaints voiced by the birds in that hour when, free from the fear of human interruptions, they discourse freely among themselves. The residents of a four-story bird apartment-house in the next yard have had a woodpecker at work for two weeks drilling holes in the rooms provided for them, the builder not having provided sufficient ventilation in several of the apartments. He was so concerned, was this builder—he's a boy of ten or eleven or so—to make all the doors and rooms of a uniform size and to put in three porcelain dishes, so that his apartment-house should have eight rooms and three baths, that he neglected an elementary requirement of all house-building; but, then, we have asked ourselves, was he any worse in this respect than his elders? Did not the builder of the cottage which we ourselves inhabit so comfortably forget the up-stairs hall? And did we not have to remind him that it would be desirable to be able to enter one bedroom without passing through another? We did.



The birds in their little nests do not agree. Some of them prefer nests and some of them prefer the apartment-house. A family of robins had a row over the question early in the spring. The mother robin went to live in the apartment-house. Her mate insisted on fetching twigs and other building material to a near-by tree. He tried to get her to assist him in the fabrication of a home that should be theirs and theirs only; but the wife declined to have anything to do with a nest. Eventually, after much shrilling, he gave up and came to live with her in the apartment-house, where he picks quarrels with the neighbors and returns late. He does not need a latch-key.

On the whole, observation seems to show that the birds are about as happy and as unhappy in their compartmentalized existences as the run of mortals. In the Montmorency-Granada, aloft in the Jones back yard, they can practise proximity without intimacy. Sometimes they annoy one another singing or practising scales; sometimes it seems to take a good deal to feed the children; but they have no rent to pay, no janitor to struggle with, and no leases to hold them when they want to move elsewhere.

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## German Names of American Streets and Towns

**A**N announcement comes from Washington to the effect that the national government proposes to remove the words "Berlin" and "German" from the names of any streets or towns in which they occur. Precisely how this is to be accomplished we are not told; but the terms "Liberty" and "Victory" are mentioned as desirable substitutes for the proscribed words.

Ordinarily, it is only in the case of post-offices that the national government possesses any authority to name places in the several States. The Postmaster-General sometimes rejects the name of a village when he establishes a post-office therein, and adopts one which is very distasteful to the inhabitants. The United States can, of course, name all places and highways in the Territories until they are organized into States; but after Statehood has been assumed, under the sanction of Congress, the power of the Federal government to name localities is limited to post-offices, post-roads, and places exclusively under Federal jurisdiction, such as lighthouses, forts, custom-houses, and military reservations.

Many patriotic persons will sympathize with the sentiment which favors the removal of the German element from our geographical and municipal nomenclature; but it is not worth while for Congress, even in the worthiest of causes, to assume an authority which, under the Constitution, it may be found not to possess. The wiser way is to trust the people of the suffering localities themselves to change the German names in their midst to something unquestionably American.

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## What the Riveting Record Means

**W**HEN the ship-builders began to strike their pace, the world began to hear of new records in various departments of industry. Captain Bill Gordon, heading a Hog Island pile-driving crew, drove 112 piles in one working day; and before congratulations had ceased to come in to him he bettered this by the great total of 140 in nine hours and fifteen minutes. This was in March, under weather conditions not of the best; Gordon or another two-fisted fellow may have done better by this time.

Meanwhile, the riveters were getting busy. In Baltimore, Charles Schock and his gang, consisting of a heater and a holder-on, drove 2,720 rivets in one working day. This record soon fell, for Charles Mulham's gang, at Fore River, upset it with 2,805 rivets. Mulham's high mark was quickly passed by Edward Gibson, at the Kearny yards, near Newark, New Jersey, when he drove 2,919 rivets. William Hartz, of the Calumet River plant of the Chicago Ship-Building Company topped this with 3,055 rivets in nine hours, only to be beaten by John Corrigan, of Detroit, with 3,415, working at Wyandotte, Michigan. But national pride promptly received a severe blow. Lord Northcliffe had been watching the contest from London. He sent for the American records, and a picked squad in the boiler works of Fraser & Fraser, with Robert Farrant, the thirty-one-year-old son of a veteran riveter, at its head, attained the amazing total of 4,267 rivets in nine hours—not on ship-plates, however. This means that a rivet was set every seven and one-half seconds.

These records reveal, in each case, astonishing team-work, physical endurance, and skill. The rivets are heated white-hot, passed to the riveter, inserted in the holes previously prepared for them, and headed. The work must pass close inspection; the timing of the various acts must be accurate to the fraction of a second; the distance, direction, and force of every movement and blow must be absolutely exact. The riveting gang works together, not with machinelike regularity, but with its interrelations guided by human intelligence. Each rivet driven presents a problem for each man handling it slightly different from that of its predecessor.

The attainment of such speed discloses a facility in human cooperation difficult for any except an engineer to understand; but any layman who has burned his fingers on a refractory stove-lid can grasp the fact that it is astonishing.

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## The Patriotic Maine Lobster

**I**T is a patriot's duty nowadays to eat lobster—that is, if the patriot's pocket-book will allow him to do so. The more such luxuries we eat, the more beef, pork, and wheat are saved, and so the lobster is taking on a Hoover halo that he never dreamed of having. He is still an aristocrat, the Bourbon of the crustaceans as regards both stupidity and superiority to small fry, but more than ever he is a welcome guest at our tables.

The lobster, however, will probably never again become so cheap and common as he was twenty-five years ago, or more, when Bowdoin College students had their daily lobster stew and yet paid only three dollars a week for board. When you speak of Bowdoin you naturally think of Maine, the greatest lobster-producing State in the Union; and it is to Boothbay Harbor on the Maine coast that you must go if you would seek for a thorough knowledge of the lobster. It is there that the United States Department of Fisheries maintains a cultural station for the lobster. During the ten years of its existence, down to last summer, this station has distributed in New England waters 1,719,880,200 lobster fry.

These figures are easily visualized by any one who has bought a Liberty bond. One of the by-products of a national bond issue is to accustom us to think in billions, a truly American achievement.

It is also at Boothbay Harbor that you will find a lobster-pound which often contains twenty thousand lobsters at a time, and which helps to supply

the Boston market and even sends verdant beauties as far west as St. Louis. The owner of the pound will tell you that the lobster industry is a neat but complicated business; that she has talked, hated, and loved lobsters for twenty years, and that the chief competition comes from the Nova Scotia lobsterman, who will undersell the Maine men every time he can get to market. Sometimes, fortunately, it is too cold for him to get in with his goods.

The Maine lobsterman is inclined to be a pessimist, and may tell you that the ten-and-a-half-inch lobster law on the Maine coast is as much a dead issue as prohibition. No one observes it except a few conscientious fishermen at Monhegan, and the lobster race is dying out. Moreover, a "count" lobster in Massachusetts only has to be nine inches long, and so the Massachusetts fishing-smacks are ever ready to buy up illegal Maine lobsters and legalize them in Boston Harbor. The young mature so much more quickly in the south than in the north.

It is rather curious that Maine and Massachusetts, which used to form one vast commonwealth, should not have uniform lobster laws. The split between the two States made by New Hampshire grows greater as each asserts its individuality. It has reached liquor and lobsters. Heaven grant it may go no further, for Boston loves her adopted Pine Tree citizens and Maine loves her summer visitors from the Bay State.

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## The Metamorphosis of the Fence-Rail

WE hear that the old rail fence, that venerable construction which has trained the biceps and the moral faculties of so many men, from Abraham Lincoln to thousands of less illustrious but excellent citizens, is rapidly vanishing. It seems that in many sections of the country, at least, the rails were made of cedar, and now the cedar is needed for lead-pencils. Some philosophers, we suppose, will deduce from this the evidence of an ascending civilization, the evolution of our republic from a nation of farmers to a nation of scribes.

We are not sure, however, that this is the proper point of view. There is no denying that the lead-pencil is a most useful article and that a great deal of thought and ingenuity has been put into the making of the present efficient instrument; but sometimes we think it is almost too convenient. We believe that those two utensils of modern genius, the soft black pencil and the busy typewriter, are responsible for a good bit of sleazy writing and sleazy thinking. We believe that some mechanical labor on the part of a literary artist in the throes of production acts as an automatic corrective of verbosity and diffuseness.

The Orient, which has produced so many profound and precise thinkers, writes, or wrote until the invasion of Western learning, with the most delicate and delicately made of all instruments of writing, the hair pencil. Even Confucius himself might have been less sublime had he been tempted by the facile lead-pencil, either in his own hand or in that of an amanuensis. Washington, Jefferson, and Andrew Jackson, statesmen who, for clearness and dignity of diction, are hard to equal, worked with the laborious and rambunctious quill pen.

Yet it is not unpleasant to think that if the old American cedar fence-rail of long and honorable record is now to be no more, its fragrant soul is to find reincarnation in such useful form.



# Spartan Blood

BY LEWIS H. KILPATRICK

Illustrated by E. M. Ashe

"**H**IT'S a pullin'—hit's a pullin' almighty hard, but I reckon it ain't more'n right that I goes home to them fust. Then—"

The man left the sentence unfinished. Halting in the middle of the mountain road and resting his oilcloth suit-case on the ground, he looked down along the rutted trail that he had followed to the summit as if in its shaded steepness there was something drawing him backward. After a moment, with the strained deliberateness of bridled emotions, he turned his eyes in the opposite direction. There in the distance, hugged against the slope of a Cumberland ridge, was a cabin, surrounded by blossoming fruit-trees and flanked by stubbled acres, ungashed by spring-time plowing.

A virile crimson blotted the pallor from the man's smooth features. An expression of a joy too delicate for words softened the grim lines of his lips and jaw. Without further hesitation he picked up the oilcloth suit-case and began the descent into the valley beyond.

But his gait was not the free, rolling stride of a son of the hills, nor was his dress true to native color. He walked with the measured lock-step of a man used to close team-work, whose physical movements had been controlled by minds other than

his own. There was brawn beneath his dust-sprinkled store clothes, undoubtedly, but the saffron tinge of his flesh was evidence that that brawn had not been maintained under the healthy sting of the sun and the mountain air.

Yet the man was at ease in his environment. Automatically he avoided the deeper ruts in the trail and skirted the impeding boulders, while his face eagerly drank in the enlarging view of the cabin that nestled on the ridge.

A thin streamer of white smoke twisted skyward from the rock chimney. Beneath an apple-tree several hens clucked and scratched the sod for worms; a small drove of hogs grunted up to the back-lot fence, begging swill of the stranger. From inside the cabin door came the fitful laughter of a child.

Without giving the customary "Hello!" from the gate, the man entered the yard and climbed the board steps to the porch. There he stopped.

A young woman stood at the door. Behind her skirts was a little boy, whose merriment had changed to timid curiosity.

"Steve!"

The startled blue of the woman's eyes met the serious gray of the man's. Her bosom rose and fell, her bare arms pressing tightly against the door-frame on either



side. She made neither to retreat nor to go forward.

"Air ye surprised to see me, Milly?" The man struggled with a strange embarrassment. "Shorely, now, ye ain't sorry to see me?"

He took a step toward her. A quiver pulsed through the woman's body. She hesitated; then, with a gasping cry she sprang to him, pinioning his unraised arms with her embrace and burying her face against his shoulder. He freed his arms and held her to him, fiercely, adoringly.

Neither spoke for the moment. Then, releasing each other, they drew apart, half ashamed. The child whimpered and ran to his mother, frightened at he knew not what.

"Is—is that little Stevey?"

The man regained his mountain stoicism, but kept it with an effort.

"Stevey, Stevey, that's yer pa," coaxed the mother to the child at her skirts. "Hit's yer pa, what's been away ever since ye was a baby. Course ye don't remember him, honey—ye was too young; but he's yer pa, jest the same. Go to him, Stevey!"

Without shame or restraint the man clasped the baby form to his breast, crooning away the doubts and timidity from the infant mind. The unwritten code of his race, which makes open caresses between husband and wife a weakness, stops short at their children. There no law can check the outpouring of natural passion.

## II

THEY sat that evening, the three of them, upon the porch of the cabin—Steve in a splint-bottomed chair propped against the wall; Stevey half asleep in his lap; Milly on the door-step, her fair head resting against the jamb. The sun-flushed clouds deflected their glow upon her, dyeing the one-piece calico a golden red, washing her finely spun hair a deeper gold, and putting the master touch of radiance upon her beauty.

The child stirred.

"Whar ye been, pappy?" he asked, lifting his head from his father's shoulder. "Why ain't ye come home 'fore now?"

Steve chuckled softly. He was not confused. What he had done, he had done—and paid for.

"Pappy's been down to Frankfort town, honey, down to a place they calls the penitentiary," he replied with all frankness.

As if enjoying his own reminiscences, he went on: "When ye war a baby, and fer a spell afore ye was born, pappy helped run a still over on Injun Crick. He made lick and sold hit, but he never drunk none of it, honey. Pappy'd seen too many fellers git thar hides full o' the pizen, and seen what it done to 'em, fer him ever to tech hit. But one night, while we was all thar fixin' a new mash, the sheriff and his deputies sneaked up the holler. We knowed they was a comin' only a bit afore they reached us, and we pulled out. Some of 'em follered us. Then me and the boys opened fire. Bill Ginter picked off a deputy the slickest ye ever saw. Then one of 'em got me in the muscle o' the leg, and pappy went down, the blood a spurtin'. The rest o' the boys was too fer off to help him; but he was mad plumb through. Seein' a deputy comin' toward him, he turned loose with his Winchester. Then he petered out from loss o' blood.

"Next I knowed pappy was in the county jail, charged with resistin' a officer and shootin' with intent to kill. They hadn't caught him stillin', so they couldn't handle him fer that; but jest the same they give him five years in the penitentiary, down at Frankfort town. I done exactly what they tole me thar at the pen, and they cut off a year fer good behavior. That's how pappy got home to ye to-day," he finished.

"Is ye goin' back to pen'tentiary agin, pappy?" asked the child. "Is ye home fer good?"

This time Steve did not answer immediately. Milly wondered at his hesitation, but said nothing. She had been disciplined in the mountain creed that woman's part is silence. Yet she was a woman in instincts, if not in rights.

"Naw, honey, pappy ain't goin' back to the penitentiary no more." The man involuntarily looked through the twilight toward the distant summit of the mountain where he had paused on the trail that day, undecided of his course. "Pappy ain't goin' back to the penitentiary," he repeated, musing. "That is, not if he can help hit; but pappy may have to go somewhars else afore long."

Milly glanced at him, questioningly, dumbly. Steve did not see her. The child had fallen asleep in his lap, and with awkward tenderness he rose and carried him into the house.

The next morning Steve was up with the



dawn. The store clothes were laid aside for a cotton shirt and a pair of corduroys that he had worn before he went to Frankfort. With a naturalness that surprised him, he was dropping back into the old life. And there was work to do.

"Milly, ye've kept the place lookin' mighty nice," he said, while she served him his bacon, eggs, and corn bread in the kitchen. "Fer a woman ye've done pow'ful well. How'd ye manage?"

The compliment was a rare luxury to the mountain woman.

"Yer Uncle Wash and Bill Ginter helped me some," she said, pouring Steve's coffee into an ironstone-china cup at his elbow. "They done the plowin' the last four seasons, seen to the breedin' o' the stock, and took the hogs to town on court days, when thar weren't no market fer 'em here. I been plantin' and tendin' fifteen acres o' corn, a patch o' cane, and a patch o' 'taters, regular every year, besides raisin' the garden sass. I done most o' the harvestin' myself, too."

Steve regarded her with approval, but ventured no further verbal compliments.

"Ye're a real peart woman," was all he said.

"Last spring," she went on, "I cleared the rocks from the valley lot and built that wall 'round the front o' the yard. Hit looks a heap nicer to folks droppin' in," she added by way of excusing the extra labor. "Off and on I've put by a little money, too. Hit's under the fer corner-stone o' the fireplace. Ye'll have to count hit, Steve; ye know I ain't handy with figgers like you air; but hit's right smart more'n we ever got together afore," she concluded, daring a tone of pride.

Steve indeed found things about the place in every bit as good condition as he had left them. This year's hogs already were fattening, the mule was well shod, the two cows sleek and fresh, each with a calf. Not a section of rail fencing but bore careful inspection. Not a gully in the soil but had been effectually choked with rocks and brush, to prevent washing.

Where the cabin roof had sprung a leak, Milly herself had removed the rotted clapboards and replaced them with sound ones. Every crack in the log walls was carefully chinked with clay.

The realization of Milly's knack of husbandry lifted a last doubt from Steve's mind and gave him a sense of relief, the nature of which she never dreamed.

### III

DAY after day they worked together on the little mountain farm. Steve broke the ground and ran the furrows, while Milly dropped the seeds and pulled the warm earth over them with a hoe.

Steve often turned to watch the rhythmic swing of her strong, young body, hidden by the corsetless dress, as she bent over the corn rows or covered the quartered potatoes in their hills. She was barefoot. A faded blue sunbonnet shaded her face. Beneath it there was ever the expression of sweet contentment.

"Purty soon little Stevey'll be a helpin' ye out here with the craps," Steve remarked



one day, as he stopped the plow beside her. "In two or three year he'll be a sight o' help."

"Then maybe us three can clear them ten acres o' bresh and git 'em sot in corn," said Milly. "That land ain't doin' us no good at all, layin' up thar on the hillside the way hit is now."

Steve frowned.

"I seen ye havin' speech with Bill Ginter down by the gate yesterday," she resumed. "Do ye 'low ye'll go to stillin' agin?"

Steve shook his head.

"Naw, I'm through with that sort o' business. Bill wanted me to jine 'em, but I wouldn't. Not that I'm feered o' the marshals," he added. "I'm jest cured, that's all."

He plowed to the end of the furrow, came up the next, and again stopped his mule as he got opposite Milly.

"Milly, do ye know thar's a war on?"

The woman also paused, pushing back her bonnet and brushing the hair from her damp forehead.

"Yas, I've heard tell thar was a war, Steve, but I ain't paid hit no mind. Hit seems to be so fer off from us. Is hit as bad as was the war 'twixt the Tollivers and the Logans?"

"Tain't no family war," he replied, with another and more solemn shake of his head. "Hit's a heap bigger'n that, a *heap* bigger. Whole nations is fightin' one another, a fightin' on land and a fightin' on water, killin' people by the millions!"

Milly could not comprehend, but she called to mind what little she had heard.

"Tell me, Steve, who air them Alleys? And what 're we doin' fightin' folks so fer away that we don't even know 'em? Ain't they Germans we're a fightin', Steve?"

With patience, much detail, and as careful a choice of words as his limited vocabulary allowed, the man tried to explain to the woman.

"Down thar at the penitentiary on Sundays, when the parsons and church folks come to talk to us, they'd tell us all about the war," Steve said in part. "Once in a while what they called a Y. C. A. lecturer'd drop 'round. I axed questions of him when they'd let me. Hit were pow'ful interestin' to me, somehow. Fact is, hit sort o' worked on my nature. That feller William in Germeny's plumb riled me at times. Seems a man'd have more gumption 'an to do what they say he's done. Leastwise, we wouldn't

'low him and his folks to carry on thataway up here!"

Milly caught her husband's indignation.

"Why ain't somebody took a gun and blowed his head off?"

"That's what I reckoned I ought to try and do." Steve squinted at the ground



"DO YE 'LOW  
YE'LL GO TO  
STILLIN' AGIN?"

thoughtfully. "Milly, do ye suppose ye're peart enough to run the farm a few more year, while I goes to war?"

Her bosom quivered.

"If I've run the farm withouten ye these last four year, I can do hit a few year more," she finally answered. "But, Steve, ye ain't thinkin' to leave me and the baby agin, air ye?"

Her blue eyes added a silent plea. Steve's jaw tightened.

"I don't see no way out'n hit, 'deed I don't." And he started the mule on down the furrow.

#### IV

THE subject was not mentioned again in the days that followed. Soon the planting was done. The blossoming fruit-trees dropped their petals, making way for the globes of peach and apple, plum and cherry. Flowers bloomed. The Cumberlands turned from olive to bright green. Birds built their

nests among the leaves, and sang and hatched their young. In due time the corn pierced the loam with tiny emerald lances, meeting the sun.

Each morning Steve rose with the light and began the day's toil. A healthy tan replaced his prison pallor. He once more

whistle. A great peace brooded over the Cumberlands.

Steve, his chair propped against the wall, sat with his bare arms resting limply in his lap. His chin was on his breast, his eyes were half closed, unseeing. As if continuing his thoughts in speech, he murmured:



"NAW, I'M THROUGH WITH THAT SORT O' BUSINESS. I'M JEST CURED, THAT'S ALL"

walked with the easy, swinging stride of the hillman. His muscles hardened, his shoulders were held erect, his eyes cleared and shone with good-will to all men. The past was seemingly forgotten.

"Wal, I laid by the last hill o' corn to-day," he said one evening in mid-July, as he watched Milly scatter grain to her chickens. "Corn's knee-high now; other stuff's lookin' good, too. I never seen anything fatten like them hogs. Next week I'll be sellin' one o' the calfs; t'other bein' a heifer, we might as well keep hit."

After supper Steve and Milly took their accustomed seats on the porch—he in the splint-bottomed chair, she on the door-step. Little Stevey was asleep in the house. Darkness fell. A young moon lolled lazily on its back just above the western ridges. The valleys were flecked with the sparks of myriad fireflies. Behind the cabin on the wooded mountainside, a whippoorwill stabbed the blackness with its tuneless

"Hit weren't to be said that the penitentiary was overcomfortable, or that I liked hit thar; but I did larn a heap. The cells stunk, the victuals wasn't always decent, and hit come hard sometimes takin' orders from them boss-men. Still, I larned a heap."

Silence for a moment, then:

"When the time come fer me to leave, and they'd give me store clothes, a piece o' money, and my ticket home, the warden he says to me, says he:

"Steve, ye've been a reel good sort of a boarder, ye have. Ye're the star worker in the broom-fact'ry, and I ain't ever heard no complaints o' ye. That shows ye don't mean no harm. I believe ye'd make a fust-class citizen if ye'd set yer mind to try. Come with me, Steve. I want to show ye something that maybe'll help ye to keep straight."

"I went with him like he axed me to, and the warden he took me up to the Capi-

tol house." Steve drew a deep breath. "Law, Milly, if ye only could see that air place! Hit's what ye'd call a regular palace, all big and white and sot up thar on a hill, with the river down below twistin' 'round hit, pertectin' like. The warden took me up the steps and inside, past all them tall marble posts, and up some more steps till we got in the loft lookin' down on the State Legislature.

"Them thar,' he says, p'intin' to the fellers at the desks below, 'them thar is the men who're sent here by the people o' Kintucky to make laws. Men like 'em made the laws what brought ye down here fer resistin' arrest and shootin' with intent to kill. Other men, in Washington, said a long time ago ye couldn't make lickin' withouten a license. Listen to what these men air doin' now.'

"I listened, the warden he explained,



SHE LIFTED LITTLE STEVEY TO HER SHOULDER, AND BOTH WAVED A FINAL GOOD-BY

and purty soon I caught on to what was happenin'. Milly, them fellers was passin' a bill to give twenty-five thousand dollars to educate us mounting folks! Twenty-five thousand dollars extra fer moonlight schools and teachers and books and sech, so's we and our chil'ren can larn to read and write!

"They're givin' you-all more money now'days, Steve, than comes from the mountings in taxes,' says the warden. 'They're tryin' to educate yer chil'ren so they'll know better'n to still lickin' and shoot up one another. Then mounting folks won't git into trouble and have to come down here like you done.'

"Milly, I begun to see how hit was then. I studied about hit all the way while I was ridin' on the train, and while I was trompin' them fifteen miles from the railroad. I says to myself, says I:

"Steve, maybe hit weren't all yer fault that ye plugged that deputy and got sent to Frankfort town, but hit certainly is yer fault if ye don't pay back to the law what ye took from hit. Steve,' I says, 'yer State and yer gover'ment's at war with shonough furriners. They're needin' men to do the fightin'. Ye're a man and ye're young. Ye're used to livin' hit rough and takin' things as they comes. Ye cut yer teeth on a rifle-gun barrel, and ye can shoot the eyebrows off'n a squirrel at ninety yard. And ye got a almighty big debt to pay to yer State and yer gover'ment, Steve. Fer years ye stilled lickin' on the sly and cheated yer gover'ment out'n hits license money. Ye broke the law o' yer State in shootin' a officer who come to arrest ye, and made the State board ye fer four year. Now ye got to pay 'em back the best way ye can. Ye got to go and fight fer yer country.'

"But Steve!" gasped the woman on the door-step. "Steve, ye're a fergittin' us! Ye tole me ye was thirty-two and wouldn't be made to go to war."

The man looked up to where the young moon had dropped behind the western ridges; looked down and saw the fireflies sparkling in the valley below.

"When I says I'm a goin', hit don't mean I'll git kilt, Milly. And ye can run the farm here 'most as well as I can. Ye can look after Stevey and yerself, like ye done these last four year. It ain't as if



ye weren't peart enough to 'tend to hit all. Don't ye want me to pay my debts, Milly? Ye know I'm honest, no matter if I have stilled lick'er and shot a deputy. And I owes hit to the State and the gover'ment to help 'em fight them Germins over yan'. They won't make me go—naw—but a feller oughtn't to have to be made to do fer them as hold debts ag'in' him. I've put in the craps and got 'em laid by, Milly. I've 'tended to everything 'round here that can be 'tended to now. Yesterday I seen Uncle Wash, and he promised to help ye when ye needed him. Hit 'll be all right."

As her husband spoke, the woman's tears dripped against the friendly door-jamb and trickled down to the unpainted sill; but they were silent tears.

"As I says, Milly," Steve went on, "this here war ain't like no mounting war, the only kind you knows about. That king feller in Germiny that they calls William and his sodgers is got to be whopped plumb to a finish afore they'll larn to leave decent folks alone. And hit takes men to do hit—mounting men and blue-grass men and every other sort o' men what is men."

Steve's mood relaxed.

"Hear that bird, Milly? Hear hit up yander on the hillside? 'Whop-ole-Bill! Whop-ole-Bill! Whop-ole-Bill!' That's what hit's been singin' to me 'most every night since I come home. I wake up in the dark and hear it—'Whop-ole-Bill! Whop-ole-Bill! Whop-ole-Bill!'—jest like hit's got real vexed with my waitin' here so long. And hit's a mighty good sign, the way hit sings about that feller William. Hit's the bird o' mischief, ye know, Milly, and whenever hit takes a grudge ag'in' a person, that person 'ad better be seein' to havin' his box made!"

For the first time that evening Steve looked around to the door-step; but Milly

had disappeared into the cabin's gloom, leaving him on the porch alone.

## V

JULY slowly burned into August. The Cumberlands, scorched by the summer sun, turned from emerald to woodland green. Steve and Milly saw their labors of the spring yield a rich increase of food for their table and added fatness to their hogs and kine. Now and then, when sale took the place of barter, a few more dollars were tucked under the hearthstone. From a vein in the mountain-side behind the house Steve dug the next winter's supply of coal. He swung his ax over fallen timbers and stacked cord-wood in the shed for the year to come.

As the days passed—long, sweltering days with dewy nights—he kept little Stevey more and more by his side.

He developed an unnatural thoughtfulness toward Milly, often helping her with the milking and carrying the heavy pails of water up from the spring. Frequently she caught him gazing at her with an adoration in his clear gray eyes that she had not seen there since their courtship; his features drawn by the battling of the flesh with the spirit, temptation fighting only to be crushed.

Then one morning, while the valleys were yet afoam with mist and the piny peaks, like islands, floated above the spectral billows, Steve got from his bed, put on his store clothes, and packed a few things in his oilcloth suit-case.

"Wal, Milly; I'll be a goin' at sunup," he called into the kitchen. "I reckon ye'd better fix me a snack to take along in my pocket. Hit 'll be supper-time afore I git to the railroad."

Milly did not reply; but after he had eaten his breakfast she stood with him on the porch, her face serene, a smile on her



FROM STEVE'S THROAT CAME THE WILD,  
RINGING BATTLE-YELL OF THE  
CUMBERLAND SPARTANS



lips. He was holding little Stevey in his arms—holding him close.

"Pappy, air ye goin' back to pen'tentiary?" inquired the child.

"Naw, honey," answered the mother for him. "Pappy's goin' to Frankfort town, but this time he's a goin' thar free. He's goin' to scratch out with his rifle-gun some bad turns he done his State and his gover'ment. He's a doin' hit to ease his mind; and ye and yer mammy'll wait here fer him to come back ag'in, honey, knowin' hit's best that he went and done what's right. Here, Steve"—she brought his Winchester from the cabin—"I cleaned hit and slicked hit up all ready fer ye to take."

Steve noted the polish on barrel, lock, and stock, put there by the labor of the hands that now held the gun out to him.

"But Milly," he began, "I won't need hit; they'll furnish me a different sort o' rifle-gun." Then, with a sudden rush of

tenderness, he added: "All right, honey, give it here. Thank ye!"

He set little Stevey down on the porch, paused a moment undecided, then stooped to the smiling lips of his wife; and after a hurried, convulsive kiss, went down the steps and out through the gate without another word.

Reaching the top of the mountain, he turned. There at the door of the cabin lingered Milly and the child. Seeing Steve looking back at them, she lifted little Stevey to her shoulder, and both waved a final good-by.

Steve, his face aglow, brandished the rifle above his head, a warrior now, and from his throat came the wild, ringing battle-yell of the Cumberland Spartans, shivering the morning air with a thousand echoes and rebounding to his ears like martial music as he strode on down the trail to fight William of Germany.

#### PREDESTINED

You were so very grave when you were small,  
Dear little boy grown tall!  
All of your sayings and replies  
Were quaintly wise.  
Were your far-seeing eyes so mirthless when  
Upon them flashed the sight of marching men,  
When to your sense prophetic there awoke  
The crash of shells, the sting of flame and smoke?  
And when you heeded not some light command,  
Was the gun pressing heavy on your hand?  
The muttering plaint of nations did you hear,  
Oh, little boy so gravely sweet and dear?

Dear boy grown tall,  
What are your thoughts when the swift rockets fall  
Down the red sky?  
Are you content to die  
That children, scarcely than yourself less young,  
Should safely grow within a quiet home,  
That men in peace should plow and plant the land  
And women go untouched by brutal hand?  
Are you resigned  
To fill the niche hewn out for you by time—  
The cruel niche that age on age has made?  
Are you afraid  
To hold the chalice of your duty high,  
Nor spill one drop of sacrificial wine?

Dear boy of mine!  
Across the wild, wide stretches of the sea  
Let your voice come to me,  
And say of these same questions,  
Aye, and of their sublime replies,  
Were they, were they  
What brought the patience to your eyes  
When you were little and so strangely wise?

*Elizabeth Eakin Compton*

## *Told by the Camera*



### UNCLE SAM'S HAT IN THE RING

Lieutenant Allan F. Winslow, of Chicago, with the airplane in which he brought down the first German machine credited to an American airman under the American flag—Note the "hat in the ring" painted on his plane

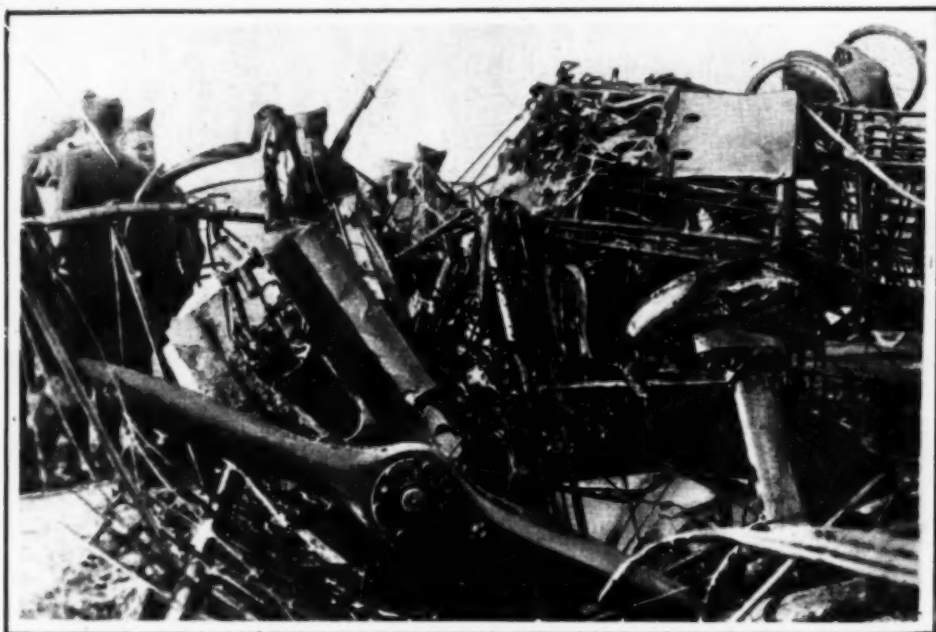
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#### AMERICAN SAILORS WHO DEFEATED A SUBMARINE

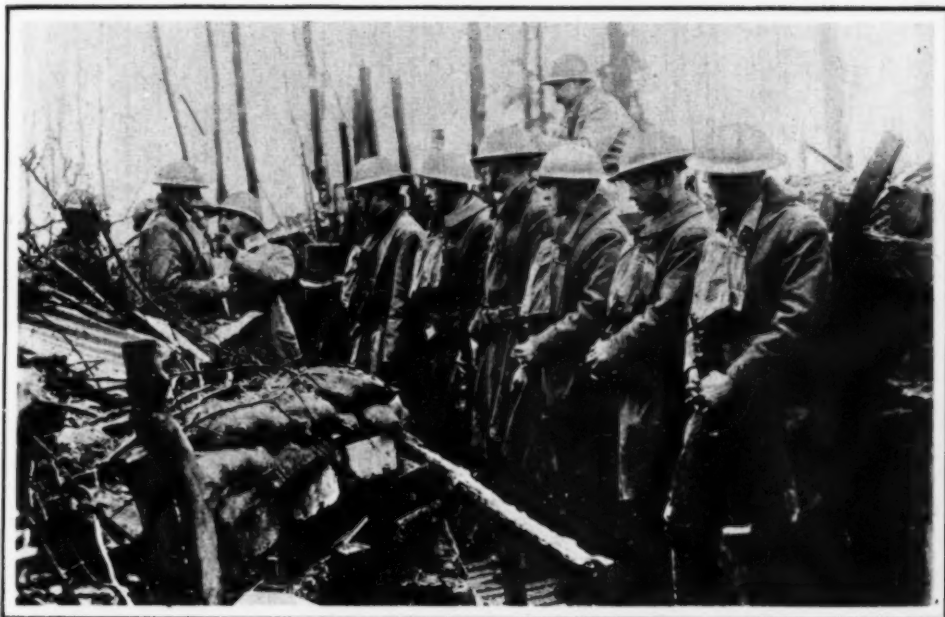
The armed guard of an American vessel who fought a German submarine for two hours and a half—  
The enemy fired two hundred rounds of shrapnel, but was finally driven off

By courtesy of the Navy Publicity Bureau



#### THE WRECK OF A GERMAN RAIDER

The propeller and shattered frame of a Gotha bombing plane, which was brought down near the Aisne front on its return from a raid on Paris—in the background are American soldiers guarding the wrecked machine



AMERICAN TROOPS IN THE TRENCHES

Plenty of evidence is now available to show that our men are doing substantial service on the firing-line—Here we see infantry and machine-gun detachments being assigned to their positions

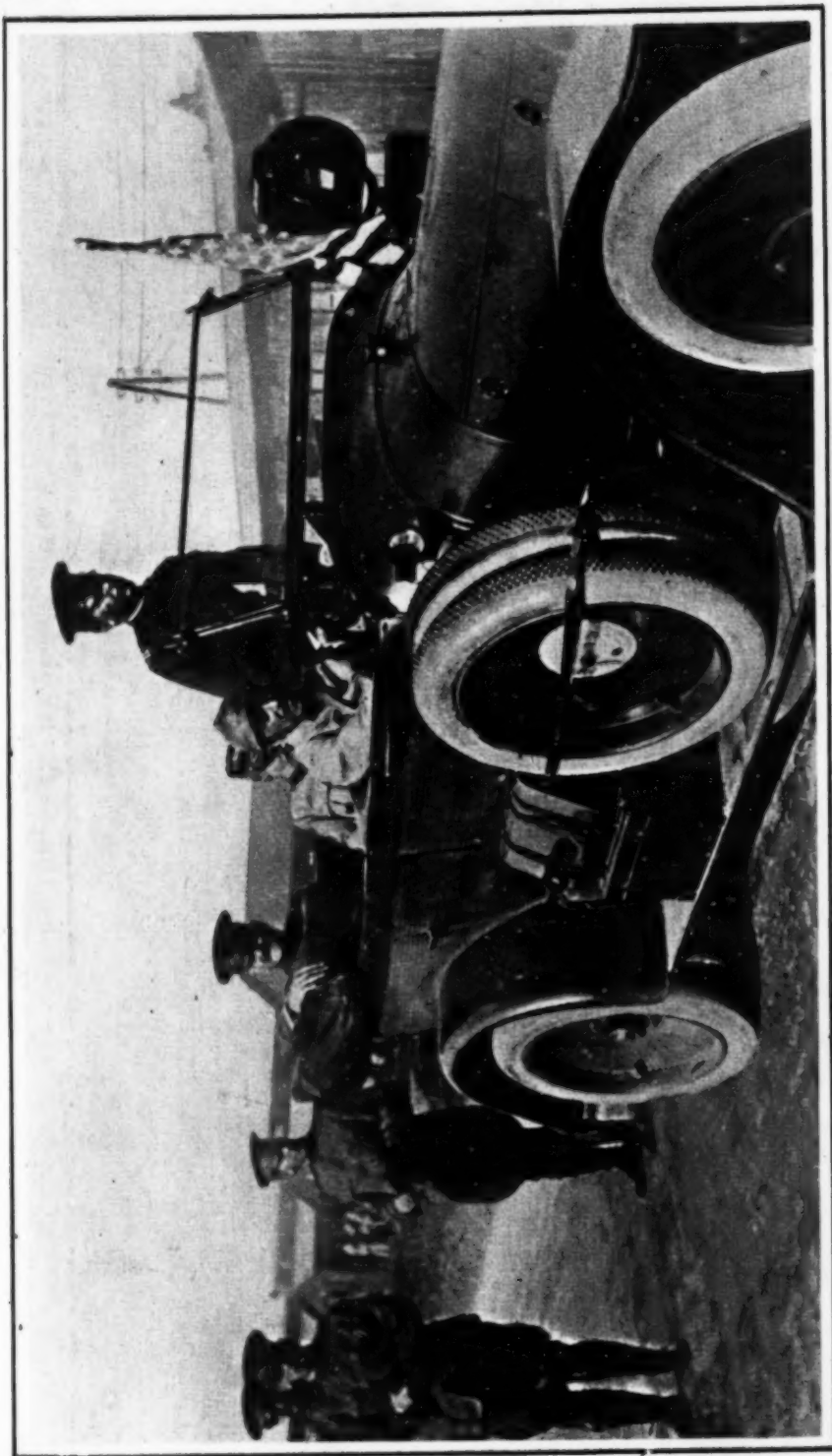
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MESSING IN THE TRENCHES

American soldiers eating their rations in a trench close behind the firing-line—Note the solid construction of the trenches, with cribbed sides to hold the earth in place and a board-walk along the bottom

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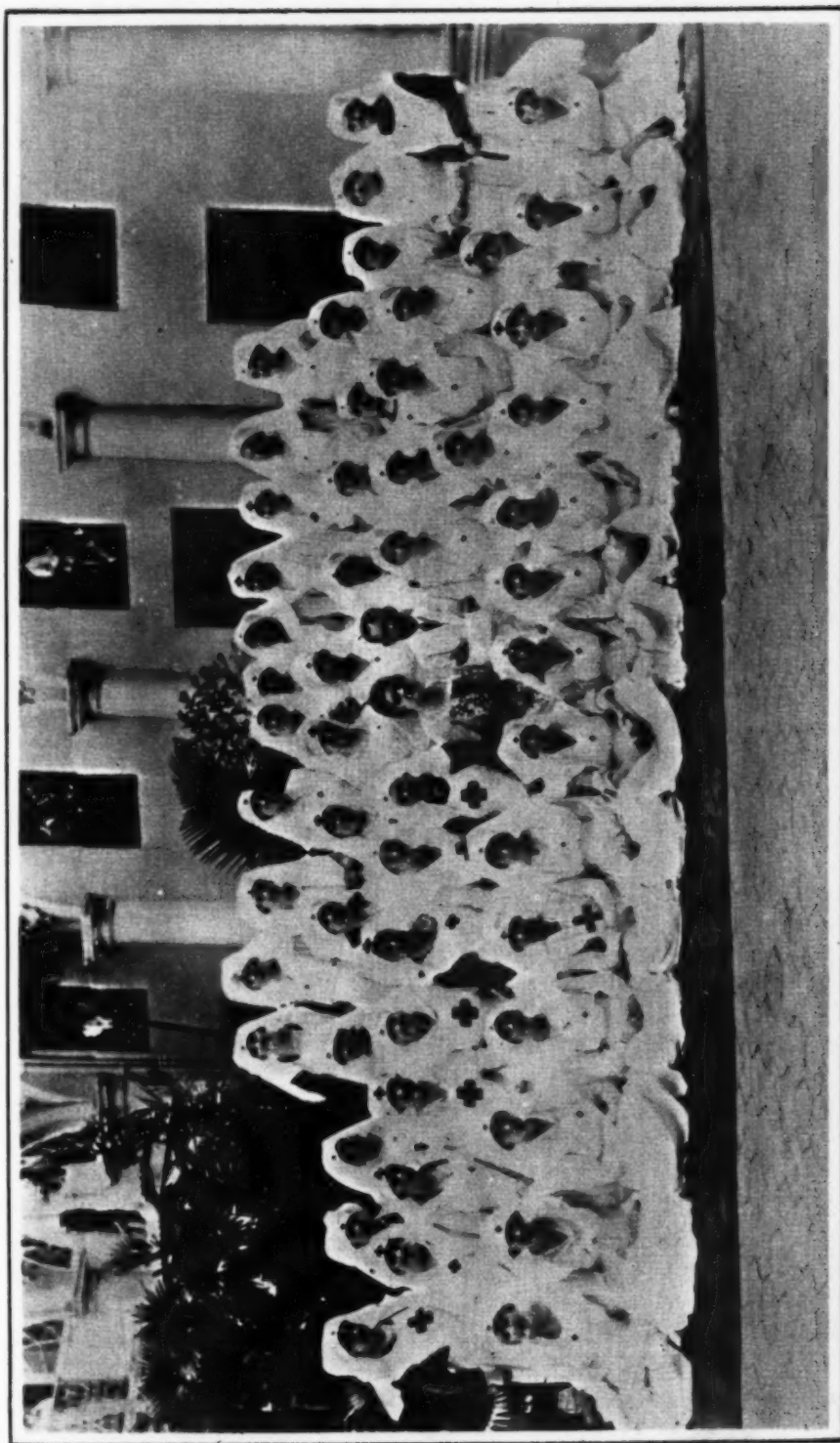


GENERAL PERSHING INSPECTING AN AMERICAN CANTONMENT IN FRANCE

In the background are some of the wooden structures which have been built in great numbers as barracks and storehouses—Seated beside General Pershing is a French officer, General Pelletier

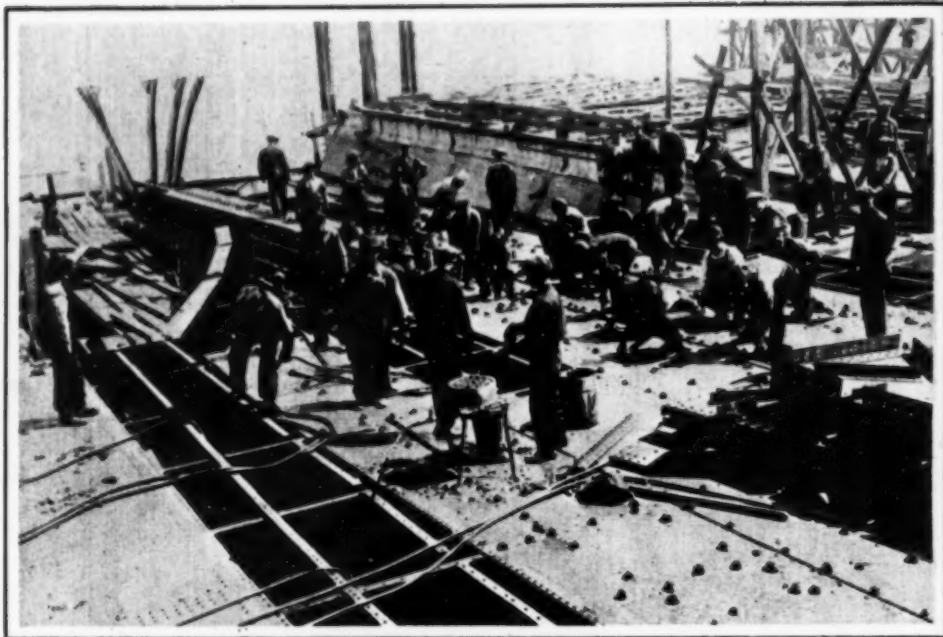
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A CUBAN HOSPITAL UNIT FOR SERVICE IN FRANCE

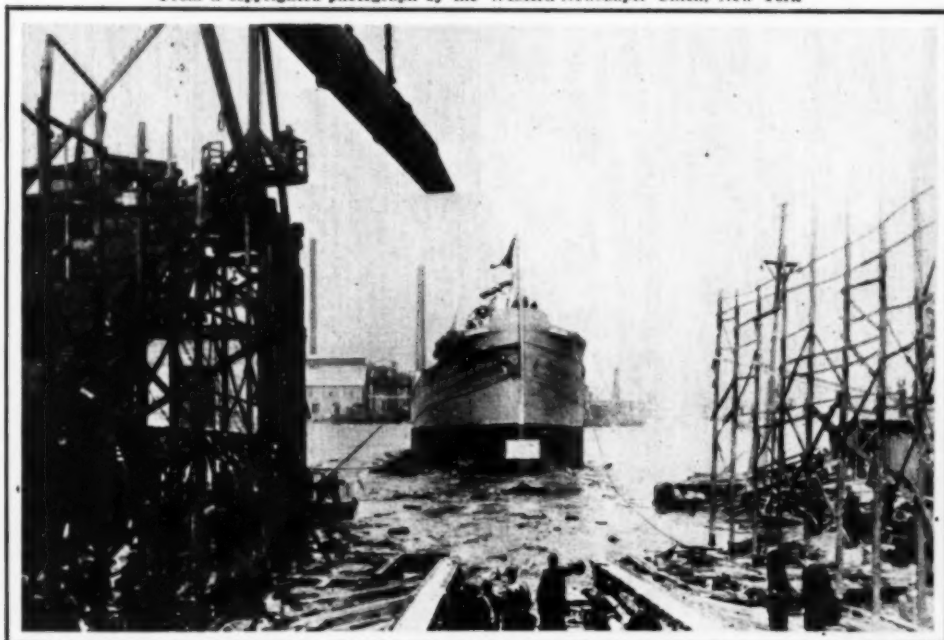
The Cuban Red Cross, for which a large fund has been raised by Señora Menocal, wife of the president, is sending sixty nurses to the front—They are shown here with Señor and Señora Menocal



#### COMPETITORS IN THE RIVET-DRIVING CONTEST

Some particulars of the competition are given on page 307 of this magazine—The engraving shows riveters in the Kearny yards, near Newark, New Jersey, trying to establish a record

From a copyrighted photograph by the Western Newspaper Union, New York



#### SPEEDING UP THE GREAT WORK OF SHIP-BUILDING

The engraving shows the launch of the cargo ship Accoma at a yard in New Jersey, and (above, at the left), part of the keel for another hull, on which work was started one minute later



**CANADIAN SOLDIERS VOTING AT THE FRONT**

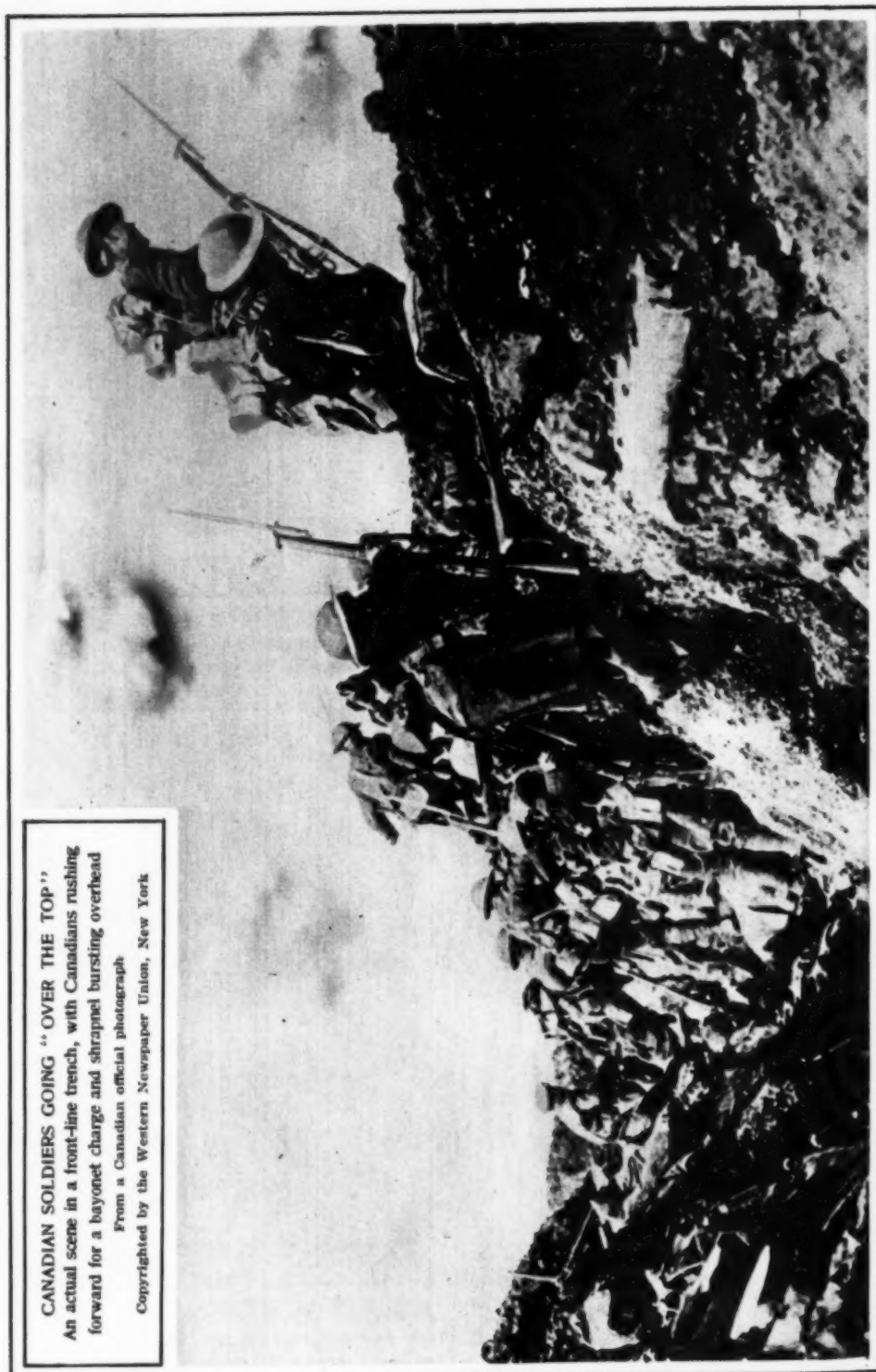
At the recent election of a new Parliament in Canada, arrangements were made for taking the votes of all the Canadian soldiers serving in France and elsewhere

From a photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York



**AN INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY-LINE IN THE TRENCHES**

The engraving shows the point, north of Ypres, where the Belgian line joins the British, marked by a sign-board set against the trunk of a Flemish willow-tree



CANADIAN SOLDIERS GOING "OVER THE TOP"  
An actual scene in a front-line trench, with Canadians rushing forward for a bayonet charge and shrapnel bursting overhead

From a Canadian official photograph  
Copyrighted by the Western Newspaper Union, New York



WOMEN CAMOUFLEURS IN TRAINING FOR SERVICE  
New York artists and art students who have joined the  
Women's Reserve Camouflage Corps, of which  
Lieutenant F. L. Towie is the instructor







#### THE GLEANERS OF THE BATTLE-FIELD

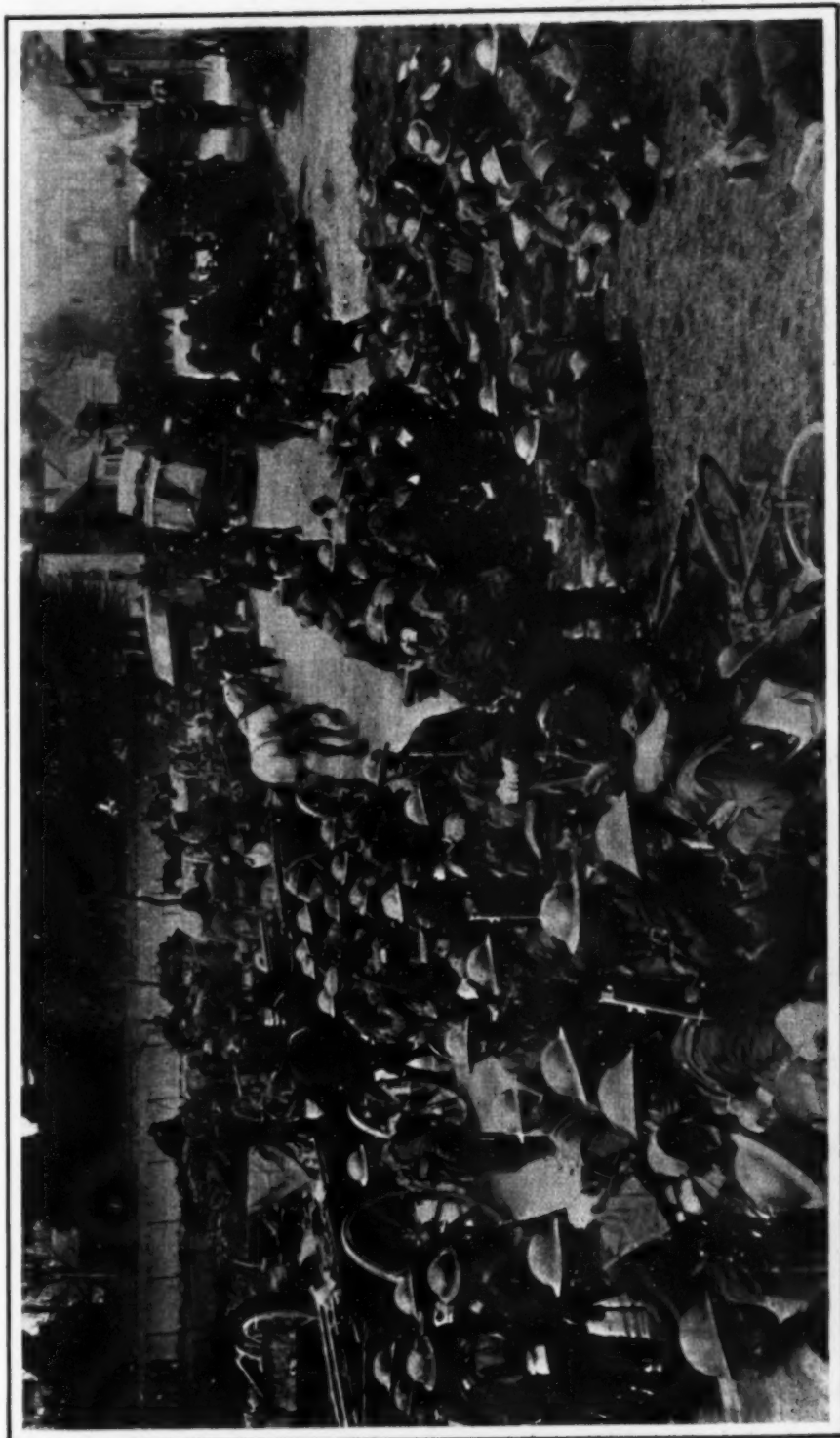
After fighting, whenever possible, the British send out salvage squads to pick up discarded pieces of equipment or anything that can be used again



#### BRITISH GUNNERS WEARING GAS-MASKS WHILE FIRING

On the most active parts of the battle-line, the Germans have made special efforts to put the Allied batteries out of action by bombarding them with gas shells

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



BRITISH TROOPS RESTING IN A FRENCH VILLAGE

These men had been in action shortly before the photograph was taken—The open carts on the left contain stretchers with wounded men  
From a British official photograph—Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



IN MESOPOTAMIA—TURKISH GUNS CAPTURED AT RAMADIE

When General Marshall's forces took Ramadie, on the Euphrates, they captured thirty-five hundred Turks, thirteen guns, and much other war material

From a British official photograph



THE RED CROSS IN MESOPOTAMIA

A British dressing-station, with a Red Cross motor-ambulance and Anglo-Indian stretcher-bearers

From a British official photograph

# The Sea Is Calling to the Sea-Dog Strain

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR RED-BLOODED AMERICANS—FIFTY THOUSAND MEN ARE WANTED TO PROVIDE OUR GREAT NEW FLEET OF OCEAN-GOING SHIPS WITH OFFICERS AND CREWS

By Robert G. Skerrett

“**W**ITHOUT our mercantile marine, the navy—and, for that, the nation—could not exist.”

In this fashion Admiral Sir John Jellicoe not long ago paid tribute to the work performed by Great Britain's trading-fleet during the last four years. In a brief sentence he told no more than the truth about the part played by England's merchantmen in maintaining the people at home and in supplying the fighting men upon the battle-fronts. When the whole story shall some day be made known, the incalculable service of Britain's merchant marine will be painted in the glowing colors that it deserves.

And now we are called upon to duplicate that fine service, and to discharge along kindred lines duties that are no less vital to the cause of world democracy. Every properly informed American knows that in order to win the war we need an enormous number of ocean-going cargo-carriers. We must have competent officers and qualified crews for all of these craft. Where—especially with the present strain upon our manpower—are we going to get them?

The United States Shipping Board is now making a tremendous effort to build, and to place in commission quickly, a thousand and more deep-sea freighters. Within a span of not more than twenty-four months we shall probably have sailing under the Stars and Stripes at least eight million tons of new shipping. Shipyards, machine-shops, sawmills, and steel-plants are working early and late to turn out this unprecedented tonnage; but the task of building the vessels, big as it is, is scarcely more than half the problem.

Steam-power will suffice for motive energy, but man-power must dominate—man on the bridge, man at the helm, man alert aloft, on deck, and below, man in the fire-room and stoke-hole, man at the throttle, and man watchful of every moving part of the driving mechanism. And where are these men—skilled men, trained men—to come from?

## A CALL FOR FIFTY THOUSAND MEN

The United States Shipping Board, through its recruiting service, is doing its best to deal with this essential part of its pressing problem. It means to have ready for each and all of its vessels men capable of handling them—men full of courage, men forewarned of the hazards that may beset them on the other side of the Atlantic, men familiarized in anticipation with every trick by which the U-boat can be dodged or the menace of its attack minimized. The task is one of intensified training—the cult of the sea reduced to tabloid fundamentals—handled by specialists who can crowd a maximum of instruction in a modicum of time.

For years, as we all know, our merchant marine has lagged woefully behind the march of our commercial and industrial life at large, and the opportunities for a lad hankering for the sea have been few and far between under the Stars and Stripes, unless he could get into the navy. But all this is changed now. The portals are wide open, and the flag of our new fleet is beckoning to American citizens bent upon serving the nation.

For instance, Uncle Sam is calling for



APPRENTICES AT BOAT-DRILL ON ONE OF THE TRAINING-SHIPS OF THE UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD—THE PROMPT LOWERING OF A BOAT IS THE FIRST STEP TOWARD THE SAVING OF LIFE AT SEA

four thousand new watch-officers and for a like number of competent marine engineers. The government stands ready to train, free of charge, those who have already had a certain measure of experience afloat. All applicants will be licensed and placed, if they can pass the required examinations.

The United States Shipping Board wants dependable, clean-living men of alert minds, and is particularly desirous of winning to its rolls those who have had past association with the water. This would include men who have served upon any kind of craft, even within the comparatively sheltered reaches of rivers, bays, and sounds; those who have sailed upon the Great Lakes; those who have endured the rigors of offshore fishing; or those who have faced wind and wave in coastwise traffic along our Atlantic, Pacific, or Gulf shores.

The fact that a man has heretofore filled but a modest berth afloat need not deter him now. If he longs for a higher rating; if he wishes for greater responsibility; if his goal be the place of command, now is the time for him to work upward. The Shipping Board welcomes applicants for berths as officers. The youth who has

shown skill in navigating pleasure craft; the lad who feels perfectly at home in a motor-boat—in short, any wide-awake fellow who knows what it means to meet squall or storm or treacherous turn of tide or current undismayed, is of the type that is wanted.

#### WORK FOR THE RED-BLOODED AMERICAN

The work ahead is not of the plodding, peace-time sort. The hour calls for the red-blooded patriot, ready to face any danger and determined to surmount difficulties. In short, the demand is for those who are unafraid, those undaunted by odds. Every bit of past experience, no matter how modest, will help toward a foundation upon which to build a broader understanding of the mariner's trade and to quicken a qualified grasp of the service ahead—a service that will bring out the best that is in the men who perform it, and will set them side by side with their gallant brothers in the army and the navy.

Henry Howard, director of the Shipping Board's recruiting service, in speaking of the American merchant mariner, has said:

In his hands we trust our trade; but more than this, we trust our honor, too. Neither shall perish



so long as our mariners sail the seas. Their calling is a cherished legacy from God-fearing forefathers, who in their day sailed hard and far on errands of peaceful commerce, while ever ready to fight for freedom. The descendants of such men do not fail in their duty when the sea calls them in this time of war. The ways of the sailor may have been lost to them in generations of peaceful land pursuits; but the salt is in their blood, and with steady purpose they say to the sea:

"Take me and teach me what you would have me do."

It is just this very thing that the various instructional agencies of the Shipping Board

are doing to-day, and doing wonderfully well. By means of training-ships and training-schools, every department of the personnel of our new-born merchant marine is being looked after. Don't think that the fleet is in need of officers alone; it wants sailormen and their allied craftsmen of many sorts. In all, fifty thousand men will not be too many, for there must be firemen, oilers, water-tenders, coal-passers, and last, but by no means least, cooks and stewards capable of providing and preparing the



ANOTHER PART OF THE BOAT-DRILL—TEACHING APPRENTICE SEAMEN HOW TO MAN THE BOATS RAPIDLY WHEN FORCED TO ABANDON SHIP

foundation of all bodily vigor—food, good food, and plenty of it.

The government is taking no chances with the vital chain of cargo-carriers which is to enable us to keep our fighting forces in the field "over there." Therefore aliens,

of adapting men from other callings, and training youths who have not yet taken up any trade. The young fellow who is handy in a garage, the lad who has mastered the mechanism of a motor-cycle, the farmer's son who knows how to run and to keep in



IN THE ENGINE-ROOM OF A TRAINING-SHIP—APPRENTICES MASTERING THE DETAILS OF A SEAGOING VESSEL'S DRIVING POWER

enemy or otherwise, need not apply for service here. Applications for training will be considered only when they come from American citizens.

The most desirable ages for inexperienced applicants range from twenty-one to thirty years; but age has nothing whatever to do with the acceptability of the experienced man. His previous training, present qualifications, and physical fitness determine his eligibility and his rating. The man who left the sea some time ago need not be deterred, because the Shipping Board will give him every chance to brush up his knowledge, and will put him in the way of resuming his former duties or even of improving upon the station he used to fill.

It is not only men of seafaring experience who are desired. The situation that confronts the recruiting service of the Shipping Board, just like the building branch of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, is largely one

order a tractor or a threshing-machine, the man who has operated any kind of a stationary engine in shop, office-building, or hotel—these are just the material that should come forward confidently.

These men are pretty sure to do well, after receiving the finishing course provided for them. Six months of sea service—which may follow the schooling ashore—will put them in the way of winning an assistant engineer's license afloat. Personal aptitude is the determining factor.

Broadly, the instructional work of the United States Shipping Board is divided into three departments—first, navigational training; second, engineering training; and third, the schooling of the apprentices who work from the lesser ratings upward.

#### A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF SCHOOLS

The free navigation schools are twenty-eight in number, and are located as follows



A CLASS WHOSE MEMBERS ARE MOSTLY VETERAN GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN STUDYING NAVIGATION AT ONE OF THE FREE SCHOOLS MAINTAINED BY THE RECRUITING SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD—THESE MEN ARE PREPARING THEMSELVES FOR OFFICERS' POSITIONS IN OUR NEW MERCHANT MARINE



ABOARD A UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD TRAINING-SHIP—RESPECT FOR THE FLAG IS PART OF THE DISCIPLINE THAT WILL NOT FAIL IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL

—at Mobile, Alabama; San Pedro, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Eureka, California; Jacksonville, Florida; Chicago, Illinois; New Orleans, Louisiana; Rockland and Portland, Maine; Baltimore, Maryland; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Cambridge, and at Gloucester, Massachusetts; Detroit, Michigan; Atlantic City, New Jersey; the Seamen's Church Institute and one other in New York City, and one at Buffalo, New York; Cleveland, Ohio; Portland, Oregon; Phila-

delphia, Pennsylvania; Providence, Rhode Island; Galveston, Texas; Norfolk and Newport News, Virginia; Tacoma and Bellingham, Washington.

The eight free engineering schools are located at the following places—Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Illinois; Case School of Applied Science, Cleveland, Ohio; Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, New Jersey; Tulane University, New Orleans, Louisiana; the Bourse, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and the University of Washington, Seattle, Washington.

For the practical instruction of men unskilled in seafaring, the Shipping Board has organized the Sea Training Bureau. The principal training base has been established at Boston, where there is a land station, with which is associated a squadron of training-ships. These vessels are large, fast, seaworthy craft, formerly in passen-

ger service, and are equipped with everything that will make for the comfort and facilitate the instruction of the men aboard at all seasons. A training period afloat of at least one month precedes actual service at sea on mercantile voyages.

An item of interest which may appeal to some is the government's determination to place in the deferred classification men within the draft age who have undergone a period of training for the merchant marine, and to hold them exempt from military ser-

vice so long as they make good in the Emergency Fleet.

It should be borne in mind that while our great fleet of cargo-carriers is called into being by the sudden stress of war, it is no temporary or ephemeral development. The men who qualify for the various ranks and ratings are actually going to be placed in permanent jobs. We are undoubtedly forming to-day the nucleus of a commercial marine which will put us again in the proud position that we enjoyed years ago, when the Stars and Stripes was seen in every port of the seven seas. Therefore, looking ahead and upward for the man who now has his chance to rise, it is not out of place to lay some stress upon a few of the material benefits.

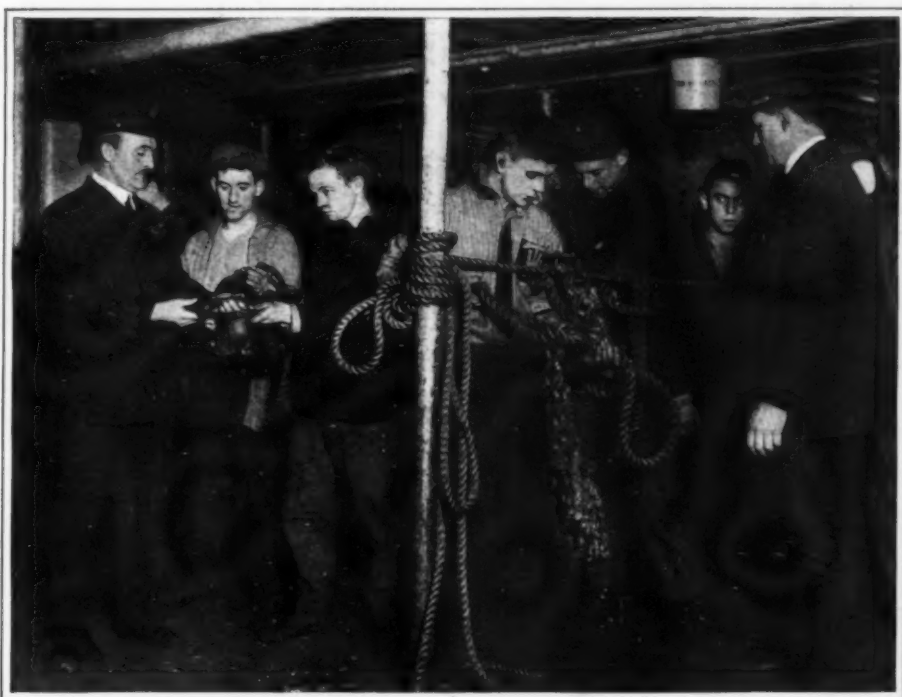
#### FAIR WAGES AND A WAR BONUS

The pay-table here detailed shows the compensation offered to various ratings of the personnel, which may be recruited from a variety of sources. They will receive the established wages of the merchant marine—which, by the way, are the highest paid for the same work anywhere in the world,

together with a war bonus dependent upon the destination of the vessel. For a voyage across the North Atlantic the bonus is fifty per cent of the regular pay, as shown in the following table:

Rating .	Monthly Pay	Pay with Bonus
Carpenter .....	\$75	\$112.50
Boatswain .....	70	105.00
Seaman .....	40	60.00
Able seaman .....	60	90.00
Oiler .....	65	97.50
Water-tender .....	65	97.50
Fireman .....	60	90.00
Coal-passer .....	50	75.00
Chief cook .....	75	112.50
Second cook .....	60	90.00
Third cook .....	45	67.50
Engineer's messman .....	45	67.50
Sailors' and firemen's messman	40	60.00
Mess-boy .....	40	60.00
Deck-boy .....	30	45.00

The ships of the Emergency Fleet are divided into two classes, A and B, depending upon size, engine-power, and whether or not the craft have single or twin screws. The watch and engineer officers are paid according to the classification of their vessels, and the monetary appeals to service



KNOTTING AND SPLICING ARE AN ESSENTIAL PART OF THE INSTRUCTION OF AN APPRENTICE SEAMAN



are presented in this table, giving the monthly salaries:

Rank	Class A Ships	Class B Ships
Captain .....	\$275	\$250
First officer .....	150	140
Second officer .....	140	130
Third officer .....	130	120
Fourth officer .....	120	None
Chief engineer .....	225	190
First assistant engineer .....	150	140
Second assistant engineer .....	140	130
Third assistant engineer .....	130	120

A bonus of fifty per cent is added for voyages through the war zone.

The ordinary term at a navigation school is six weeks, and at an engineering school four weeks. There is no charge for tuition or for the use of instruments; but the students receive no compensation while studying, and have to arrange to pay their own board. On completing his special training, the watch-officer or engineer is eligible to take a position as a regular officer in accordance with the grade of his license and at prescribed wages in that grade.

The really thrilling aspect of this whole subject is the way in which youth, maturity, and advanced years gather in the various schools in a zealous effort to equip themselves for the positions now open to them. Take, for instance, a class at Gloucester, that traditional home of the mackerel fleets, and a haven for veteran fishermen who for decades have pursued the cod in the treacherous waters of the Grand Banks.

The students there are not youngsters, but men whose grizzled locks tell of many a trying experience. Years have not dimmed their searching sight, however, and they would find it just as easy to detect a U-boat as to catch the first "break" of a rising

school of fish. They are past masters in the handling of vessels in perilous situations; and facing death has become a commonplace through years of battling with storm and current and the grim pall of fog.

But their methods of navigating have heretofore been more or less crude. Chart and compass, a shrewd knowledge of local conditions, and an instinctive appreciation of the changeful weather have generally sufficed as guides. The sextant rarely figures among their navigational equipment, few if any of them have ever "shot the sun," and the chronometer is something well-nigh unthought of.

Sea-dogs may differ from other kinds of old dogs, because among our fishermen we find a class that prove more than ordinarily apt in mastering in their later years the scientific side of navigation, and in learning just how to find themselves anywhere upon the trackless waste of the broad deep. At Gloucester, men of this type tackle nautical astronomy with mental appetites whetted by a spirit of undiluted patriotism; and what they are doing others can and will do.

Like the hundreds of youngsters who are rallying to the colors of the United States Shipping Board, these weather-marked grayheads are longing to feel the throb of a big ship beneath their feet, and to get a chance to show the enemy's U-boats what a Yankee skipper can do in a pinch.

If you feel the lure of the sea in your bones, don't hesitate, but answer its call by enrolling at once among the fast-growing force of enthusiasts who are bent upon making our resuscitated merchant marine a source of national strength, both during the war and in the days of booming oversea trade that are bound to follow upon the restoration of peace.

### ALONE IN THE FRIENDLY WOODS

ALONE in the friendly woods, my shadowy neighbors rustling!  
The smell of sod and balsamy air! How sweet to be living,  
Just living—to lose in the darkness the world that is plodding and bustling,  
The world that wearies the ear with stories of taking and giving.

I had sought in the busy streets for a peace that always eluded,  
While ever before me care and its earth-gnomes potttered and brooded.

Here in the cool of the woods, my camp-fire crackling and leaping  
High toward the gossiping pines, the old world wanes with desire;  
Just to live is enough, while my hermit soul is keeping  
Tryst with the moon and the stars and the blaze gropes higher and higher.

Elias Lieberman



### ON THE WESTERN FRONT

The Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack  
And the Tricolor of France  
Are blended now on the field of Mars,  
With an upward look to the steadfast stars,  
In the cause of liberty.

They wave undaunted o'er sea and land,  
With Allied flags, in a crusade grand  
To rescue the outraged world;  
To shatter the grip of Teuton power,  
And heal all wounds with freedom's flower  
When the battle-flags are furled.

*William H. Hayne*

# The Living Dust

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

Illustrated by R. F. Schabelitz

HE must have stepped off the platform immediately behind me, for as the car started I heard an exclamation, and then the sound of a fall. In another moment I had the man on his feet and guided him to the curb. Here he stood, shakily enough, while I brushed the wrinkles from his clothes.

The survey we so often bestow on our fellow passengers occasionally discovers a face which, removed from the rest, bears a distinctive and inviting interest. Thus it was with the slightly built, middle-aged man who for the last few blocks had sat directly opposite me in the street-car. He had a small and delicate body and wore clothes which, though of expensive material, were of the style of twenty years ago. His instructions to his tailor varied, I fancy, very little.

"Another suit, please. Yes, that will do. You have the measurements."

His collar was low and loose. His ascetic-looking face, his high, domed forehead, and his slight, slender frame gave one the impression of a remarkable intelligence balanced somewhat precariously on a poorly nourished but well-kept pedestal. His eyes—of an indefinite gray-green—had a curious trick of expanding suddenly, then contracting, as if at periodic intervals they retired into their sockets to dissect something invisibly captured. His mouth was weak-looking and uncertain, but his skin, extraordinarily fine in texture, was tanned a healthy brown.

Thus far had I got when we reached my corner.

He was, it appeared, rather seriously shaken, and when I got him into a cab and offered to accompany him to his home he accepted gratefully.

"Jennison is my name," he jerked out. "It would be very kind of you. I'm on West Fifty-Fourth Street."

Jennison—Jennison! The name was somehow familiar. Memory went exploring till it flashed on me that this was the James Jennison whose articles on the pre-Aztec dynasties had set the paleontological world in uproar a year or so before. I looked at him with redoubled interest, but the wide mouth was twisted with pain, and he sat huddled into a corner of the cushion. It seemed strange that so frail a mortal should have penetrated not only the most remote places of Central America, but the mountains of Ceylon and the steaming plains of Babylon. The remarkable conclusions of his work on "Extinct Civilizations" had yet to be refuted.

Murmuring something of recognition and appreciation, I dropped into silence, and it was not till I helped him up the brownstone steps of his house that he spoke again.

"Come in for a moment. My wife will want to thank you—and so do I."

Hobbling into the drawing-room, he stretched himself on a sofa with a grunt of relief, motioned to the cigarettes, then stared at the door with as strange an expression as I have ever seen on a human countenance.

A moment later I met Mrs. Jennison, who, after a quick inspection of her husband, turned to thank me. Behind her I could see the little man's eyes shifting first to me, then to her, then back again to me.

"Could you ever expect," they demanded with a satirical gleam, "could you ever expect to find a woman like that when you found me?"

This question being shot at me, he lit a cigarette and left us to ourselves.

I admitted that the question was well put. Mrs. Jennison was above the average height, dark, smooth-shouldered, with a pale, olive skin and superb eyes. I noted the calm and unnamable poise of her perfect physique, and the unstudied abandon

of perfect nerves. What struck me, even before she spoke at all, was that here was a creature undrained by any demand of modern life and drawing her magnificent vitality from sources undiscovered by humanity at large.

But when she spoke, all other impressions were drowned. Her voice, low and steady, was broken here and there by little tremors

she come from? Was she an Aztec reincarnated? Why did she marry Jennison?

This and much more I hazarded, and then again caught Jennison's narrowed eye over her shoulder. It had taken on an amused flicker. My fancy was already at work, and he was satisfied.

So began a curious friendship into which I fitted like the apex of a triangle with three



BEHIND HER I COULD SEE THE LITTLE MAN'S EYES SHIFTING FIRST TO ME, THEN TO HER

which, though not throaty, had a certain divine and atavistic roughness. I found myself waiting for them—subdividing her speech, as it were, by their recurrence. They suggested another woman behind the visible one, who might be found, but not by any mundane method of the obvious world.

Unconsciously I slid off into a maze of introspection. Who was she? Where did

unequal angles. I dined with them, listening absorbed while Jennison strolled brilliantly through the dust of vanished kingdoms and tilted forgotten stones of history. He talked about his forthcoming book on "Prehistoric Mammalian Life."

As time went on, I got new glimpses of the strange relations existing between himself and his wife. He made constant efforts to include her in everything, but just as



often, it seemed, he only touched the orbit of her circuit, and was flung off at a tangent. Gradually, too, I became convinced that Mrs. Jennison was in a continual state of self-suppression. It was quite clear that in some silent and psychic way she influenced her husband tremendously; but while it appeared that he was doing what she wanted him to do, I had a recurring thought that he was not doing it in the way she wanted.

In short, it was difficult to understand this couple. Where and why, I reflected, did I myself come in? The only thing that held me was the unshakable belief that somewhere and somehow Mrs. Jennison would find her *métier*; and I was unwilling to miss the result.

Four months after we had met, Jennison asked me to accompany them to Arizona, where he was going to do some work for the Smithsonian.

"You will find it novel," he concluded. "The country is only half raked over, and I have private information about a district that hasn't been touched. If you don't mind roughing it for a month, we shall be delighted."

I glanced at Mrs. Jennison. She had slipped into a reverie, and seemed to be staring straight through the wall. The faintest shadow of a smile was on her lips. Her beauty, always royal and occasionally austere, had softened into something inexpressibly haunting. These two had never, so far as I could see, exchanged the elusive communications of man and wife; but now, for the first time, I got a glimpse of something that Jennison had no doubt discovered long before.

Mrs. Jennison in New York was baffling and mysterious. I had a swift curiosity to see her in Arizona.

"I hope you will come," she said in her deep, velvety tone. "It's quite different from most things, and while my husband has seen almost all the antiquities in America, he has never explored this particular section. We can either live under canvas or in the caves themselves. They're really very comfortable."

"And I can promise you a sensation," smiled Jennison, "in occupying a house whose last tenant grappled with the mammoth. Doesn't that appeal to you?" he added, his mouth twitching curiously.

It did and it didn't; but just then I caught an imperative signal from Mrs.

Jennison's dark eyes. I was to come. She wished it.

## II

In the following month I learned more of the Jennisons. Six years before our meeting, the scientist had returned by way of England from an expedition to the Atlas Mountains, bringing his wife with him. Their meeting had taken place in the British Museum, where she, an orphan of English parentage, was carrying on some work. The only reasonable conjecture as to this curious union was that Jennison's scientific standing had invested him with so bright an aura that her imagination found it irresistible. There were no children, and the assumption was that there would be none. It seemed disastrous that the world should be thus robbed, that this splendid woman's life should be drawn out into one long and passionless pursuit. What bond could there be between her superb body and the cold relics of vanished tribes?

Moving swiftly westward, I was conscious of a change in Mrs. Jennison. She had stared indifferently at the flat fields of Ohio and the brown flood of the Mississippi. They held nothing for her; but as we approached the desert her eyes brightened, and she sat for hours scanning ridge after ridge, peering silently at the horizon that lifted brokenly from this waterless immensity. It was a new Mrs. Jennison, whose spirit, expanding to the wilderness, seemed to poise ere it swept into rapturous flight.

Jennison himself, deep in his books and papers, wasted little time on scenery. This country was barren of what he sought. Thus I slowly became aware that while his interest was scientific and practical, hers was nothing short of psychic, and that while he might measure, copy, and photograph, she might pierce even more deeply into the mystery that fascinated them both.

The pack-train met us at a little siding, and in a few hours we struck straight north across the desert. The trail, gradually dwindling, finally disappeared altogether. Looking back, I could see the squat tower of the water-tank thrusting a blunt and defiant finger into the sky. Then we crossed a ridge, and the wilderness engulfed us utterly, while far in the north lifted the purple mountains to which we fared.

We camped by a water-hole. At midnight, too intoxicated with this amazing



atmosphere to rest soundly, I became conscious of voices in the Jennisons' tent.

"But it is possible," she was saying steadily. "You haven't proved that it isn't."

There was a pause; then Jennison's thin tones came in sardonically.

"Can the dust live? I and a good many others have been poking about in it for a long time, and we see no signs of animation. The idea is incredible and grotesque. This survivor of the stone age exists only in your imagination, and," he added petulantly, "I wish you'd get rid of him! You've been dwelling so much on the confounded thing that now you expect to bump into him in some dark corner."

"And if I did?" she said slowly.

The dry voice lifted a little.

"Look here, Julia, I've got certain scientific facts as to the gradual disappearance of prehistoric peoples that have been piled up by successive generations till they make a very respectable showing. I'm quite satisfied with them. Against this you put a crazy and unsupported idea, and you're apparently satisfied with that. Now, since we've got a mighty hard ride ahead of us to-morrow, I suggest that we should each hug our own pet delusion and go to sleep."

There fell silence. After a while Mrs. Jennison spoke again—faintly, as if from a great distance. She was assuring her husband that despite all evidence to the con-



"SHE'S NOT THERE! DO YOU HEAR? SHE'S NOT THERE!"

trary, she expected to prove her case, and to prove it very soon. I pitched on this, fumbling over it with drowsy curiosity, and then carried it into dreams which circled about a conception so strange that at sunrise I sat up and shook off the hours of darkness with relief.

Mrs. Jennison, emerging from her tent with the first level rays full in her eyes, had never seemed so astonishingly beautiful.

### III

For the next two days we shuffled toward mountains that took on definition so slowly that at times they appeared to swim back into the horizon. Then, very gradually, they assumed a crystalline detail, in which their broken flanks opened into a series of cañons and arroyos. Toward the largest of these openings we headed.

Behind us the great plains shimmered in painted drought, a vast ensemble of yellow, gray, and red. We seemed to be stepping into the throat of the hills, from whose scarred and vertical sides emanated a mysterious atmosphere, brooding and oppressive. It was cooler, but the chill began to be that of a vault. There was running water here, but it was only a tiny stream that had escaped from some profundity still more remote.

As we moved slowly along the cañon, Jennison's eyes commenced to glitter. Farther up, at the top of a great talus, was the first hollow mouth of a troglodytic home. It looked like the socket of a gigantic eye from which the ball had been pushed in. Still farther on were others, in a glimmering perspective that lost nothing of distinction in this rare ether. The sun went down as we pitched camp, and when night came—falling suddenly like a cloak—I was conscious that we were peered at by those blank orbs, whose flattened vision might have been that of prehistoric monsters clinging to the dizzy ridges that lifted sheer to the zenith.

The next day we climbed on, turning abruptly into another cañon that struck the main artery at right angles. Here the real work began, and it did not take Jennison long to discover that he was on new ground.

In these brooding caverns the air was cool and motionless. Floors and walls were coated with a fine and tenuous powder, in its impalpable quality resembling the star-dust with which the bottom of the sea is said to be sprinkled. It was breathless to

pick up shards, pots, and ax-heads that had last warmed to the touch of horny hands thousands of years before.

Jennison betrayed no emotion, but rooted about through cave after cave, turning things over with his long, nervous fingers, making rubbings and drawings of uncouth designs, and occasionally taking magnesium-light photographs in a blaze that revealed everything for one naked and almost indecent instant. He was absorbed and tense, jerking out remarks in a high-pitched, excited voice, and then relapsing into contented silences, during which he chuckled to himself and glanced curiously at his wife.

The great change was in her. I could not describe her as being anything but expectant, and expectant in a way that baffled me utterly. She did not display any particular interest in our personal investigations, but for all this each successive discovery palpably deepened her belief that we were on the edge of something infinitely greater. Always, as we entered a cave, she would pause for a breathless moment as if awaiting the advent of its long-vanished inhabitants. Moving farther into its silent depth, she would peer round angles and corners, till gradually I became convinced that the sight of a troglodytic family gnawing at a haunch of antelope would not have greatly surprised her.

Jennison noted all this, and would sometimes wink at me knowingly. As for us, she put up with our exclamations and unearthings as being progressive in a trivial way, but of a value only minor and limited. Emerging from the cave, she would sit for hour after hour, chin in hand, just as those vanished hillmen must have sat, staring unwinkingly at the broken flanks of the cañon. And in her steady and magnificent eyes was a light that borrowed no whit of its luster from sun, moon, or star.

A day later we worked along the great slope toward a kiva, or religious chamber, that opened half-way between valley and crest. In front were our two men, Parker and Hammond, who seemed satisfied to spend their lives conveying occasional exploring-parties into these solitudes. They were silent, capable, and obliging. Jennison followed, then his wife; I came last. Parker and Hammond carried the knapsacks that nightly they bore back stuffed with prehistoric spoil. The morning was windless, and the sun had not yet sur-

mounted the great rock wall that towered to the east.

Crossing a little plateau, Mrs. Jennison, who had been glancing at the slope, stopped suddenly.

"There's something up there. I saw it move!"

Parker turned, narrowed his eyes, and shook his head.

"Might be an antelope," he said.

"There are deer here."

She shook her head.

"It was yellowish, and quite big."

Jennison laughed, a little breathless from the climb.

"See it now? What was it like?"

"It was like—like a man's shoulder—a naked shoulder."

She paled a little and shot him a look full of meaning. Hammond tightened the strap of his sack.

"There's no one within fifty miles. This isn't a mineral country."

Her eyes wandered back to the long mound of boulders that stretched ahead.

"Perhaps I was mistaken," she said uncertainly, "but—"

Her voice trailed off, and again that look was flashed at Jennison. The scientist drew a deep breath.

"I should be astonished if you weren't," he answered enigmatically.

We had nearly cleared the boulder, when from above there came a sharp, grinding rattle, and, with a clatter, a huge stone rolled unevenly toward us. Gathering speed it leaped downward, splashing through the talus, spurning a shower of smaller fragments in its flight.

We watched it anxiously. Its course would take it directly between Parker and Hammond, who, separating, were ready to jump for their lives. At fifty yards it was coming like an express train, followed by a wash of smaller stuff that speeded in its wake. With a bound it struck the rock surface half-way between the two men, and I saw a great splinter spin out and take Hammond in the shoulder. As the roar deepened down the hill, he staggered and pitched over on his side.

There was a horrified pause, then we all reached him together—that is, all but Mrs. Jennison. She stood staring at the nest of boulders, motionless, a target for further bombardment and apparently inviting it, but with a terrific and unholy triumph in her eyes. Presently, her lips moving in-

audibly, she joined us, glancing first at Hammond, then at her husband.

"Well?" she said in the strangest tones imaginable.

There was another pause.

"We ought to have gone above them," grunted the guide through his pain. "It's bad ground that, and loose stuff is always liable to come down. It's my own fault."

"Was that loose stuff?" she ventured under her breath.

Jennison shook himself like a dog.

"Of course it was," he snapped angrily.

"Now we've got to get Hammond back to camp."

It was a difficult job, but the injured man did bravely. After his shoulder was strapped tightly, he announced his intention of riding out. He apparently thought little of a dislocation.

"I'll go," he added, "if you can get along without Parker for a few days. He'll bring some one back with him. There's nothing in this to spoil your trip."

At first Jennison objected, and said that we would all go back; but this made Hammond so miserable that finally he agreed. The guide then pointed out that if we were afraid of landslides at night we could sleep in a large cave close at hand, which, perhaps because it was so close, we had only half explored. That settled, he rolled and smoked cigarettes till sunrise, when the two set off and were instantly lost at an angle of the cañon.

And now there closed in on me as never before the sense of absolute isolation. Parker and Hammond were used to this, and seemed in a strange, indefinite way to blend with their vast surroundings. Their voices, even their gestures, had a quietness that chimed perfectly with the empty world around them; but our tones and motions, jerky and unsoftened, flouted this mysterious setting. It was not long before I found myself talking in half-whispers, and clumsily endeavoring to synchronize myself with the spirit of space that lurked invisibly in the ageless air.

#### IV

THAT afternoon we inspected the cave. Its outer chamber large and lofty, terminated in several smaller caverns extending irregularly into the bowels of the earth. Part of the floor was deep in shards. Jennison found several flint knives, a stone hammer-head, and other things of no par-



"HE MUST NEVER FIND IT—NEVER! OH, PLEASE, BE QUICK!"

ticular interest. Just then his wife emerged with her flash-light from one of the smaller openings.

"I'm going to sleep in here," she said quietly.

"Why not at the mouth, beside a fire? I'll bring some wood up," suggested her husband.

"No, I like this place. I want to dream about the last person who lived here, and," she added softly, "I'd like to find him!" There was a little thrill in her voice, and

she stood in the half light where I could not see her face. "There are two other bedrooms, one on each side. It's a perfectly appointed apartment!"

She would not be dissuaded. As a matter of fact, I thought her very wise to seek a sheltered spot. I had had visions of

boulders spinning down-hill through the roof of my tent, and while Jennison made no remark, he was easily converted. Then we lit our fire at the mouth of the cave, where it must have glowed like a fiery eye through the purple shadows of evening.

Sitting beside it, I recognized for the hundredth time our queer triangle. Jennison, on my right, was supremely happy, reviving in his prodigious mind this scene peopled with a heavy-jointed, prognathous race of whom few and scanty traces re-



mained. On my left was his wife, in graven immobility. She, too, was silent. Occasionally her gaze wandered across the fire and rested in profound thought on the little scientist, with whom it seemed only these dusty relics could keep her in touch. But did they? She was, it appeared, in search of something that he considered ridiculous.

Quite involuntarily I coupled with this the strange occurrence of the morning. I had noted that the boulder started its descent with rapidity—a rapidity that aroused suspicion till the very barrenness of the land scoffed at me. It was a moment before that that Mrs. Jennison had cried that she saw some yellowish object moving. The thing was done with now, but—

There fell over me an increasing fascination, deepened by the chill breath of the cave yawning at my back. I stared again at Mrs. Jennison. The fire, dwindling, touched her cheek with a delicate bronze and roused a flicker in her eyes. She crouched, leaning slightly forward, her hands extended toward the flame, her black hair piled loosely, her throat bare. Her whole form, superb and unexhausted, seemed to draw from the embers an added and magnificent vitality.

Insensibly I yielded till there came to me visions of those nameless and forgotten women who must have crouched thus—the dusky skins, the worshiping arms stretched over the fire-god, the smooth and powerful shoulders, the royal curve of their breasts.

Just then Jennison yawned and rose stiffly. The spell broke. Mrs. Jennison started, as if recalling herself from infinite distance, and marched off to her own particular cubicle, where, assuring us that she was quite all right, she vanished. My flash-light batteries were mislaid, so Jennison piloted me bedward, then dived into an adjoining hole. The last thing I remembered was the picture of a cave-woman—or was it Mrs. Jennison crouching over a fire?

## V

HOURS later I woke with the dry-mouthed certainty that I was not alone. The soft blackness that hung about me like a velvet curtain revealed nothing. There was no distinguishable sound, but it was a moment in which my whole consciousness curved into one gigantic eye and set itself tensely to catch whatever elusive wave might stir the deathlike slumber of this vault.

"Jennison!" I said thickly. "Hello, Jennison!"

There was no answer. Jennison was too far afield.

"Mrs. Jennison!" I ventured. "Did you hear anything?"

Instantly there came the knowledge that the sound which I thought I had heard had ceased. It was not the cessation of anything at all definite, but rather the exchange of one kind of silence for another. This lasted for some moments, till I perceived the faintest imaginable motion in the air—a zephyr, a breath that died even while it brushed against my hot cheek. It was as if the atmosphere had shifted ever so slightly and reoccupied a void from which it had been displaced. It is impossible to describe this sensation, communicated not by the thing itself, but by the elastic element in which it moved.

After that came a whisper of actual sound. As nearly as I can tell, it was like something smooth and flexible sliding over something hard and polished. Leather on metal might have made it, I reflected, or skin on—

At that my tongue clove to my mouth, and I trembled violently.

"Jennison!" I stammered again. "Jennison!"

Jennison seemed plunged in hopeless stupor. I wanted to shout, but the glands of my throat were stiff and twisted. With infinite effort I leaned forward, crawling on hands and knees toward the larger chamber, till, framed in the door of the cubicle, I crouched and stared vainly.

After an age I heard a dislodged stone go slithering down the talus outside. The sound, sharp and definite, released my spirit abruptly. It seemed to twang like a bow-string.

"Jennison!" I shouted. "Are you awake? Come out here!"

With extraordinary relief I heard him stretch and yawn. By the time he emerged, I was at the cave mouth, establishing a swift relationship with a physical and visible world.

He came up slowly, tripped over the scattered shards, and stood rubbing his eyes in the starlight.

"What's the matter?" he said. "Where's your flash-light?"

"I don't know that there's anything the matter," I replied. Then, after a pause, "Where's yours?"



"I don't know," he mumbled. "I generally leave it beside me. It must be rolled up in the blankets. I'll get it."

He stumbled off, and presently came back blinking.

"I can't find it. That's queer!" His wide mouth began to twitch. "I say, you know, that's devilish queer. What do you make of it, eh?"

I glanced down the slope whence had seemed to come the sound of the sliding stone.

"Mrs. Jennison," I hazarded; "do you suppose she heard anything?"

He started at the remembrance that there was a Mrs. Jennison, then looked very wise and important.

"I'll ask her."

He stumbled back through the clinking shards till I heard his voice—it was speaking very gently—at the mouth of the middle cubicle.

"Julia, wake up! Come out here a minute. It's all right—you needn't be at all nervous!"

I had a curious sensation of not expecting Mrs. Jennison to answer. Nor did she.

The little man's tones echoed back again. They were a trifle unsteady:

"Julia—Julia, wake up!"

Again no answer. He came back to me.

"I say, she's awfully sound asleep. It seems a pity to disturb her—that is, unless you—"

"All right," I said; "but what about that flash-light?"

"Eh? Oh, I'll go and root it out. It must be there. I think there are some matches in the small gunny sack. If I were a cave-man," he added with a chuckle, "I wouldn't need 'em."

He struck a light and unearthed some candles. Their tiny flame cast grotesque shadows while Jennison overhauled his blankets. He did this twice, very carefully, finally looking up at me, his mouth half open, a medley of gutturals sounding in his long throat. Ultimately he gasped and moistened his dry lips.

"I say—I say—you know, this beats—"

The rest was inaudible. Presently he scrambled to his feet, put a lean hand on the rock surface, and felt his way to the mouth of the middle cavern.

"Julia—Julia, get up!" he barked.

There was no answer. Slowly he turned to me a masklike face, shrunken with the swift oncoming of fear.

"She's not there!" He clutched at my wrist. "Do you hear what I say? She's not there!"

He began to gibber, with that talonlike clasp still on my arm. Getting a grip on him, I stumbled back to the faintly luminous spot that marked the cave's mouth. Once there he subsided into a heap, rocking his big head helplessly.

"Come on!" I said. "We'll find her. Let's try her cave first."

We went in on tiptoe. In the circle of pale-yellow light Mrs. Jennison's blankets were seen to be neatly laid aside. Her air pillow was undisturbed. The things she had worn when she bade us that whimsical good night had vanished with her. Her flash-light, one of large size, was not to be found.

The little man's brows puckered; then he glanced up with swift relief.

"I say, she's gone on a little trip of her own—that's all. It's quite deliberate, and"—he squinted at me triumphantly—"you heard her—you said you did."

In the pause that followed there spread again through the ancient atmosphere that sense of unfathomable fear which had plucked me from my dreams. I had heard, yes, but it seemed monstrous to explain to Jennison that I felt it was not his wife whom I had heard. He stood, grotesquely magnified by the dislocated shadows behind him, fixing me with round, bulging eyes, like a fish snatched suddenly from deep water to sunlight.

"Well?" he demanded impatiently.

I could only nod. Just then my glance rested on the reproduction of Jennison against the end wall of the cave. As I peered, his outline was curiously distorted—halved, as it were, by a false perspective.

His voice went higher.

"What's the matter?" he creaked, and wheeled nervously about, as if just made aware of something behind him. "What are you staring at?"

I stepped forward and past him.

"Look here!" I said.

In one corner the east wall ran a foot or so beyond the north rock face, and, turning, veered back, forming a small pocket. In the west side of the pocket was a cleft six feet high and perhaps fourteen inches wide. It opened with a sharp angle into an inner and larger chamber.

My breath came faster, and I heard Jennison pant beside me. He choked a little

and laid a finger on the surface of the cleft; then, turning his head, darted me an extraordinary glance. At that spot every tiny angle of rock was rubbed smooth.

"Good Heavens!" said the little man thickly.

He swayed, steadying himself on one lean digit. In spite of the tension of the moment, nothing could have so vividly recreated the immemorial past. This polished section of living stone seemed to shout aloud. How many shoulders corded with muscle, how many soft and tawny breasts, how many skin-clad forms must have wedged through this gap to leave such a record! I could almost hear the big men grunt as they scraped their flesh, and the laugh of the black-eyed women at their lords' discomfort. Then Jennison's voice sounded again.

"She must be in here," he cried, full of excitement. "Come on!"

Ducking his head, he disappeared. Following at his heels, I nearly upset him. He was holding up the candle, the rays of which were baffled by the velvet darkness of a great subterranean space. The thin vibrations of our footsteps spread out and were lost, instead of coming sharply back to our ears, as in the smaller cave. I seemed to be staring into night, boundless but starless.

The little man lowered the candle and held it close to the ground.

"She's here, I'm quite sure! She walked in her sleep, or perhaps—"

He checked himself savagely.

"Or what?" I whispered, with a breathless conviction that we were not alone in the cave.

"Oh, a lot of nonsense! She's a bit of a modernist in paleontology—won't admit that things pass on out of existence. I say, do you hear anything?"

I knew at once that I had heard it since we thrust through the cleft. What I had caught was motion—the motion of a body marvelously silent, but not quite attaining perfect noiselessness. I could only imagine that something almost formless, and of the color of a shadow, was close to us, and was changing its position at will. There was weight without heaviness—life, impalpable but solid.

"There!" barked Jennison excitedly. "There, on your right!"

I peered. In a certain spot the darkness seemed less opaque, but that was all. I

screwed my lids tight, and when I looked again the obscurity around me seemed unvaried.

"There's nothing there!" I said, my voice lifting a little.

Jennison laughed nervously.

"Of course there couldn't be, unless it were my wife. We'd better shout for her now, eh?"

There followed an extraordinary moment in which each of us waited for the other. The echoes clattered back, unburdened by reply.

"Look here," he said presently, "this won't do. We'd better separate, but keep in sight of each other's candles, eh?"

We stepped a few paces apart. When his tiny flame had dwindled to a pin-point, I continued on rather uncertainly. He must have been walking in dust, because his footsteps did not reach me; but a moment later there did reach me, and quite irresistibly, that ghastly sense of some invisible and extraneous motion. That Jennison, too, was aware of it was evident, for he stopped abruptly. Just then his light was obliterated.

"Hello!" he said sharply. "Your candle gone out?"

His flame blinked and reappeared. Something had flitted between us and paused for an instant.

"No," I answered shakily.

"Then what was that?"

As if in reply, the sound came suddenly nearer. Just as Jennison cried out a warning, I caught a glimpse of something dark and broad, and the candle was dashed from my hand.

"Are you hurt?"

The little man's voice cracked with alarm. I tried to speak, but words died on my lips. I stumbled toward him, my hands outstretched, when close against my face interposed an object which once again obscured Jennison's light. Instinctively I pushed it away, and my palm pressed for an amazing moment against something round and firm and warm. It was shaped like a man's shoulder.

Terror seized me with redoubled strength. Simultaneously there set up around us a quick pad-pad of flying feet that wove breathless circles in the gloom.

A few yards away I could see Jennison. He was ashen-gray, his wide mouth opening and closing loosely.

"This cave is—is inhabited!"

He croaked it out jerkily, his pupils expanding and contracting like the beam of a revolving light.

"By what?" I said helplessly.

The flying feet paused, as if the answer were of import to the invisible one.

"How in Heaven's name should I know? Did you touch it? It seemed close up."

I told him. He listened with a strange, half-stunned nodding of the head, as if there were rolling in on him waves of fierce new knowledge that rooted him out of a hitherto secure anchorage. Presently he looked at me with the timorous face of a child. He had been stripped naked, as it were, of preconceived theories.

"We've got to find my wife," he said simply.

I nodded, and with our backs to the thing that waited behind us we moved on. A moment later Jennison began to mutter.

"She said it was possible, and I laughed at her! We have always laughed, the whole lot of us."

He was apparently indifferent to the sliding tread that began to sound more distinctly behind us. Presently he stumbled a little over something apparently soft, then stopped with an exclamation. He was not more than twenty feet away, and in the small circle of yellow light I had a vivid picture of the little man kneeling over a mass of red flesh, from which a round bone protruded whitely. He put his face close to it.

The next thing I knew was a rush that came from behind—the rush of a half-naked body which, seeming to hurtle through the air, swooped down upon the carrion and twitched it up. The mass must have weighed fifty pounds, but to that touch it had no weight. I caught a photographic glimpse of Jennison keeling over, of a short, thick arm that snatched at the antelope flesh, of broad, bare shoulders that shimmered as if oiled, of a flat, dark face and eyes that gleamed like black diamonds. Then Jennison's candle went out, and there was heard only the dwindling patter of bare feet and the little man sucking back his breath in long, wheezing gulps.

"Better lie still a minute," I whispered.

The cover of his match-box began to rattle, and presently he got a light.

"I am going to look for my wife," he replied very distinctly.

He had no sooner said it than in the dark, close beside him, we heard a long,

shuddering sigh. It was a slow, painful suspiration as of life returning with travail and anguish. Jennison made a queer little noise in his throat and shuffled across on all fours.

"I've got her!" he gasped.

Then the strength seemed to go out of him, and for a long time he lay quite motionless.

## VI

THE cavern had dropped back into an abyss of silence when, finding our way by following the nearest wall, we toiled back to the cleft. Mrs. Jennison was apparently conscious.

"Go on! Go on!" she muttered, as we prepared to lay her down on her blankets; so we staggered forward to the starlight.

Jennison had not said a word, and when we got the fire going his wife dropped into the slumber of utter exhaustion.

After a long period of profound silence, the little man glanced at me with a curious expression.

"I say, will you sit here for a little? She'll sleep for some time yet."

I nodded, and in the gray dawn he turned up-hill. Watching the dwindling figure that mounted so slowly and presently disappeared over the shoulder of the ridge, I knew that this last and greatest experience of his was too prodigious to discuss, so he had gone to wrestle the thing out alone and to endeavor, if possible, to prop up the tottering structure of his science. It came over me in a wave that, after all, Mrs. Jennison was right, and that the dust did actually live.

A moment later I started at the sound of her voice. It was weak, but perfectly controlled. Her eyes were wide open, and she stared at me intently.

"I've been awake for some time, and I'm all right now. Is—is my husband out of sight?"

"He's gone for a little walk, I think," I stammered awkwardly. "Can I get you anything?"

She did not seem to hear, but a fine, vertical wrinkle deepened suddenly in her forehead.

"I want to speak to you now—very quickly—and you must understand me."

I had a conviction that there was but little of all this that I would ever fully understand.

"I'll try," I said gently.

"You see," she hastened on, "what has happened has proved that I was right, after all, even though it flies in the face of every scientific theory. That"—here her voice trembled, and the faint color fled from her cheeks—"that thing which was in the cave is what my husband holds to be impossible."

"I know," I said gravely; "but is it?"

Her hand shot out and fastened swiftly on mine.

"Oh, don't you see, it must be—for him and for every one except ourselves. Can't you imagine the effect on the world if all that has happened were made public? It would make paleontology a laughing-stock, and my husband the biggest jest of all. It would kill him!"

"But he knows now," I said steadily.

She shook her head, and again that ghastly pallor enshrouded her.

"There's nothing in the cave to prove it by—now."

I stared at her.

"You see," she persisted, "I always knew, somehow. I don't know how, but I felt it. I can't explain it any more than that. Now that it's all come about as I was convinced it would, I—"

"Then you are convinced?" I broke in.

I was aching to find some flaw in this poignant testimony. For answer she did not speak, but from a fold in her tweed cloak drew a strange weapon and laid it beside me. At sight of it my pulse faltered, then sped on intermittently.

"That has been made within the last few months and used within the last few hours," she whispered.

It was a stone ax, its flinty head chipped laboriously to a sharp edge and bound tightly to a short, stiff wooden haft with fairly fresh sinews. Its face was plastered with clotted blood and shreds of tawny-haired antelope-skin. It lay there, gory and deadly; amazingly primitive, yet just as amazingly a thing fashioned but yesterday. I had seen such axes in museums, and always they had carried me back through dusty ages. But this!

"Made and used and left by that which, according to all scientific facts, could not exist." Mrs. Jennison was speaking with low but painful distinctness. "Is it enough? I can't tell you now all that happened"—here she shuddered violently—"but I was not in real danger at any time. The—the dweller in the cave was afraid

of me, and tried to propitiate me with an offering of meat. I heard you both as soon as you began to search, but dared not shout. Then I think I fainted, and I came to myself just when—when my husband told you that the cave was inhabited. I knew what this"—she pointed at the ax—"would mean if he found it. It would disprove everything he has lived to prove!"

She broke off abruptly. In the windless air we could hear Jennison coming slowly back.

"Now, quick!" she panted suddenly. "Fling it out and down among the rocks! He must never find it—never! Oh, please, be quick!"

Something tingled strangely in my veins, and I snatched up the ax. A thrill ran through me as my grip tightened on the wooden handle, where mysterious and vise-like fingers had so lately fastened. For a stupendous instant I held it. It was one with the dust that still lived, and from the smooth fiber of the wood there surged into my blood a savage and primordial rapture. Little dancing clots flickered across my sight. Then I had a glimpse of Mrs. Jennison's face. It was pale and agonized.

"Now!" she implored. "Now! Oh, quickly—very quickly!"

Something within me leaped in answer. The ax made a slow circle round my head. Again I swung, and the wind whistled at its ghastly edge. Then, for the last time—till, rocketlike, it shot out and down. Dropping through space in a slowly flattening curve, it dwindled as it revolved, till, just as it vanished altogether, there came back a tiny tinkling sound, and we knew that it had been shattered into a thousand fragments.

Mrs. Jennison was leaning forward and regarding me with an intensity that compassed the sum of her psychic power. It was a look which signaled that she would trust me now and always, that what we had buried between us must remain forever buried, and that she called upon my very spirit itself to observe our pact.

Immediately after this we heard Jennison's voice as he hurried excitedly down-hill toward us.

"Are you all right, Julia?" he called.

She drew a long breath and moved unsteadily to meet him.

"Yes, quite—but," she added with a valiant little laugh, "I'm afraid my nightmares are becoming a fearful nuisance!"



# Having Eyes, We See Not

WHICH MAY PERHAPS BE DUE, AT LEAST IN PART, TO UNINTELLIGENT TEACHING  
IN OUR SCHOOLS

By Ella Frances Lynch

ONE day, on the Ringstrasse in Vienna, a poorly dressed boy, about twelve years old, happened on what was to him a novel sight. Behind the big plate-glass window of a coffee-house there were sitting, among the lounging, frivolous crowd, two motionless, abstracted gentlemen. Between them was a small table. On it was a checkered board, with curious ivory figures on the squares.

From time to time one of the men would move a figure, then remain speculatively idle until the other likewise changed the position of a figure and—what interested the boy most—took one of the pieces from the opposite side and placed it on his side. He had made, so it seemed to the boy, a profit. This was worth watching.

Hours passed, and still he stood watching. Finally he saw that some coins changed hands and the two men left.

The boy was puzzled. He came again the next day, and found the two gentlemen at the same mysterious business. He was curious to know more about it, and watched them attentively.

So many days passed, until the men noticed the watching boy. He would nod or shake his head in approval or disapproval, as the figures were moved.

"Let us call in that boy and find out why he watches us," suggested one of the players.

The lad was summoned. Urged to tell why he stood gazing into the window for long hours, day after day, he replied:

"You play some kind of game of which I now understand something."

"Do you, indeed?" asked the gentleman. "Sit down, then, my boy, and play a game with me."

The boy won the game.

The players were two great financiers, one Baron Albert Rothschild, the other Baron Kolisch, the first man to sell government bonds on the instalment plan. The boy was William Steinitz, afterward the world's champion chess-player.

At twelve years of age this friendless lad, born in Bohemia of Jewish parents, could neither read nor write; but necessity had taught him observation and reflection. He needed no instructor to teach him the intricate royal game of chess. He mastered it through his own efforts.

Last year one of our prominent educators was commissioned, at considerable expense, to make an investigation of school conditions in France. On his return he summed up the result of his observation as being that "French children are still being educated, although the difficulties are greater now than in peace times."

Of course, this wonderful discovery is very helpful to us, and well worth the money spent. No doubt he observed other things and will describe them in his forthcoming report. Let us anticipate that happy event by reproducing the observations made, somewhat after the method of young Steinitz, by a French observer whom the war-clouds have driven to our shores, and who has rewarded our sympathy by taking us into his confidence and giving us the result of his efforts to compare the systems of public instruction over here and over there.

Before quoting our friendly critic, let me say that no one, least of all the French schoolmaster, claims perfection for the French system of public instruction. He does not maintain that under this system the human mind is reaching its highest possible development. But in view of the generally acknowledged fact that French



students, as well as other European students, are two years in advance of American students, it behooves us to scatter the ashes of humility on our heads and accept suggestions.

#### A FRENCH VIEW OF OUR SCHOOLS

This is what *monsieur le professeur* says. Characteristically, he begins with a complimentary expression:

"This is not my first visit to your great and beautiful country, the glorious citadel of liberty and brotherhood. I came here five years ago. Shortly after arriving, I asked a youth the purpose of a red iron box which I saw at the street corner. He jeeringly replied:

"Oh, come off!"

"When I apologizingly explained that it was my earnest desire to understand the purpose of the box, he good-naturedly told me it was the 'rigamajig you ring in case of fire.'

"'Rigamajig' interested me. One object of my visit was to investigate the causes of the careless and inexact speech attributed to Americans. I went to the schools. I found that it was as many had said. Recitations went with pell-mell rush. The quantity of information was simply torrential. The quality? Seemingly a matter of no moment. The aim? To fit the pupil to the Procrustean bed of the prescribed program. The results? Fatty degeneration of brain-cells, sclerosis of understanding, strangulation of interest, and a certifying diploma.

"That was five years ago. American educators were then shaking their heads and predicting that things would have to grow worse before they could grow better. For myself, I believed that any change whatsoever must be for the better. But no! My curves were wrong, to use a modern expression. Let me illustrate.

"I recently observed a teacher reviewing her sixth-grade pupils for an approaching history test. She emitted—is not that what you say?—the most bewildering array of facts, unrelated, so far as her pupils could see, as to time or place or sequence or interdependence. The earth was hers and the fulness thereof. From Father Abraham to Papa Joffre, from Beersheba to Verdun, from Mephistopheles to the Kaiser, she swept that helpless group of children. To be exact, she reviewed them from page seven to the mathematical center of the

book, with an occasional side-glance at current events and some profound oracular dicta concerning the world war.

"At first, facts were marshaled into the young mind as Noah filled his house-boat, in ordered ranks, by two and two. Soon the pace was accelerated, and facts came trooping by tens and dozens. When the children visibly drooped under this treatment, she tried to revive them with stray questions.

#### RAPID-FIRE QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"'Thousands of mourners followed the great man's bier. Children, what is a bier?'

"'Long, gray whiskers, like Santa Claus has,' piped a little girl.

"'No, no,' the teacher corrected. 'It is something that a dead person rests on.'

"Again she went careering through time and space.

"'Think of this, children! A single dam turned the course of the flood. Joseph, what is a dam?'

"'Sumpthen that stops sumpthen,' answered Joseph readily enough.

"'Good!' crisply commented the teacher, and she was off again, until checked in her mad flight by a geometrical term. 'Class, what is a triangle?'

"'Sumpthen this shape,' proffered a boy in the front row, laying thumbs and forefingers together as one might conventionalize the heart of St. Valentine.

"'Right!'

"The next informational plunge took the class into government.

"'Lucy, what is a republic?'

"'It is where everybody does as he likes, whether he wants to or not,' little Lucy fairly screamed out in her hurry.

"The lesson over, with the teacher's permission I asked the question:

"'What is an apple?'

"Possibly the best answer I received was:

"'Something good to eat with seeds in it.'

"I do not hold the teacher responsible for this. She was doing what was required of her, against her better judgment. She remarked pathetically to me:

"'I hate to teach these unfortunate children in such an absurd way. I know only too well what to-morrow's test will bring forth. They have to learn so much, and they know so little. *Que voulez-vous?* Modern civilization has its slaves!'

"Next afternoon I visited a schoolroom in another school. It was empty. The class had gone with their teacher to study the industries of the neighborhood—an Italian soling boots, a German baking bread, an Englishman selling soda-water, a Mexican roasting peanuts, an Alsatian shaving chins. Next day I was present when the teacher and her twelve-year-olds discussed for forty minutes the condition of labor and the betterment of the working classes. The uplift chorus was stimulatingly beautiful. The jarring note came from a little girl who pertly remarked:

"My mother says we needn't travel around the neighborhood to look at people work. She wishes you'd make us learn to read and write, so we can earn our own living some time before we are fifty."

"In this class I asked the question:

"Girls, how do you find one-fourth of a number?"

"Of course everybody knew. 'Turn upside down and multiply!'"

"That was enough for me. Propose such a question to any group of people untrained to see things as they actually are and to describe exactly what they see; you will not fare any better.

#### TEACHING THROUGH OBSERVATION

"In France we hold that every one who can express exactly and unmistakably what he means has had a good education. We are required to train our pupils first to observe, and then to describe clearly and exactly. A child would not be asked to define dams, which he had not seen, or democracies, which he did not understand, until he had learned to look at an object intelligently and tell what he saw.

"In French schools children begin by describing simple things—a chair, a book, a table, a dog, a fish, and such like. Even a very young child must first try to understand the question asked and then answer that question. He cannot escape effort, or hide ignorance, by vague replies. This kind of training continues all the way through school in a systematic, methodical way. We call it '*L'enseignement par les yeux et l'aspect*'—teaching through observation.

"What is the result of such progressive training in the use of the senses? Real knowledge!"

I thanked the professor. Steinitz had been explained. He not only used his eyes; he intelligently used all his senses. That

is how he became the world-famed chess-player.

Some advanced writers would have us modern supermen believe that in place of five senses we have five and twenty, such as the muscular sense, the sense of weight, the sense of temperature, the predatory sense, the spectro-analytical sense, and so forth all the way through to the nonsense. It would almost seem that they classify a special sense for every sensation.

Knowledge is based on something that precedes it. It depends upon the clearness and completeness of our impressions. As the mind gets its information solely through the gateways of the senses, it is evident that understanding and judgment will be in direct ratio to the perceptions received, just as a court's judgment can be fair only after all the evidence has been faithfully presented.

Dulness, stupidity, thick-headedness, are terms often used to explain failure in making a living or planning a life. In most cases stupidity is merely the outcome of failure to observe intelligently.

Looking at things does not signify seeing things. Many people go through life without a clear idea of such simple things as an animal, a tree, a sound. They cannot reason clearly, for they lack the definite knowledge of particular things in the concrete on which reasoning must be based; they have not learned to observe.

The child taught to observe, and to think before it speaks, will acquire caution and precision, the sources of truth. Observation means reflection and application, so essential to strength and character in the individual and in the nation.

Observation is the first step in language-building. First comes the idea, then the word to fit the idea. Fidelity of observation enables man, in a measure, to relive the birth and development of our wonderful language. With senses trained to gather exact impressions from his surroundings, no one is ignorant, even though unschooled. The company of an observant person is an education in itself.

Where to place the blame for the lack of observation, or seeing, as our friend the professor understands it, is another matter. Let us not blame the teachers until we have repudiated these educationists who themselves have never learned to see things as they are, and could not faithfully describe an ape or an apple.

# *The Wars of Napoleon*

*A Series of Paintings Showing France's Greatest Soldier  
in Triumph and Defeat*



NAPOLÉON AT RIVOLI

At Rivoli, in the valley of the Adige, Napoleon, a twenty-seven-year-old commander-in-chief, decisively defeated the Austrians under Alvinczy. January 14, 1797

From the painting by Philippoteaux



#### NAPOLEON AND THE GUARD AT JENA

The Prussian army had acquired great prestige under Frederick the Great, but in 1806 Napoleon practically destroyed it in a three weeks' campaign—  
The decisive battle of Jena was fought October 14, 1806

From the painting by Horace Vernet



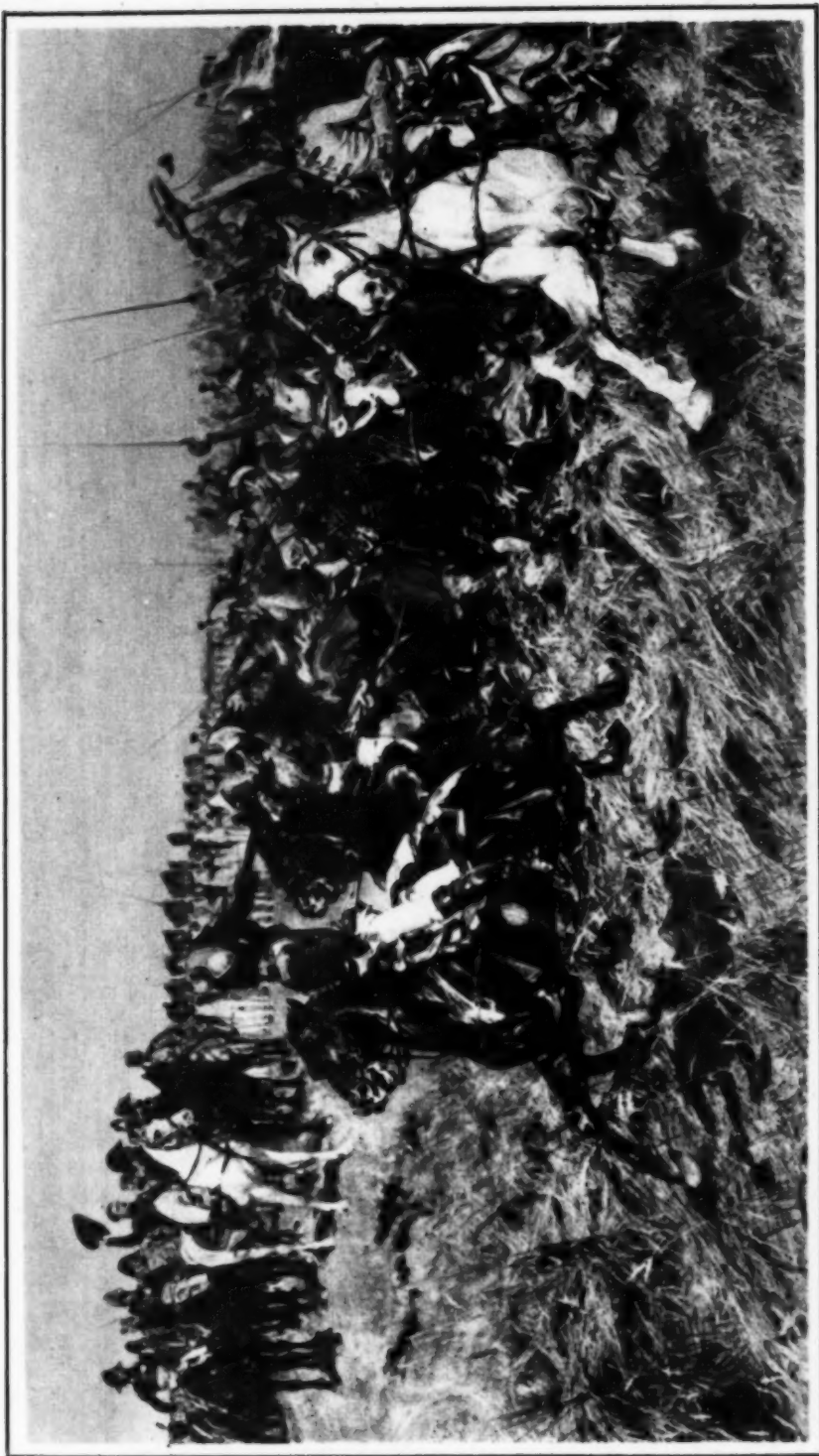


NAPOLEON ON THE BATTLE-FIELD OF EYLAU

Having crushed Prussia, Napoleon moved against the Russians, and on February 7 and 8, 1807, fought a bloody but indecisive battle at Eylau—The picture shows the emperor among the Russian wounded

From the painting by Baron Gros

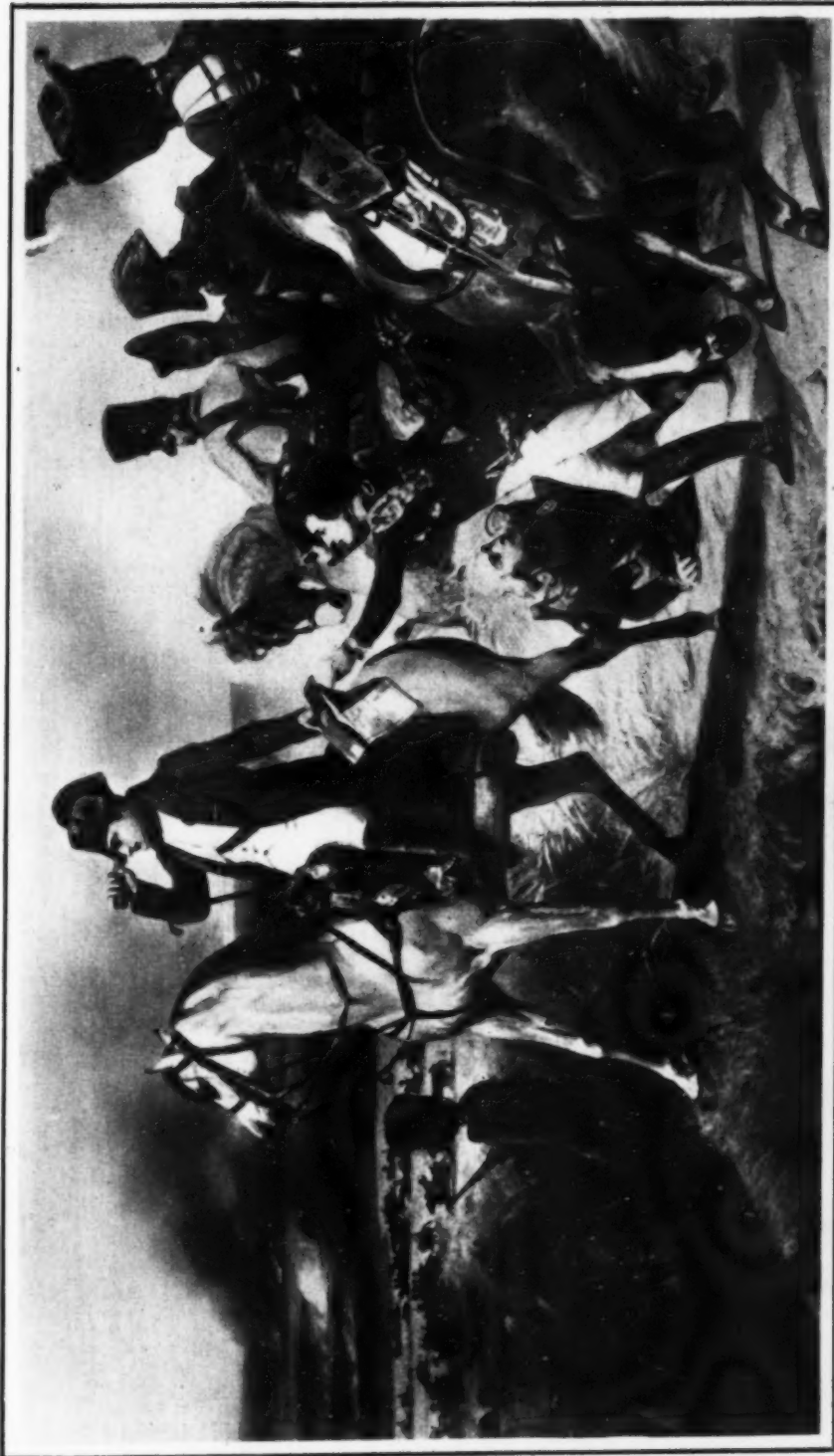




#### NAPOLÉON AT FRIEDLAND

Four months after Eylau Napoleon decisively defeated the Russians under Bennigsen at Friedland (June 14, 1807)—Peace with Russia followed, leaving him practically the dictator of continental Europe

From the painting by Meissonier



NAPOLEON AT WAGRAM

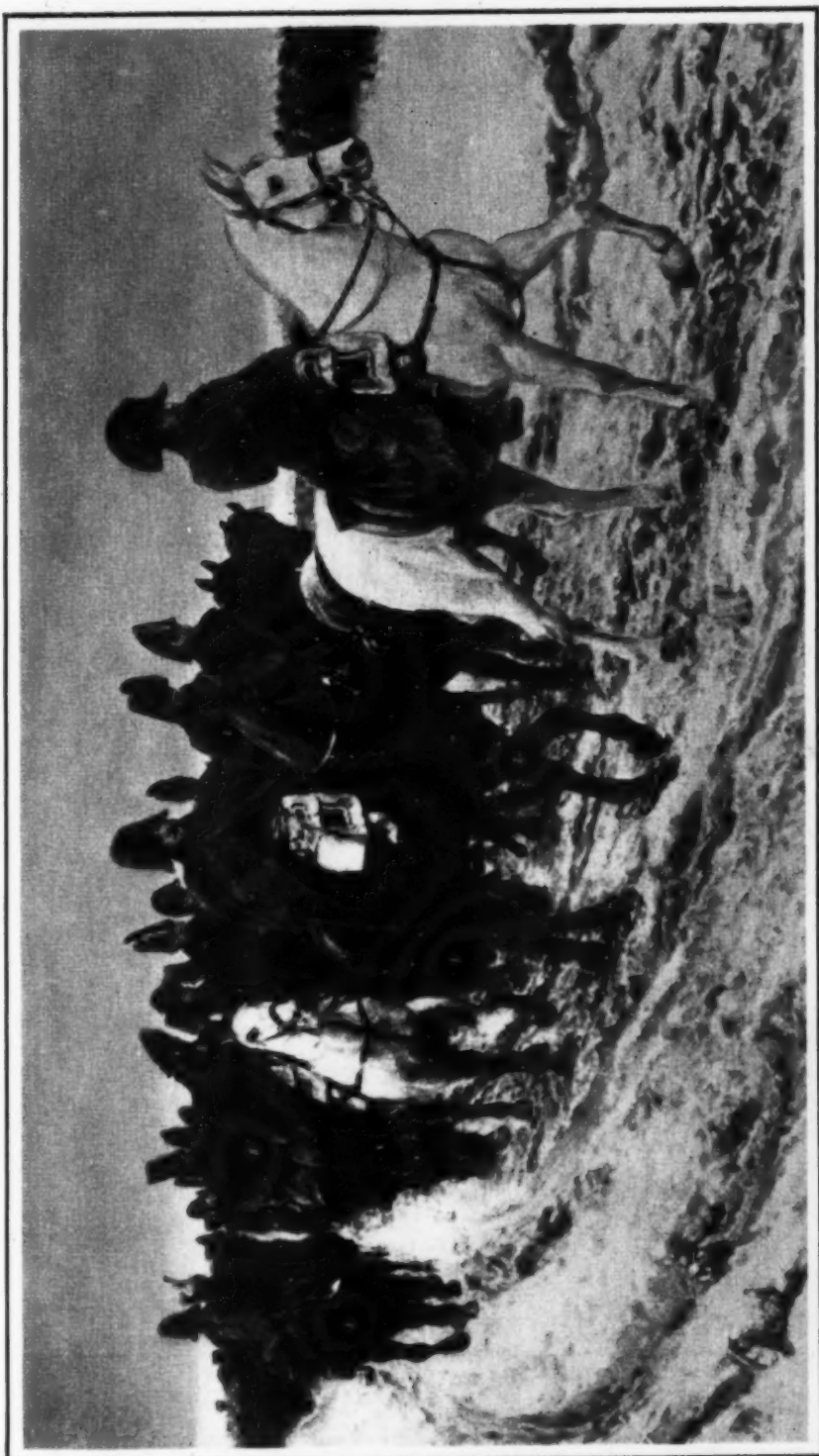
In 1809 the Austrians renewed the struggle, and defeated Napoleon at Aspern, but were conquered in the great battle of Wagram (July 6, 1809)—  
The picture shows Napoleon on his white Persian horse, Ephrates  
From the painting by Horace Vernet



#### NAPOLEON IN THE KREMLIN OF MOSCOW

Having invaded Russia and occupied Moscow, Napoleon lost the fruits of victory when a great fire destroyed the city and left his army without shelter and supplies for the approaching winter (September, 1812)

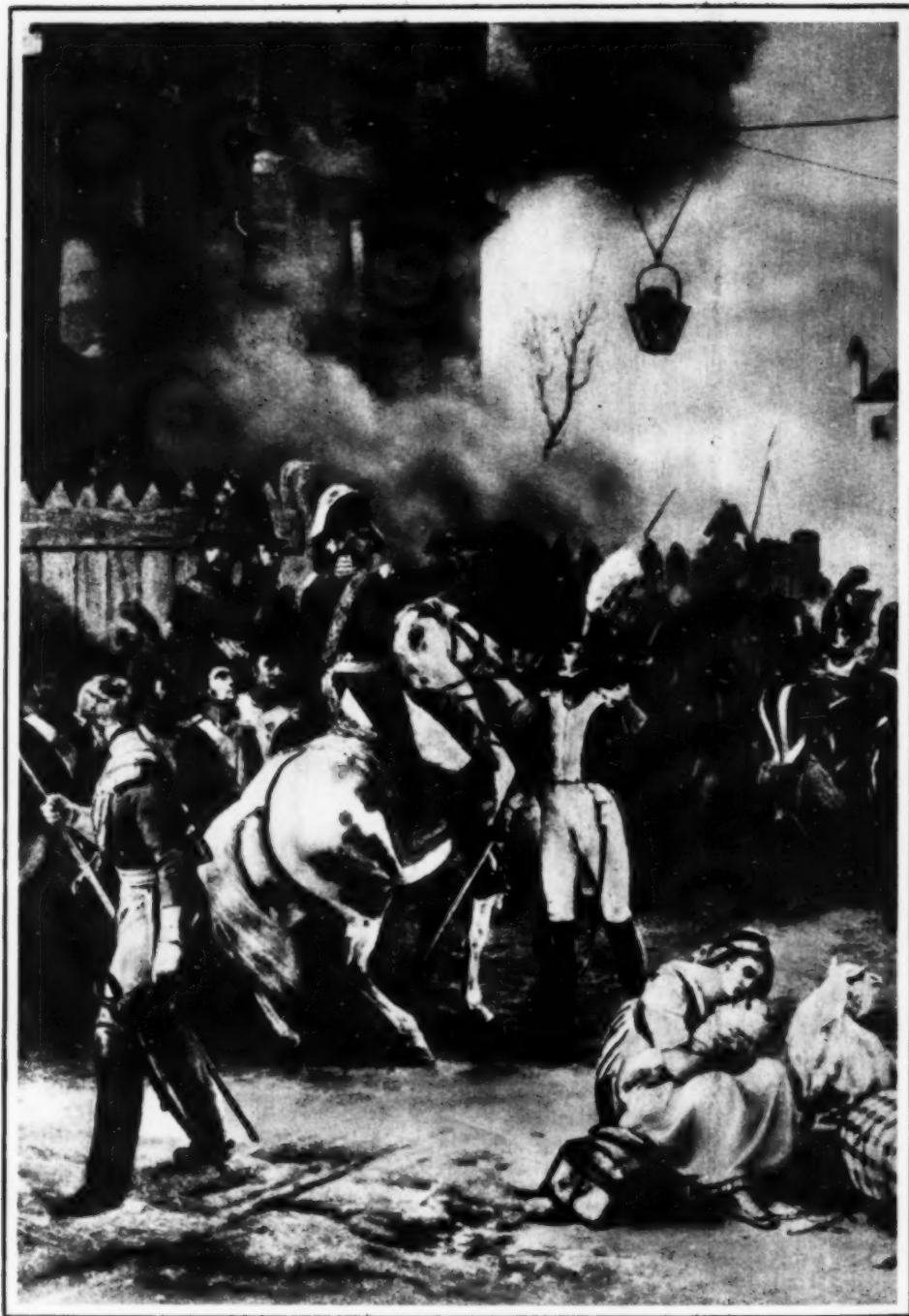
From the painting by Orange



NAPOLEON IN 1814

After the disasters of 1812 in Russia and of 1813 in Germany, Napoleon fought a brilliant but hopeless defensive campaign in France (January to March, 1814)—The picture shows him on the march with his staff

From the painting by Meissonier



#### THE DEFENSE OF PARIS

The picture shows Marshal Moncey directing the defense of the Barrière de Clichy against the Austrians, Russians, and Prussians attacking Paris (March 30, 1814)

From the painting by Horace Vernet



# Coal for Next Winter

WILL THERE BE ANOTHER COAL FAMINE?—WHAT HAS BEEN DONE, AND WHAT MORE CAN BE DONE, TO OVERCOME THE CAUSES THAT BROUGHT ABOUT LAST WINTER'S DISASTROUS SHORTAGE

By D. C. Ashmead and John E. Bechdolt

IN former summers, the coal-bin was a more or less forgotten corner of the cellar. To-day no part of the house is more earnestly discussed, or more constantly in our thoughts. It haunts us at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and it figures largely in our nightmares.

The once humble and subservient coal-bin has opened its capacious maw in a cry of hunger that has been heard all over this nation. Learned doctors and powerful statesmen are in consultation about its ailments. Its tears are no longer unheeded. Its every new symptom is the cause for fresh alarms. All of the United States east of the Rocky Mountains may be said to be sitting up at night by the bedside of the grimy urchin.

The reason?

The story begins with the grim memories of last winter, the months of bitter cold and grievous anxiety, the heatless, lightless, workless days and weeks when Americans for the first time realized the power of King Coal. It was a lesson not easily forgotten. That it has not been forgotten is proved by the flood of advance orders which throughout the spring swamped the men whose business it is to distribute coal to the American householder. Heretofore it has been principally the householder who was blamed for short-sightedness by the coal-broker, for most business concerns figured their needs and placed their contracts well ahead of time. This year the householder is as fully awake to his needs as anybody in the nation, and dealers in every large city of the country report themselves as having more orders than they can fill.

At the time when this article was written, in the early days of May, the outlook

was not promising, and the dealers had little hope of being able to supply the demand. If the prospect brightens, if American homes are kept warm next winter, it will be due to a sudden speeding up of production and distribution, or it will prove that at last we Americans have learned how to economize in using fuel.

Without a doubt, coal will be scarce next winter. Not that there is not enough of it in the United States. The Geological Survey estimates our reserve supply at something more than eight trillions of tons, enough to make a solid lump eighteen miles long, eighteen miles wide, and eighteen miles high.

Not that enough coal cannot be mined. In spite of government price-fixing, which operators predicted would interfere with production, we mined more than six hundred and fifty million tons of coal in 1917. We have the men and machinery to mine more in 1918.

## THE CAUSES OF COAL SHORTAGE

Where, then, does the trouble lie? Chiefly, it appears, in increased consumption and in increased difficulty of distribution, both of which conditions are due to the war.

Behind all governmental regulation of coal-mining, behind government control of the railroads, are the grim necessities of the greatest war the world has known. Opinions may differ—and do sharply differ—as to the efficiency of governmental regulation, but the wise man must accept the facts, understand the harsh necessities of the case, and prepare to meet the conditions that confront him.

The people of the United States must save fifty million tons of coal in 1918,



"STRIPPING," THE SIMPLEST AND CHEAPEST METHOD OF MINING COAL, EMPLOYED WHERE THE VEIN (SEEN IN THE CENTER AND RIGHT OF THE PICTURE) IS CLOSE TO THE SURFACE

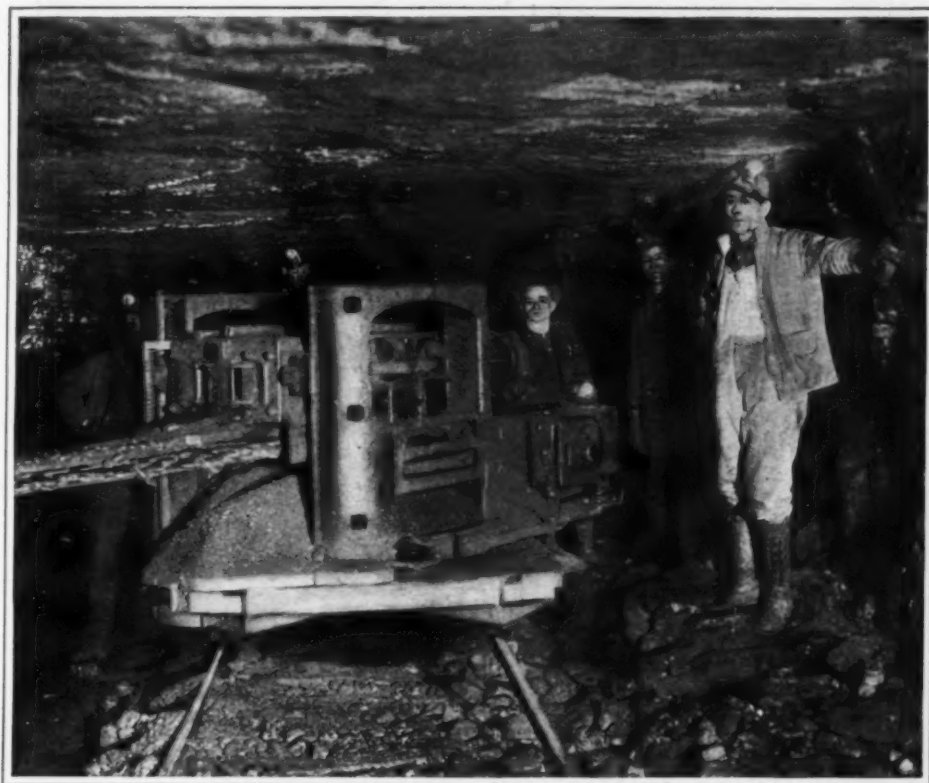


A HILLSIDE MINE ON THE TUG RIVER, IN WEST VIRGINIA--BEHIND THE BRIDGE IS A GRAVITY PLANE, DOWN WHICH LOADED CARS RIDE TO THE TIPPLE, HAULING BACK THE EMPTY CARS ON A PARALLEL TRACK

declares the Fuel Administration. America must furnish, for herself and her Allies, one hundred million more tons of coal than normally. Half of this increased amount can be mined from the ground; the other half must be saved by economy in the use of fuel.

This year our munition plants, working on a twenty-four-hour schedule, will use

Before America entered the war, one-half of the country's available railroad tonnage was used for transporting coal. The Fuel Administration claims that American shops cannot build enough coal-cars in a year to have a noticeable effect in remedying the present shortage. Shortage of locomotives is another of the handicaps of the railroads, and old-time engines,



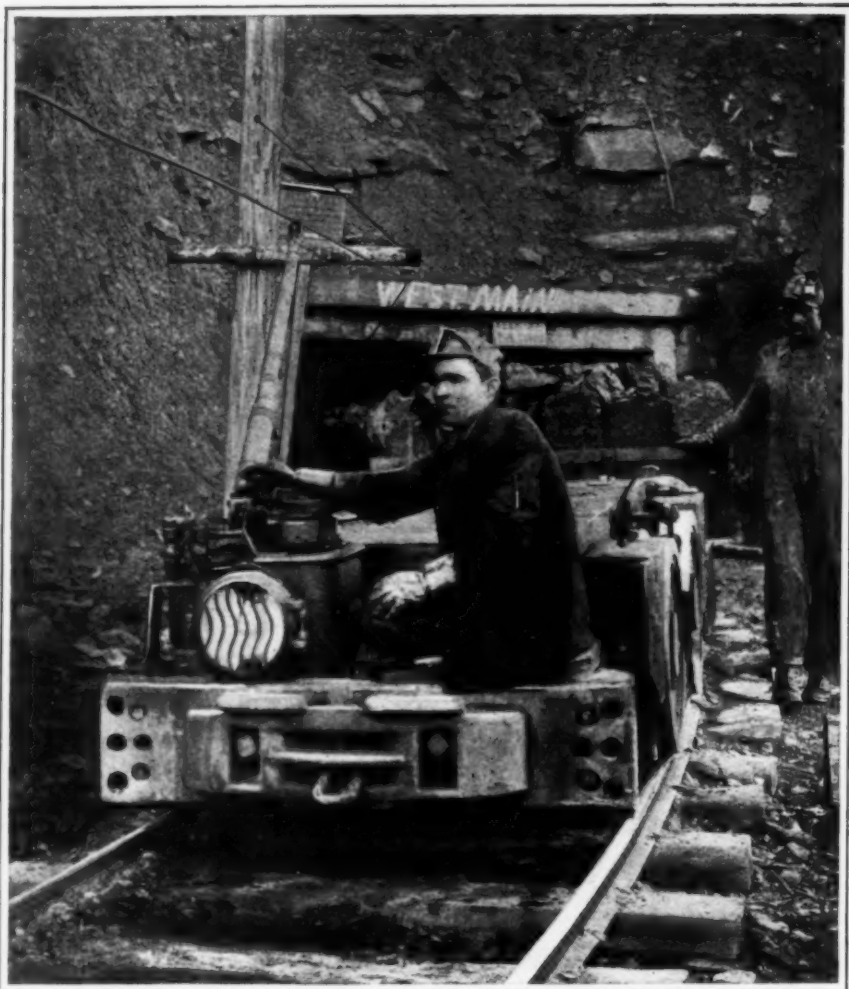
A COAL-CUTTING MACHINE IN OPERATION IN A MINE GALLERY—THESE MECHANICAL MINERS WILL DO THE WORK OF MANY OLD-TIME PICK LABORERS

from one-third to one-half more coal than last year. The shipping that carries our soldiers and military supplies abroad will make unusual inroads on the nation's coal-bin. The army cantonments will need much coal. The increased production of steel, made necessary by war demands, will use vast quantities of coal—four tons of bituminous coal to each ton of steel product. Textile mills are being speeded up and will want more coal. The railroads, most insatiable of all coal-consumers, will burn no less than one hundred and seventy-five million tons this year.

pressed into service, are blamed for wasting coal.

While there have been apparent discrepancies between the views of the Fuel Administration and those of the Railroad Administration, the official authorities seem to agree that America's coal problem is primarily a problem of distribution.

We all know that coal, both bituminous and anthracite, is mined from the earth where nature stored it millions of years ago. The photographs accompanying this article tell the story of the black fuel from the time the vein is uncovered. The stages



THE MODERN SUCCESSOR OF THE MINE MULE—A TROLLEY LOCOMOTIVE HAULING A TRAIN OF LOADED CARS OUT OF A COAL-MINE

*From a copyrighted photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York*

of its progress after leaving the mine have the closest bearing on the present situation.

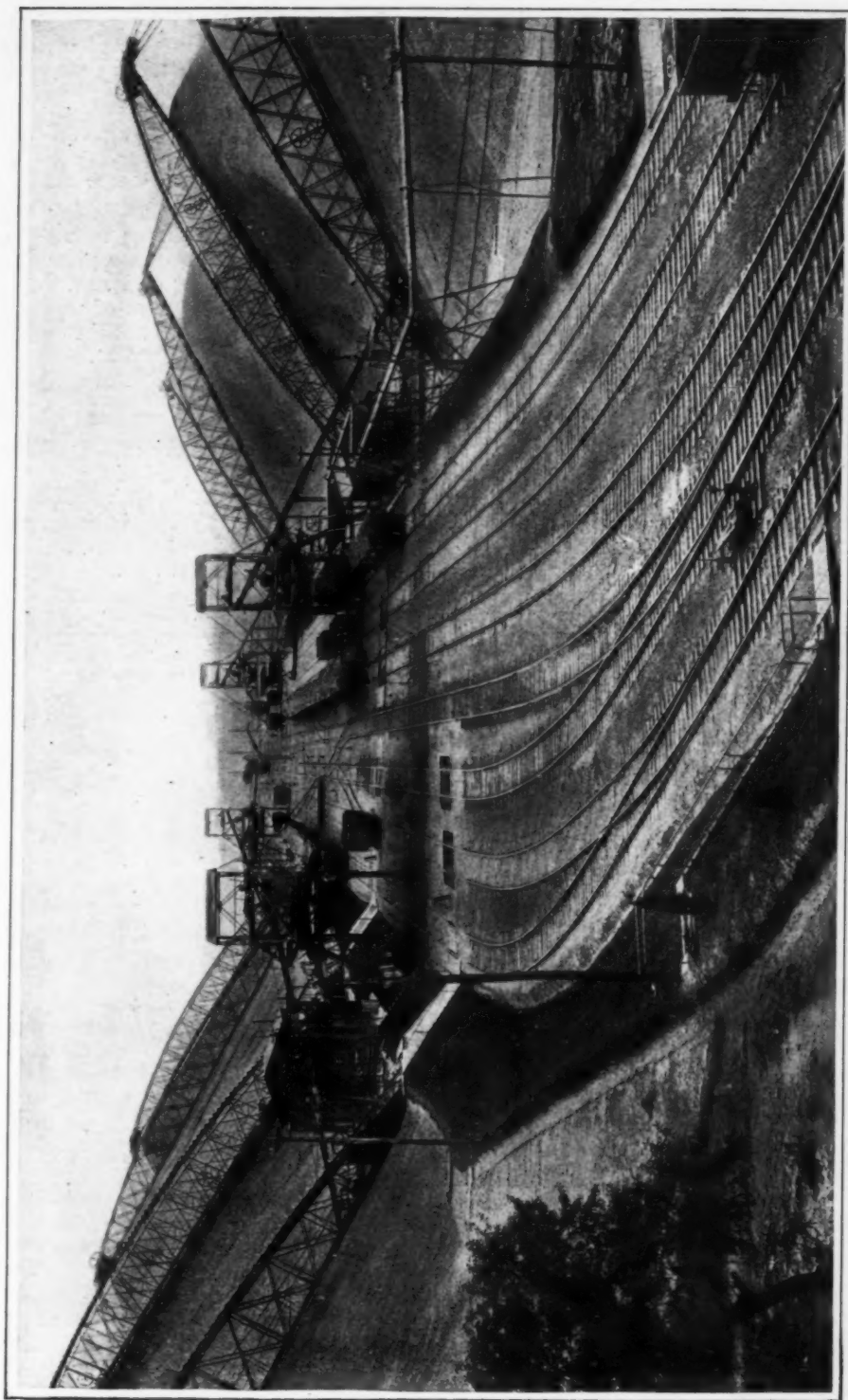
#### FROM THE MINE TO THE FURNACE

After it has been handled at tipple or breaker, the coal is loaded into cars for shipment; but very few mining companies sell direct to a consumer. The coal-broker is the first party to coal-selling. He is a wholesaler who supplies smaller dealers and large consumers, and to some extent a speculator who gambles on the price of coal for the ensuing year. Since the government has fixed an arbitrary price, his gamble is now a limited one.

As the broker is able to take the entire output of a mine, his position in the coal business seems established, though he rarely sees a lump of coal. He collects the difference between selling price and purchase price—and the ultimate consumer pays the piper; but he has a legitimate business in the handling of large amounts of fuel.

Before last April, his salesmen used to travel over many States, taking orders. Often, under this system, coal from one district traveled across several other mining districts to reach the consumer's bin. This meant much unnecessary work for the railroads.





A STORAGE YARD FOR ANTHRACITE, WITH BUCKET ELEVATORS FOR UNLOADING AND RELOADING THE COAL—BITUMINOUS COAL IS NOT STORED IN THESE GREAT PILES, OWING TO THE DANGER OF SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION



The retail dealer, who is served by the wholesaler, is the man known to the American householder and to the smaller business concerns. He distributes coal to the bins and furnaces.

The actual physical distribution of coal has always been clumsy and wasteful. The mining company would receive orders from broker or jobber to ship its day's output to various consumers, scattered far and wide. The cars were loaded and collected by the railroad's mine crew, and delivered to the nearest railroad yard. There they were weighed and distributed into trains according to their several destinations—all of which meant delay and work for switching-engines.

At the division points more switching was required. It is calculated that the average coal-car made only nine and one-half round trips in a year and traveled but twenty miles a day.

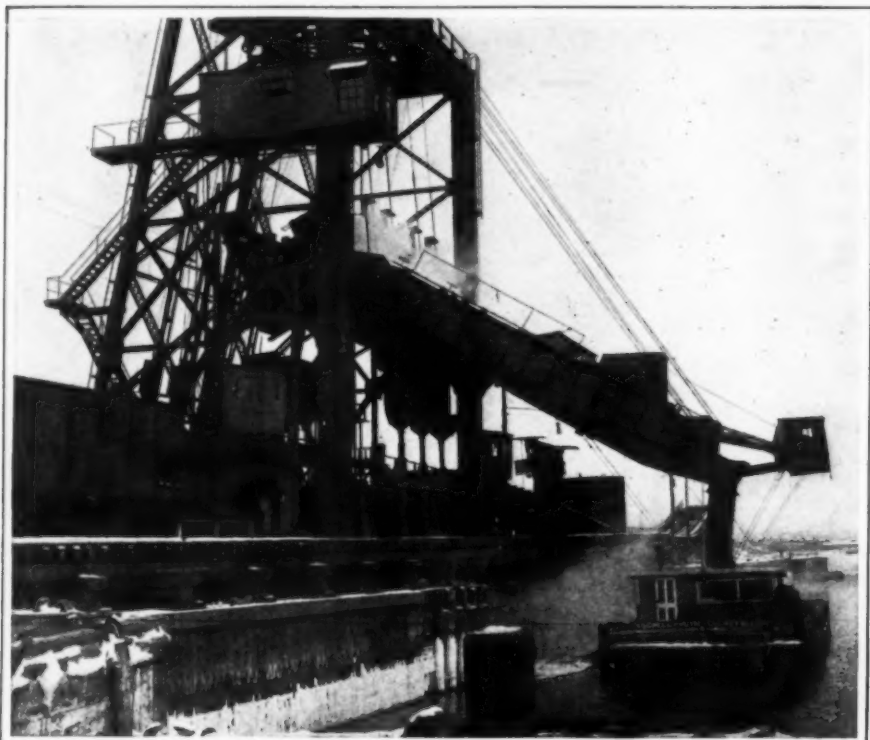
On reaching its final destination, a coal-car is attached to an engine which delivers it to the side-track for unloading. This

side-track may be a switch in a freight-yard, a private siding in a retail dealer's yard, a storage-yard, a terminal dock, or a manufacturing or power plant.

It is usually from a switch in a freight-yard that the retail dealer takes his fuel by wagon or auto-truck to the consumer. Unloading is done by hand; in cold weather it is retarded by freezing, and delay and freight-yard congestion is the rule. The engraving on page 366 shows a more efficient method of handling coal at a dock; but the dealer on whom most of us small consumers must depend has not the capital to invest in such an equipment. His is the most expensively handled of all coal.

#### WORK OF THE FUEL ADMINISTRATION

On August 23, 1917, when the President appointed Dr. Garfield head of the United States Fuel Administration, with full power to regulate the nation's coal business, the price of bituminous coal had risen as high as ten dollars a ton at the mines—an unheard-of figure. Almost coincident with



MODERN APPARATUS FOR UNLOADING COAL, WHICH RAISES A LOADED CAR AND DUMPS ITS CONTENTS INTO A CHUTE—A CAR-LOAD OF COAL CAN BE HANDLED EVERY FIVE MINUTES

*From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service*



ANTHRACITE COAL PASSING THROUGH A BREAKER IN WHICH IT IS SORTED INTO ITS VARIOUS SIZES  
—LUMP, STEAMBOAT, EGG, STOVE, NUT, PEA, BARLEY, RICE, BUCKWHEAT, AND CULM

the appointment of Dr. Garfield the President had fixed the price of bituminous coal not already contracted for at figures varying in different districts from \$1.95 to \$3.25 a ton, a single price applying to the whole of each district. While fair in the main, this regulation had its drawbacks, inasmuch as the cost of operating mines differs sharply and the quality of fuel is not uniform throughout a district.

At about the same time a Presidential order fixed the price of anthracite coal. In October, 1917, an increase of forty-five cents a ton was allowed in the price charged by the mines, because of an increase in the wages paid to miners. The profits allowed to brokers and jobbers were also fixed—at fifteen cents a ton on bituminous coal, while on anthracite a profit of twenty cents a ton was authorized east of Buffalo and thirty cents a ton west of that point. If more than one broker or jobber handled the coal, only a single commission could be charged.

The Fuel Administration further modified the fixed price to the mines so that an operator who could show that he was not getting fair treatment would be allowed more for his product,

Next the price allowed the retail dealer was fixed, the maximum profit permitted being thirty per cent greater than his profit in 1915.

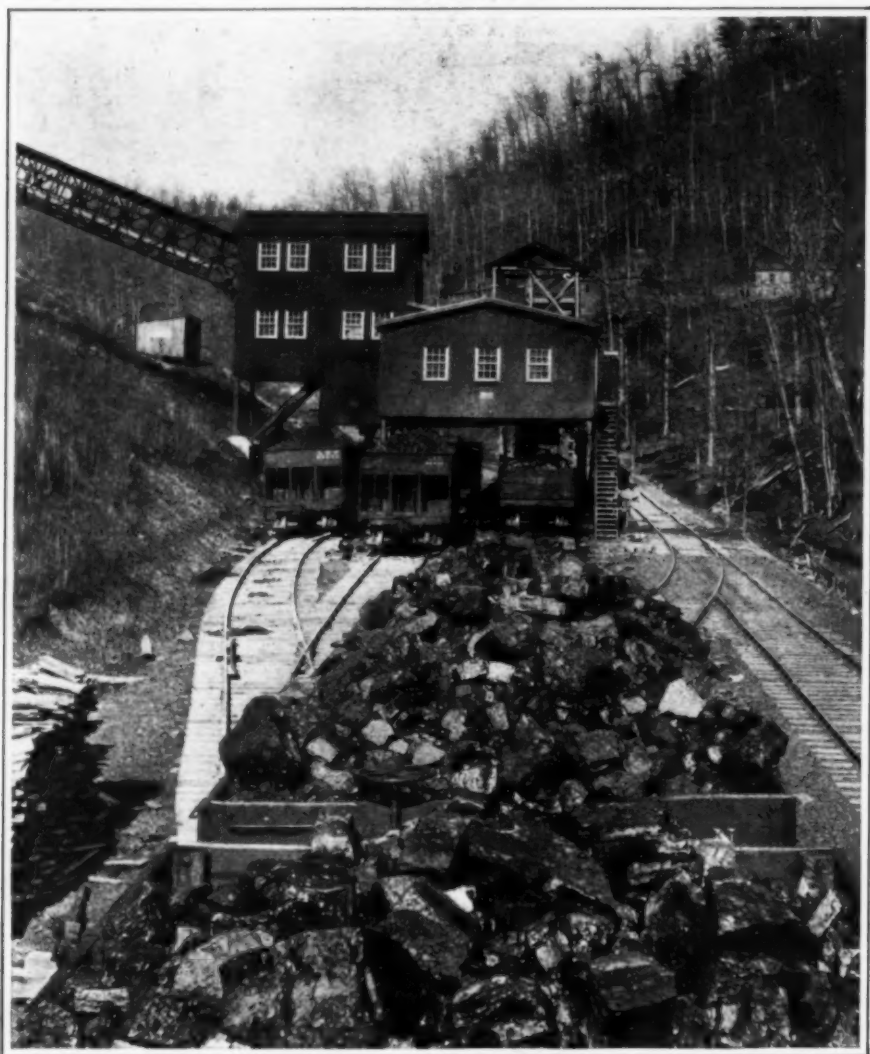
The attempts of the Fuel Administration to meet last winter's shortage of coal by restricting the use of light and heat and ordering compulsory holidays are still vivid in the public's memory. Painful as the operation was, it seems to have effected a considerable saving of fuel.

Dr. Garfield's next effort was to simplify the distribution of coal. On the 1st of April an order was issued establishing a system of zones for this purpose, so as to abolish or diminish the cross-hauling of coal. Under the former competitive plan of coal-selling, as has been pointed out, coal from one mining district frequently crossed other coal-producing fields on its way to the ultimate consumer, at a tremendous waste of time, car-supply, and engine-power. Some of the large coal-jobbers sold throughout the entire territory east of the Mississippi River.

It is estimated that the zone system, in full operation, will save the railroads one hundred and sixty million car-miles—that is, an amount of work equal to hauling one

hundred and sixty million cars over a distance of one mile. It should enable the companies' existing stock of coal-cars to make a total of three hundred thousand additional trips a year—or, in other words,

tions affecting railroad transportation. If the country were divided into smaller zones or districts, each to be supplied by a certain group of mines, coal could be shipped in solid train-loads from the mine to the zone



A TRAIN-LOAD OF BITUMINOUS COAL LEAVING THE TIPPLE—THE COAL IS CONVEYED FROM THE MINE TO THE TIPPLE BY THE TRESTLE AT THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE

to haul fifteen million additional tons of coal in twelve months.

It seems probable that the distribution system might be further improved by changing the manner of local coal administration. The official activities are now governed by State boundaries, which have very little relation to the physical condi-

in which it was to be used. This would release a large number of locomotives—perhaps three thousand—now used in switching. The car-supply would likewise be improved, as the coal would travel shorter distances. A rough estimate promises a twenty-five-per-cent increase in car-efficiency through the resultant saving of time.

Then let the local administrators govern a railroad division, instead of a political territory. Each administrator, in daily touch with his consumers and his mines, would know the day's needs beforehand, and would be able to route coal from mine to consumer most efficiently.

There is another defect in the production of coal that needs remedy. The American mines have this year produced a lower-grade fuel than ever before. Normally from five to ten per cent of our coal is waste, but during the days of last winter's acute coal famine, the percentage ran as high as thirty.

This means that our already sadly overburdened railroads have been hauling a vast tonnage of incombustible and worthless slate or shale, taking up valuable space with refuse which eventually caused damage to furnaces, property, and health, and added to the cost of ash-disposal in every city.

Federal inspection of coal at the mine would remedy this evil. Coal can be produced free from slate and rock, and if mining companies were fined for selling coal containing an undue percentage of waste, there would be more careful picking before it was shipped. It is conservative to say that five per cent more fuel could then be loaded into the same number of railroad cars, and this would bring about an increase in production and distribution of more than thirty million tons of real coal.

An item of news that appeared last April holds out a little hope of relief to users of coal. The Railroad Administration announced the taking over of the New York State Barge Canal, which, with its connecting waterways, all under Federal railroad control, makes it possible to transport freight by water all the way from Chicago and Duluth to New York. Director-General McAdoo is quoted as estimating that the canal system will relieve the railroads of hauling ten million tons of freight every year.



EDWARD J. BERWIND, HEAD OF THE BERWIND-WHITE AND OTHER IMPORTANT COAL-MINING COMPANIES

In old days the first bituminous coal traveled by water, after being hauled about fifteen miles by wagon to the Cumberland Canal. It is doubtful if there would now be any saving in hauling coal to the canals, but indirectly, by taking some of the freight from our overburdened railroads, the use of the canals may help in solving the coal problem.

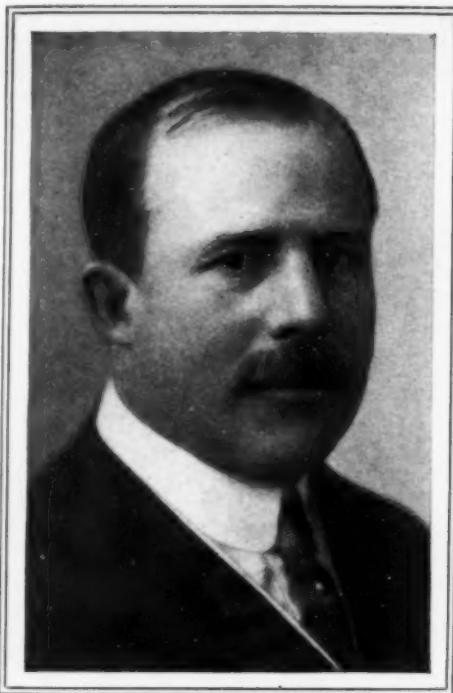
In April, moreover, the nation began saving daylight. When the clocks were set ahead an hour, it was with the hope of realizing the prediction of various authorities that by so doing America could save about a million tons of coal during the summer.

The Fuel Administration is making further efforts to deal with the coal situation. Unfortunately they do not promise such painless conservation as daylight-saving. Recently Dr. Garfield eliminated Washington and Baltimore from the distribution of smokeless coal produced in western Pennsylvania, Maryland, and West Virginia. More drastic orders against the use

of smokeless coal were promised.

The increasing needs of our war-ships, transports, and supply-ships have caused this restriction. In the submarine zone, smokeless coal is as valuable as life-boats to many a transport; and our transport fleet has been increasing at such a rate that other cities, now proud of their unstained skies, may have to put up with a certain amount of smoke and soot in order that the bunkers of our vessels may be properly filled.

That is an indication of what may come in the way of

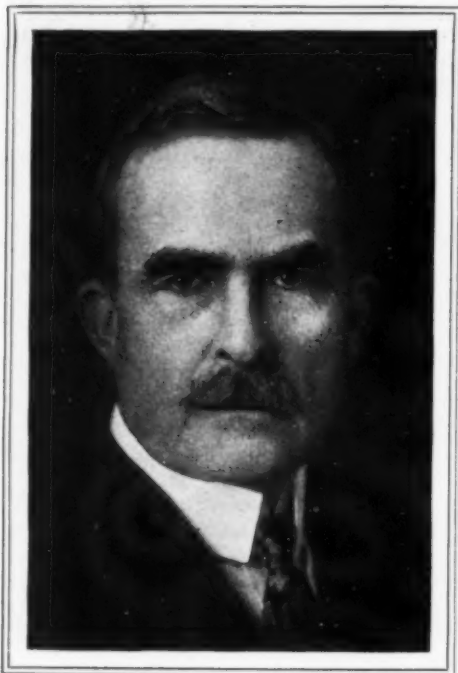


F. S. PEABODY, PRESIDENT OF THE PEABODY COAL COMPANY, OF CHICAGO

fresh fuel-saving orders. How drastic they will be, whether America will return to "Garfield holidays" next winter, depends very largely upon the American householder.

The question is not "Can we save fuel?" but "Are we willing to learn?" If three pounds of coal could be saved every day for each person in the United States, in a year the nation would have saved fifty-five million tons. This saving is quite possible without sacrificing the comfort of warm homes in winter.

There are other sources of heat and power more efficient, much better in every



THOMAS H. WATKINS, PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL AND COKE CORPORATION



WILLIAM K. FIELD, PRESIDENT OF THE PITTSBURGH COAL COMPANY



way, than coal; but the shining black fuel is established in our present civilization. It is useless to hope for a revolution that will instantly displace the clumsy, sooty coal-bin that rules our affairs with such little mercy.

Some interesting discoveries were made

gas that rusts metal work; escaping gas in the house injures carpets and curtains; and the residue of ash does its bit in increasing the fuel bill. The collection and disposal of ashes is a serious problem in large municipalities, and it is the consumer of coal who pays for all this.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A COAL-MINING CAMP IN UTAH, WITH THE MINERS' HOUSES IN THE FOREGROUND

in England at the beginning of the present war. The need of toluol and benzol for making high explosives led to an investigation of the domestic use of coal. It was stated that the domestic hearths of the United Kingdom consume forty million tons of coal a year. English scientists pointed out that gas was generally available as a substitute, and that if Englishmen could be persuaded to use it there would be an annual saving of half a million tons of sulfate of ammonia, worth thirty-five million dollars; two and a half million tons of tar, worth fifteen million dollars; four thousand tons of toluol, and twenty-five thousand tons of benzol, these latter almost invaluable because of the demand for explosives.

The cost of coal does not cease when it has been dumped into the family coal-bin. In burning, it gives off destructive fumes. The chimney belches a cloud of poisonous

The English city of Manchester discovered that the soot and ashes spread by its factories and hearths caused an annual damage of five million dollars. What the damage due to use of coal in this country amounts to it would be hard to state at all precisely, but it must be very large, and most of it can be eliminated.

Into the ash-cans of only too many American homes goes an astonishing percentage of the fuel that should be used in the stove. Look at a typical New York residence street in the early morning. The ash-cans are standing at the curb, waiting for the collector's wagon. From can to can move men and women bowed beneath heavy sacks. One sees them plunge their hands into the waste. If we are typically American, we probably sigh and call this a pitiful, repulsive sight.

But are these people to be pitied, or are we? They are earning a living—not al-



J. H. WHEELWRIGHT, PRESIDENT OF THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY, OF BALTIMORE

*From a photograph by Bachrach, Baltimore*



H. N. TAYLOR, PRESIDENT OF THE CENTRAL COAL AND COKE COMPANY OF KANSAS CITY

*From a photograph by Hixson-Connelly, Kansas City*

ways such a bad living. They are taking their profit from our folly. They are gathering the coal we have been too lazy or too ignorant to burn, and they are selling it again, or using it in their own stoves.

Wherever there is a big ash-heap one can probably see men, women, and children picking out the good lumps wasted by thoughtless consumers. If these were normal times, we might declare with some reason:

"Let them take their profit, if they can. They earn it, and we can afford it."

Certain it is that these are not normal times; that we cannot afford such thriftlessness to-day. Every lump of coal we waste is adding to the burdens of the railroads. Its wastage is slackening the speed of munition-factories, cutting down the number of rifles or shells, of sacks of wheat or surgical dressings sent abroad to men who need all we can give them. Its wastage is prolonging this war, taking its toll of those wounded and slain needlessly.

Our kitchen stoves and our furnaces are slacking! All of us are slacking who burn coal and do not learn to use it econom-

ically. Carelessness with the stove dampers, flues that are choked with soot—these are the common sins.

Doctors tell us we keep our houses too warm. A temperature of sixty-eight degrees is sufficient for comfort and better for health. Weather-strips, extra radiators, double windows, help to conserve the coal-supply. Oil-stoves and fireless cookers will help to cut down the coal bill.

The Fuel Administration is making elaborate plans to drive home this lesson to coal-users. The Federal Bureau of Mines has prepared explicit directions for the efficient firing of kitchen stoves, furnaces, and power-plants. The directions may be had for the asking.

Having learned to save wheat and beef for our soldiers, and pennies to buy Liberty bonds, it should not be so difficult for us to learn to save lumps of coal to throw at the Kaiser. It is a lesson we must master, and soon. Otherwise that lusty, grimy urchin, the coal-bin, will wail in vain for food, and the coming winter will hold as much needless suffering and loss as did the first weeks of this year.

# The Women Behind the Men Behind the Guns



GIRLS TRIMMING SHELL-FUSES IN THE WORKS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FUSE AND ARMS COMPANY, BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY

*From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York*



GIRLS MOVING HEAVY STEEL PULLEYS IN THE WORKS OF THE GENERAL CHEMICAL COMPANY,  
EDGEWATER, NEW JERSEY

*From a photograph by the Gilliams Service, New York*



GIRLS OPERATING PUNCHING-MACHINES IN THE WORKS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FUSE AND ARMS  
COMPANY, BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY

*From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York*



WOMEN INSPECTORS EXAMINING FUSE PARTS IN THE WORKS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FUSE AND ARMS COMPANY, BLOOMFIELD, NEW JERSEY

*From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York*



FUSE-MAKERS IN THE WORKS OF THE INTERNATIONAL FUSE AND ARMS COMPANY, WHERE MORE THAN THREE THOUSAND WOMEN ARE EMPLOYED

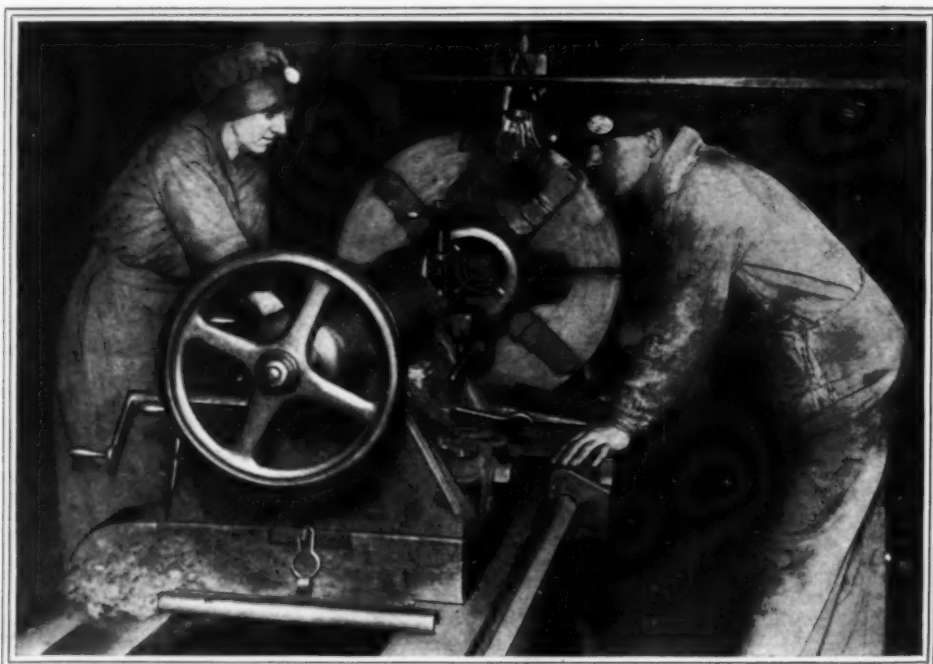
*From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York*





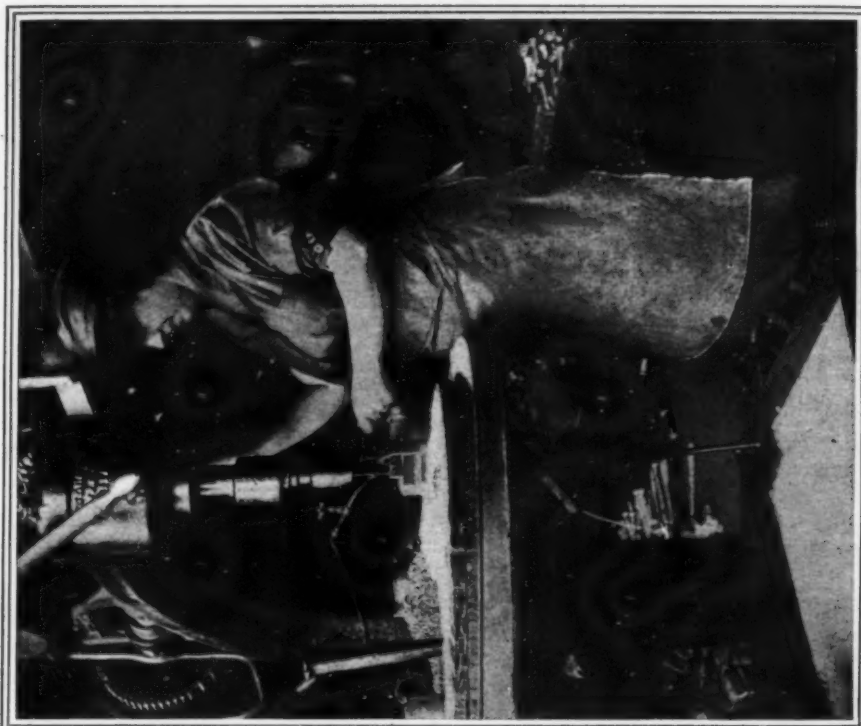
A GIRL FILLING CARTRIDGE-BELTS FOR MACHINE GUNS IN THE WORKS OF THE WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY, NEW HAVEN

*From a copyrighted photograph by the Western Newspaper Union, New York*



A GIRL BEING INSTRUCTED IN THE USE OF A LATHE IN THE WORKS OF THE GENERAL CHEMICAL COMPANY, EDGEWATER, NEW JERSEY

*From a photograph by the Gilliams Service, New York*



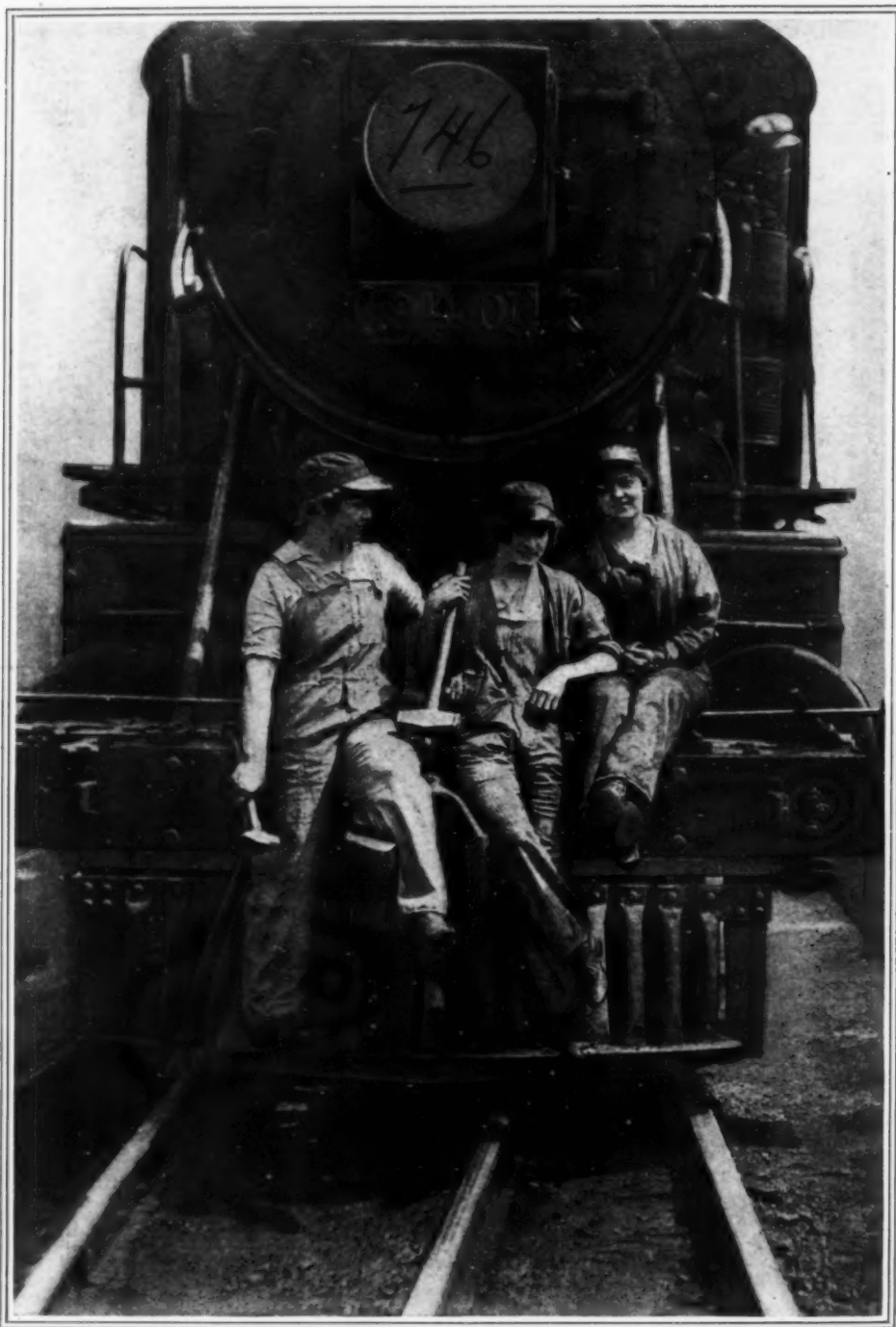
A GIRL EMPLOYEE WORKING A DRILL IN THE MACHINE-SHOPS OF THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY, BALTIMORE

*From a photograph by Paul Thompson, New York*



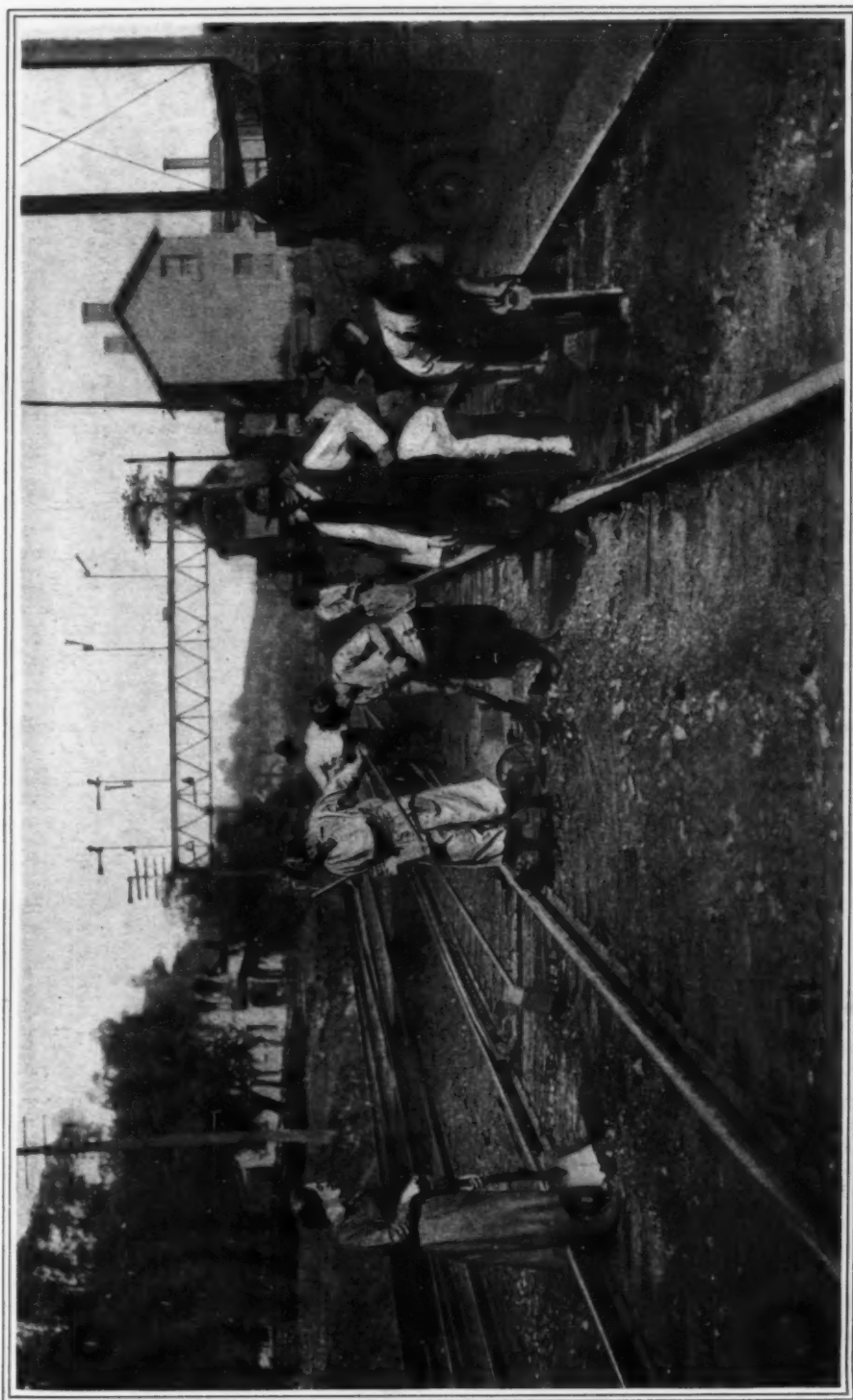
A GIRL EMPLOYEE IN THE WORKS OF THE GENERAL CHEMICAL COMPANY WHO IN ONE WEEK BECAME EXPERT IN RUNNING A HEAVY LATHE

*From a photograph by the Gilliams Service, New York*



WOMEN "CAR-TINKERS" IN AN INTERVAL OF THEIR WORK—MANY THOUSANDS OF WOMEN ARE NOW WORKING IN THE YARDS AND ON THE TRACKS OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, RELEASING MEN FOR MILITARY SERVICE

*From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York*



A "SECTION GANG" OF WOMEN AT WORK ON THE TRACKS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, NEAR SUMMERHILL, PENNSYLVANIA  
*From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



WOMEN IN THE WORKS OF THE STANDARD AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY,  
CUTTING OUT SECTIONS OF AN ALUMINUM AIRPLANE BODY

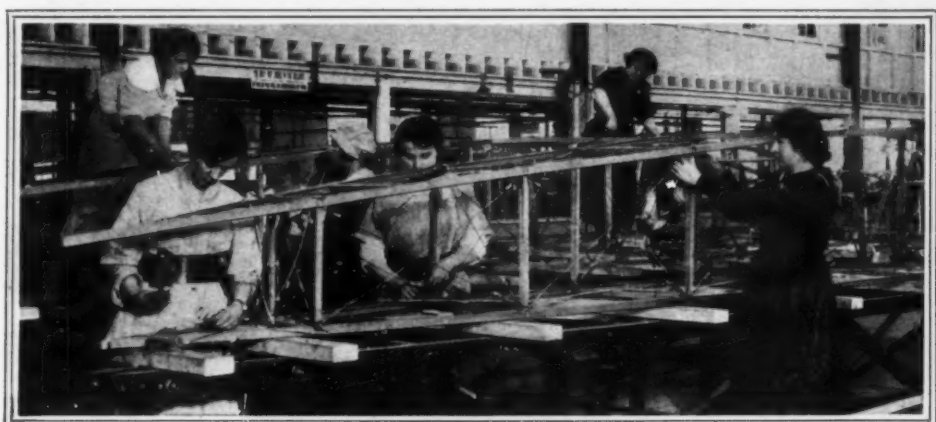
*From a copyrighted photograph by Paul Thompson, New York*



WOMEN IN THE MACHINE-SHOP OF THE STANDARD AIRCRAFT CORPORATION GRAPHITING THE  
PARTS THAT HOLD TOGETHER THE SPRUCE FRAMES

*From a copyrighted photograph by Paul Thompson, New York*





GIRLS ATTACHING AND ADJUSTING THE WIRES THAT BRACE THE FRAME OF THE FUSELAGE, OR BODY, OF AN AIRPLANE

*From a copyrighted photograph by Paul Thompson, New York*



GIRLS WORKING ON AIRPLANE PARTS—IN THE BACKGROUND ARE AIRPLANE WINGS BEARING THE FIVE-POINTED STAR THAT IS THE BADGE OF OUR AIR SERVICE

*From a copyrighted photograph by the Western Newspaper Union, New York*



A COSTUME OF BLOUSE, OVERALLS, AND CAP DESIGNED BY A WOMEN'S COMMITTEE AT THE FRANKFORD ARSENAL AND APPROVED BY THE GOVERNMENT FOR THE USE OF WOMEN MUNITION-WORKERS—IT COMBINES SAFETY WITH NEATNESS

*From a photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington*

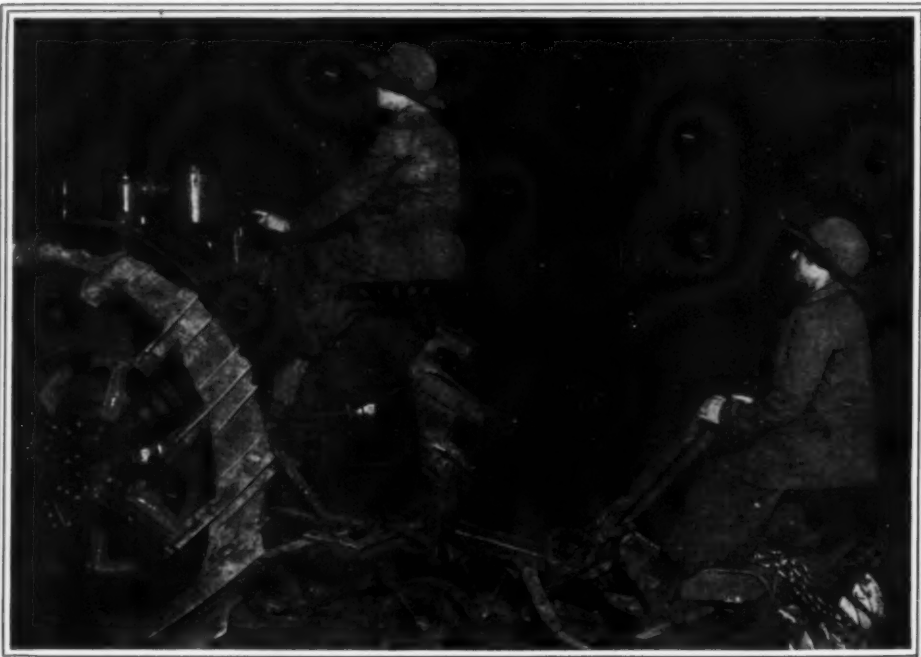


WOMEN CONDUCTORS, EMPLOYED BY A NEW YORK STREET-CAR COMPANY, MAKING OUT THEIR REPORTS—THIS NEW LINE OF WORK FOR WOMEN HAS ELICITED CRITICISM, BUT IT WOULD SEEM TO BE LESS EXACTING THAN OTHERS IN WHICH THEY HAVE PROVED SUCCESSFUL

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



WHEN A ROAD CONTRACTOR IN CALIFORNIA WAS DRAFTED, HIS WIFE TOOK HIS PLACE AT THE HEAD OF HIS WORKMEN AND COMPLETED HIS CONTRACTS



NIGHT FARMING, A NEW WORK FOR WOMEN—GIRLS RUNNING A TRACTOR PLOW AND HARROW AT FARMINGDALE, LONG ISLAND

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

# The Young Lochinvar

BY ELEANOR GATES

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

IT was in "the street with the stores on wheels" that the sheriff first saw Phœbe. What he described as "a run of bad luck" had brought him all the way from Montana to New York; and once in the big town, his appetite for detail, combined with great pride in the leading cities of his home State, had led him by slow stages as far as a certain East Side thoroughfare that is set thick with push-carts.

His bad luck began when he broke his arm. The broken bone was set by a veterinary surgeon who, as it turned out, was a failure at setting bones. So the sheriff—he was the youngest sheriff in Montana—took the advice of the county superintendent of schools, and started East to get his arm rebroken and reset.

He passed Chicago by, deciding that while he was about it he would make this his opportunity of seeing New York. And one day in the early spring he alighted at the Grand Central Station, but so blind and dizzy from pain that a sympathetic fellow passenger led him to the nearest building that bore a doctor's sign—a three-story brownstone house.

As the sheriff climbed the half-dozen steps leading to the doctor's front door, he swayed like some tall cottonwood that had suddenly been cut from its roots. His escort, a ministerial little man with side-whiskers, found it difficult to keep him upright, even with the aid of the balustrade; and when a Japanese admitted the pair, the sheriff, without more ado, measured his six feet two on Dr. Campbell's hall carpet.

Presently, having drunk something from a glass, the sheriff felt better. Then, assisted by the doctor, the ministerial escort, and Ito, he got to his feet, and was half-carried and half-led to a sofa in Dr. Campbell's waiting-room.

But here, when the doctor bade him stretch himself out once more, the sheriff

protested earnestly against any such weak procedure.

"I'm all right, doc," he declared. "Nothin' the matter with me. Light in the head, that's all. Reckon it's the sun on the sidewalk, or the motion of the train. Ain't much used to trains."

Dr. Campbell was a slender young man, brown-haired and brown-mustached. He had dark eyes that were quick to smile, and these were ably abetted, when he wanted obedience, by a low voice and a hearty manner; so, though the sheriff continued to protest, nevertheless he sank back promptly. A moment later he was explaining to the doctor his plan of "couplin' up" a pleasure jaunt with the little trouble in his left arm.

The injured arm hung in a sling made of a blue bandanna handkerchief. Dr. Campbell examined it, raised his eyebrows at a trained nurse who was waiting quietly by, hastened to a desk in the adjoining office and telephoned to a hospital. He held a short conversation with a surgeon, then a second conversation with an individual *not* a surgeon—to the effect that this was a patient of his, that a private room would be required, among other things, and that the ambulance must be sent immediately.

"Golly, you're mighty kind!" declared the sheriff. "But I don't like to give you so much trouble. I can just as well hoof it to the hospital as not."

"Your name?" asked Dr. Campbell, advancing with a pad.

"Alexander Hoe," answered the sheriff: "but out in Montana they mostly call me 'sheriff.'"

"Sheriff!" repeated the doctor, his gravity going in one of his quick smiles.

"Lookee!" invited the sheriff, swinging the damaged arm out of the way and putting back the left front of his coat.

During his quarter of an hour upon the



sofa, he gathered some information on his own account. The doctor was married; he carried on a general practise, going wherever he was summoned; the trained nurse hovering in the background was his assistant, Miss Hel-muth; and in addition to the Japanese man of all work, the house staff included a cook—Irish.

Dr. Campbell had never before met a *bona-fide*, right-out-of-the-West Westerner; and this one, with his mop of sandy hair, his quaint speech, and his stubborn endurance of pain, made a complete capture of the young physician's interest and sympathy. Mrs. Campbell was summoned — a blue-eyed young woman with a great deal of yellow hair and a dimpled but determined chin—and the sheriff was duly presented. And when the ambulance arrived, the doctor climbed into it on the heels of his patient.

"Want to git me safe bedded down, dor't you?" inquired the latter, with a wise nod. "Think I might take a notion to go to a dance or a theayter? Well, I ain't much of a hand for keepin' still, that's a cinch. Say, what in the dickens is that—that high wagon with 'folks settin' on top?"

Revived by the cold air, he sat up and pointed a freckled finger.

"Quiet there!" admonished the ambulance doctor, not knowing that he was addressing a sheriff.

"Young gent," said the sheriff, ignoring the command, "there's just one reason why



WHY DID SHE KEEP HER EYES SHUT?—

I come this far—barrin' my arm. Before I hit for home, I'm goin' to take this little old town by the short hair, and *comb* it!"

## II

It is a matter of history in the hospital to which Dr. Campbell conveyed his patient that Alexander Hoe, Montana sheriff, was the most intractable, inquisitive, wilful, generous, open-hearted, genial, persuasive, and lovable creature ever treated by that institution. He firmly refused an anesthetic, declaring that the boys back home



—OF A SUDDEN THE SHERIFF UNDERSTOOD

would josh him unmercifully for the remainder of his natural life if he were to make a fuss over such a small matter as the breaking of an arm, fractures being frequent occurrences among his friends. He declared further that the main point at issue was to have the said arm reset in such a way that he would not be in danger of losing the use of his "rein hand."

"Never mind the laughin'-gas," he urged. "I'll watch what's goin' on outside this window. You just go ahead!"

Having come through his ordeal con-

scious, though very white, he began an unceasing and tireless effort to get up and betake himself into the center of things, where something worth seeing could be seen.

"This ain't no place for a growed-up man," he protested. "Lettin' a lady wait on him, and feed him with a spoon! Do you figger to make me spend a hull week on my back? How can I see Noo York if I'm kept in bed? Aw, say!"

Dr. Campbell was appealed to; and he used various arguments. The sheriff listened with his eyes on the doctor, but his ears were drinking in the street cries, the clanging of cars, and the rumbling of wagons.

"I ain't got no fever," he pleaded. "A walk would do me good. Aw, doc, turn me loose!"

One bright morning the sheriff was "turned loose." When certain of his belongings were handed back to him in the hospital office, the smile upon his

tanned countenance spread to the countenances of various hospital attendants. Along with the smile went generous gifts of good Western coin—to nurses, elevator-men, and sundry others. Already he had earned the unqualified respect of the highly entertained medical staff. But he was destined—though he did not look as if he possessed more than he might need—to be remembered among the fortunate as "that Cræsus from Montana."

"Don't git a arm set every day," he explained, as he rather shamefacedly handed

out his gifts. "And I been right interested in this hull layout. You can break a arm as slick as any buckin' bronc I ever seen. And these young nurse-ladies sure know their business! The grub's good, too."

He called upon Dr. Campbell and listened to numerous admonitions—none of which he afterward observed. He took up his residence at the hotel that towered across the street, choosing a room that commanded an intersection of streets, and ordering only such food as could be managed with one hand. Finding that his strength was not all that it might be, he gave his first day to an intimate study of the hotel—personally conducted by the manager, who liked the kind of books that walk about on two feet and wear a hat.

By nightfall, what with a rest now and then, and copious drafts of coffee, he had an excellent idea of the culinary department, the various departments on the street floor, the ballroom, drawing-rooms, and banquet-rooms above, the suites in different colors on the third, and all the floors above that as far up as the garden on the roof. On the roof he wrote down the names of the tall buildings punctuating the city here and there, and surveyed his future territory.

His second day was given to the block of which the hotel was a part. He studied it building by building, devoting the morning to its four sides. In the afternoon he inspected the four lines of structures that faced the home block across as many streets. Then, before venturing farther, he purchased a map, and on it checked off carefully the tiny spot that he had already seen. He also bought a small red note-book, in which he set down such facts as warranted recording.

Armed with the map, the note-book, and a fountain pen, he methodically took up the blocks in the immediate neighborhood. Daily he enlarged the area of his sight-seeing; and in order not to miss a single street, he traced a perfect Greek pattern upon the city, and upon his map. And owing to his laborious care to neglect no part of his "combing," it was a full week before he reached the street of the little carts.

He was entranced. Here, at last, he had found what he was looking for! He had been studying New York thoroughfares, not with marveling because he discovered so much that was new and strange, but

because he wanted to find something that was wholly different from Butte. Up to now he had noted only one "different" thing—a *rôtisserie*, which had held him, silent and fascinated, for more than an hour.

This street of the little carts was a second example of the unusual, and a good one. It was so filled with children, in addition to the carts; so filled, too, with shouting, and the cries of the vendors; with lively chatter and bits of song. He wandered along it very slowly, taking it in, as it were, cart by cart.

When he had thoroughly inspected the carts, he turned his back on them, and began to study the stores; and it was in one of the stores of this "different" street that he caught his first glimpse of Phœbe.

### III

SHE was seated on a low stool placed in the front window of a tobacco-shop. This was the first shock—a young girl in the very show-window of a store!

A moment later, as he strolled nearer, he discovered that she was rolling cigarettes. This was the second shock. Then a passer-by—a man—halted in front of her small work-table. She looked straight at him, giving no apparent attention to what she was doing, and smiled.

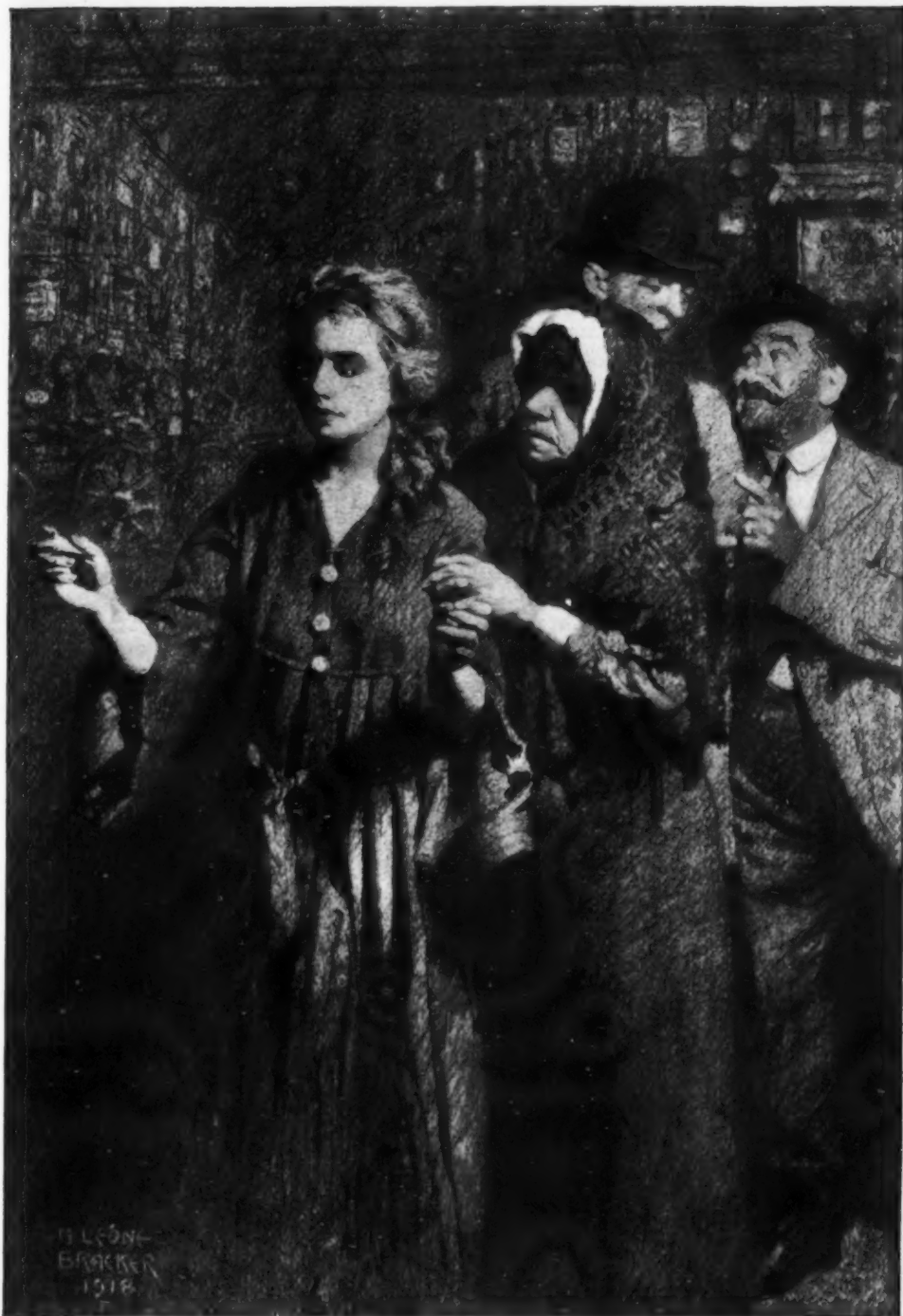
As the sheriff caught the flash of her white teeth, he strode toward her, determined that he would answer her stares, and in a way which would show her that if he *was* a greenhorn tenderfoot, he knew a bold girl in a nefarious business, and an unladylike business, when he saw one.

The passer-by went on. The girl continued to smile. As the sheriff halted before her, she directed the smile at him. It was a strange, far-away smile; and—there was no denying it—it was a smile that was both sweet and wistful. But why did she keep her eyes shut?

Of a sudden the sheriff understood. Up from the turn-over collar of his soft shirt rushed the blood, dyeing his tanned face a deep brick-red. His mouth opened—to mutter something more forcible than polite. It shut again with a snap of the strong, smoothly shaven jaws. The girl in the window was blind!

This was the third shock.

"The idea of puttin' a blind girl in a window!" breathed the sheriff, and the blood went out of his face. "Settin' her to



THE FOUR STARTED AWAY, THE OLD WOMAN GUIDING THE BLIND GIRL



roll cigareets! Showin' her off like as if she was a dancin' bear!"

He stayed on, now watching her fingers, nimble, sure of touch, and tobacco-stained, now gazing at her face. It was a pale face, delicate in outline, with something in its expression that was at once pathetically youthful and nobly mature. Her hair was combed back from it in soft brown waves, and tied at the nape of her neck by a bit of ribbon scarcely wider than a string.

Her dress was a faded green in color, heavy, and much too large for her. Plainly it was the cast-off garment of a taller and stouter woman. A strap bound it in at the waist, and over the strap sagged unbecoming folds which clumsily concealed the slenderness of the girlish figure. Her sleeves, too wide and too long, were turned up as far as her elbows, from which, now and then, they dropped, unrolling. When this happened, the cigarette-maker, with a brightening smile, put them back into place, as if they were unruly, teasing friends. Then her hands resumed their swift movements over her table, and her neat pile of cigarettes went on growing.

Oblivious to everything save the girl, the sheriff remained in front of the window. He was called out of his rapt contemplation of her by a man who came to stand in the door of the little shop.

The man was old and swarthy, with a thin, grizzled beard, at which he pulled jerkily. The beard grew high up on his cheeks, leaving only a rim of unwhiskered skin about his eyes—milky-blue eyes, full of cunning, their white streaked with yellow and scarlet. The brows above them were so thin as to be scarcely discernible. Out from under an old slouch-hat strayed a few wisps of gray hair.

It was not until the old man gave a sudden, irritable move in the doorway that the sheriff turned to look directly at him. The eyes of the two met and held. The sheriff realized that here was the proprietor of the place, whose stare said plainly:

"What do you want? Go away!"

The sheriff's answering look said just as plainly:

"So *you're* the feller that's done this! Well, I'm goin' to find out about it, you old snake!"

A moment, and the glance of the old man fell. He shrugged and disappeared into his shop. Again the sheriff turned to the window.

"Father?" he asked himself. "Or uncle, or grandfather? Or only hires her to do this?" These details must be learned. "But I don't care *who* he is," he summed up, "he's worse 'n a wolf!"

He went inside. The old man was behind a counter—almost as if he were on the defense. When the sheriff nodded curtly, by way of greeting, a blue-drab line showed midway of the beard, dividing it horizontally. Then the line widened, and some long, yellow teeth appeared. The old man was evidently trying to smile; but it was exactly as if he was snarling.

"I'll take some of your cigareets," said the sheriff. To himself he added: "He's an Eyetalian, that's what he is." Then, as the old man brought out a tray of boxes: "Those made by the young lady there?"

"M-m," replied the old man.

The girl in the window moved her head—just a little. Her hands did not pause, but the sheriff knew that she was listening.

"I'll take one package," he said. "They look like they're *fine*. If I'm right about my guess, I'll sure be back for more. Been huntin' a good cigareet for a long time."

"M-m," commented the old man, and put away the tray.

As the sheriff went out he gave a glance at the girl, noting how narrow her shoulders were, even in that overlarge dress, and how wearily they drooped. Outside, he lit a match and tried a first cigarette, which he smoked with exaggerated gusto, forgetting that she could not see. Through the smoke he gave a farewell look at the lowered lids of that bravely smiling face.

He did not leave the street. He had carefully memorized the name on the unwashed glass of the window—Martos. He went farther along the block, found some unoccupied steps, sat down, took out his fountain pen, and wrote the name in the red note-book.

The shop did little business during the middle of the day; but toward nightfall, when the lamps were lighted in the street, more and more customers went in. Some of them stopped in front of the window before entering, and called to the girl, or tapped on the glass. From where he watched, the sheriff could see her lean forward to answer and nod almost merrily.

"That's right!" he scolded. "Everybody stare at her! Everybody! And when does she stop work, I wonder?" Already he felt almost faint with hunger; but he



did not leave. "If she can stand it, I oughter," he declared grimly, and bought some apples from a passing cart.

"Wonder if she lives there?" he mused. "In that back addition, likely. Ugh!" He shook himself, recalling the torn



"BUT—YOU'RE NOT HOMELY! YOU'RE NOT!"

A little later the girl rose and left the window. The sheriff got up hastily then and threw away a partly eaten apple; but the cigarette-maker did not come forth. After waiting a while, the sheriff again sat down.

hanging that hid the single door in the rear of the shop.

He was still watching the front door, hopeful that she might come out, when she again took her place in the window, where old Martos had lighted a small gas-jet.

The sheriff sprang up and turned from side to side, as if he were looking for some one upon whom he could lay a violent hand.

"Say, where's the sheriff of this dog-gone city?" he demanded. "Don't nobody look into things of this kind? How many hours does that poor little soul set there?"

It was after ten o'clock when the blind girl left the shop. An old woman came for her, accompanied by a young man who wore a blue derby and a purple tie. Then Martos turned out the lights of the shop and the four started away, the old woman guiding the blind girl.

The sheriff followed them down one street and up another till they entered the door of a squalid tenement. He jotted down the number of the building and the name of the thoroughfare. Then once more he took up his watch. Presently he saw Martos leave the tenement and return. Next the young man came forth.

"Guess I'll just git a line on that hard hat," decided the sheriff, "whilst I'm still a stranger to him."

He fell in behind the hurrying blue derby.

#### IV

It was close upon morning before the sheriff's work was done. Then he hunted an all-night restaurant; and at eight o'clock he was at Dr. Campbell's, vigorously ringing the bell. The doctor's office hours, of a morning, were from ten o'clock to twelve; but the sheriff, having seen the blind girl take her place in the window before seven, could not brook delay.

"Doc," he cried, bursting into the private office, "you won't believe what I'm goin' to tell you; but it's true!" And without sitting down, he told of the cigarette-maker. "And, say, doc," he concluded, "did you ever hear of anything worse? A nice, sweet girl!"

"Well, sheriff," answered the doctor, "many nice girls in this city have to make cigarettes, or to earn their living by working in front windows. And the blind like to be independent, you know."

"My Heavens!" ejaculated the sheriff. "Why, it seems to me that no Injun—that not even a *squaw*—"

But here words failed him. He began to pace up and down. When he quieted he took out the red note-book.

"Reckon I got a rube way of lookin' at things," he said apologetically. "Now

I wonder what you'll think of this!" And he told of the pursuit of the blue derby. "Just look at the places he visited," he concluded, showing two pages of notes.

The doctor sat back with a hearty laugh.

"You're a methodical chap," he said.

"Oh, I dunno; but it wasn't much trouble to put all these here addresses down, and information comes in mighty handy sometimes. See how the dear boy passes his evenin's, doc. This here is a hotel; and this is a stylish eatin'-place; and this is a hotel; and here's a restaurant; and another hotel; and one of them 'garden' places; and another hotel. Say, doc, he's *bad*! He danced at all of them places! *Danced*, mind you—had a grand time—and she workin' fifteen hours a day!"

The doctor smiled.

"And how can I help you in this matter?" he inquired.

"Fix up my arm," answered the sheriff, "so's I can use it. I'm goin' to take that girl out'n that window!"

"Now, now, young *Lochinvar*!" cried the doctor gaily, but he shook his head.

"She's goin' to come out'n that window," repeated the sheriff. "Perhaps it's O. K. for other young ladies, but it's no place for—*for her*." He struck the doctor's desk with his open hand. "No, ma'am! She's goin' to be took away from that old Eye-talian and that waltzer!"

"Perhaps he dances for his living," suggested the doctor.

The sheriff stared.

"You think so? Well, I'd believe 'most anything about him. Look at this!"

He handed the doctor a cigarette. The latter read the single word printed in a circle on one end of it—"Phœbe."

"Phœbe!" went on the sheriff. "I figger that's her. They've named these—"

"Yes, it's likely."

"What a shame!" raged the sheriff. "That white little face—them poor shut eyes! She's like a deer, doc; and they use her name as a ad. Doc, fix up my arm! I'm goin' down to that ornery little smoke-store, and I'm—"

"Now wait, sheriff! You want to help the girl, don't you?" The doctor reached for his hat. "Well, before you murder some one, suppose I take a look at her eyes?"

Half an hour later, when the sheriff entered the tobacco-shop, he did not glance at the worker in the window.

"Them cigareets was grand!" he announced to old Martos. "Give me another two bits' worth."

"M-m."

"Ain't never been much of a hand for cigareets," went on the sheriff, "but these here of yourn—fine! Fine!"

There was a man outside the window now—a well-dressed young man—and he was looking keenly at the cigarette-maker. Old Martos spied the young man, and then his glance went to the intruder across the counter. The rims of unbearded cheek about his eyes wrinkled and reddened. He put aside the torn curtain hanging in the doorway at the rear of his shop and disappeared.

The sheriff lounged against the showcase, smoking, and studied a gaudy calendar on the wall. A moment, and the young man in front entered briskly and rapped on the counter. Then the sheriff strolled out and away.

Old Martos appeared. His manner showed relief.

"Owdy-do?" he said cordially. "Cigarettes? Yes, sir. Wot's better than a Phœbe cigarette, sir?"

As he reached for his tray of small boxes, Dr. Campbell looked at him in surprise; for the swarthy "Eyetalian" was intoning like a cockney.

"Your young lady there does good work," observed the doctor.

"Very good," agreed the old man heartily, "considering as 'ow she's never even seen one—the little dear!"

"Blind long?" The doctor lowered his voice.

"Long?" repeated the old man. "Rawther! She was born blind."

The doctor and the sheriff met in the street behind the tobacco-shop.

"Well, doc?" cried the sheriff. "Well? Well?"

The doctor reached up and put a hand on the other's shoulder.

"Sheriff," he said, "I—I'm so sorry to see you—er—let yourself get—that is—"

"I know what you mean," interrupted the sheriff. "You mean let myself git wrapped up in a blind girl. Well, doc, I'll tell you how the thing stands. I'm selfish; and if I was to leave that girl in that window and go back to Montana, I'd never have another minute's peace in all my life. I'd see her—right there. And my conscience—well, I'd hate myself. Now you

understand. And also"—he looked away—"I don't deny—what you think."

Presently, facing round again, he laid his well hand on his breast.

"Doc," he confided huskily, "it's—it's got me right here!"

The doctor nodded.

"Then I'd better tell you."

"Shoot!"

"She was born blind."

"That's what *he* said?"

"Yes."

There was a pause. Then the sheriff took a long breath.

"A-a-all right!" he said. "A-a-all right! Born blind! Well, she's goin' to come out'n that window, just the same!"

He turned and started away.

"Wait!" cried the doctor. "You can't go around there and carry the girl off," he went on as he caught up with the sheriff. "You're a stranger. She wouldn't go with you."

"Reckon you're right." He began to look up and down the street. "Where do them police hide theirselves?" he asked irritably. "A man would have to shoot eight or nine times to fetch one."

"And you can't accomplish anything with a policeman," went on Dr. Campbell.

"But they're livin' off the earnin's of that poor little thing!"

"She's not a minor. She can do what she pleases with her money."

"What do you mean—a miner? What did she tell you? Did you look at her eyes?"

"How could I look at her eyes? She kept them shut."

"Then we go back and see 'em!"

Once more the sheriff started away.

"Oh, wait!" pleaded the doctor. "I tell you it can't be done that way. Now listen to me—"

"I'm listenin'."

"She might consent to an examination. But suppose they oppose it? They're sure to if she's a source of income."

The sheriff clapped his well hand to a hip pocket.

"I see them opposin' us!" he said grimly.

"I want to help you," assured the doctor; "but if we take the girl, it must be done with a show of proper authority. And that's the only way she'll come; so let's do this thing quietly, eh?"

"You're right, doc."

"Then you'll trust me to manage it?"

"Try me!"

"Go back, keep in sight of the place, see they don't take her somewhere to hide her, and I'll do the rest."

"What, doc?"

"Wait and see," said the doctor mysteriously.

He waved a hand and hurried away.

# V

THE sheriff returned to the street of the little carts. He was relieved to see that the blind girl was still in the window. Old Martos was standing in the doorway of the shop, looking now to the right, now to the left. Screened by the hanging garments of an old-clothes emporium, the sheriff smoked as he watched away the next three-quarters of an hour.

Then, of a sudden, to the manifold noises of the little street was added a loud *clang, clang, clang*—the ringing of an oncoming ambulance. And here it rounded a corner into sight. It was a motor vehicle, with two white-coated doctors hanging out of the rear end of it.

People came running from every direction. Windows went up by the score. Doorways disgorged their streams. The very ground opened and poured forth, as it seemed to the sheriff, a full million of men and women. Then, with crowds of children massed behind the ambulance, it stopped—in front of the tobacco-shop. The doctors dropped to the ground. One of them was Dr. Campbell.

The sheriff fell to laughing.

"Quietly!" he cried. "Quietly! Well, what in the dickens would 'a' happened if he'd made up his mind to do it with just a speck of noise?"

Old Martos met the doctors at the door of the shop.

"We'll take a look at the young woman in your window," announced the ambulance doctor. Before old Martos could reply he touched the blind girl on the arm. She had risen, frightened by the arrival of the ambulance, and was turning to make her way out of the window.

"Who is it?" she asked.

Her voice had a certain far-away quality, as if she were speaking into the distance.

"Ambulance doctor. Please step down!"

"Step down for the gentleman, deary," urged old Martos in a mournful singsong. "The gentleman's going to examine your

poor eyes. That's the girl!" And to Dr. Campbell: "Wasn't you in 'ere just a bit ago?"

"I was."

"M-m."

"Why do you keep your eyes shut?" It was the ambulance doctor. "Turn just a little, please."

"I want my back to the door," said the blind girl, lowering her voice. "My eyes are not—not pretty. If people saw them, it would hurt business."

"I understand. Now open, please."

"Ow I wish you could 'elp 'er!" declared the old man. "But you can't. No! Blind as a bat, she is, but it's good of you—it's kind, and—"

"Shut the door and keep everybody out," commanded the ambulance doctor.

"Right-o!" assented old Martos. And to the curious, who were pressing forward: "'E's going to try to 'elp our little Phoebe, 'e is. Now give 'im room! Give 'im room!"

The ambulance doctor completed his examination and then gave place to Dr. Campbell, with no comment other than a meaning look.

"You won't think there's any hope for me," said the girl, almost as if she had seen the glance. "And if there isn't—well, I don't want to leave. You see, my brother has a little store on Fifth Avenue, and he sells my cigarettes there. He began three or four years ago. I helped him to get started. Oh, it cost a lot—the show-cases, you know, and the lights, and everything. He had to have a nice-looking place."

"Of course," agreed Dr. Campbell.

"And the store—"

Old Martos interrupted.

"Deary," he said with mild reproof, "what's all this got to do with your eyes? Don't bother the kind gentleman about business."

The girl smiled at him.

"I'm explaining why I don't want to stop work," she explained gently. "I don't want to lose time. The store needs every cent I can earn. And Walter—"

"Is Walter your brother?" asked Dr. Campbell.

"Yes, sir. He's a little older—"

"And this is your father?"

"Oh, no! My father is dead, and my mother, too. Grandpa Martos is Walter's partner, and mine," she said, smiling again, with a little pride.

"I see!"



Dr. Campbell completed his examination and said something in Latin to the ambulance doctor.

"Exactly what I think," replied the latter. "You must come to the hospital, young lady," he added, to Phoebe. "We can tell whether you can be helped or not."

"Can I come back to-night? There's a payment to be made soon, you see, on the new store, and—"

"Hardly to-night," answered the doctor shortly.

He led her out—into a crowd that filled the street—helped her into the ambulance, and sprang to his place, Dr. Campbell following. Once more the gong set up its clanging, and the crowd parted as the ambulance darted away.

The sheriff did not follow. Much as he longed to have news of the blind girl, he felt that he must not fail to see what effect her going would have on the trio at the tobacco-shop.

From the doorway of the old-clothes emporium he watched the old woman come scuffling along on her way to join Martos—evidently having been summoned thither. Next, from the opposite direction, the blue derby hurried up. Then the door of the shop closed. Presently a man—apparently a customer—approached the door, tried the knob, glanced at the vacant window in surprise, and went on.

The conference in the shop did not last long. Soon the old woman entered the window, sat down before the small table, and began to make cigarettes. Old Martos opened the door and surveyed the street. Then the blue derby came forth. His look was black, and as he said a few parting words to Martos he gestured angrily.

When he hurried away, the sheriff trailed him—but, this time, to none of the places written down in the little note-book. However, once more it was long after midnight before Walter sought the tenement. Then the sheriff sped to Dr. Campbell's, where he took the front steps at two bounds.

"Well?" he cried, when the doctor opened the door to him. "Well?"

"Sheriff," began the other, "she—"

"Wait! Before you tell me, I want to say this—as far as my plans for that little woman is concerned, especially after what I seen to-night, it don't make no difference whether your news is good or bad. Blind or not blind, she's goin' to come out'n that window and away from that bunch!"

"Ah, you deserve good news!" declared the doctor, his eyes suspiciously moist.

"Do I *git* it? Oh, doc, I want her to see! I want her to see!"

The sheriff caught Dr. Campbell's hand imploringly.

"Yes!" answered the doctor. "She is going to see!"

The sheriff sat down, rested his well arm on the back of his chair, and dropped his head upon it. For a long minute he did not move, and the doctor forbore to speak; but presently up came the sandy mop of hair.

"Breakin' my arm," he said, "and havin' it set wrong—there was a reason back of it all, doc. It brung me two thousand miles to help her!"

"They'll operate to-morrow."

The sheriff sprang up.

"They won't hurt her, will they, doc?" he cried.

"Don't you worry. It's a comparatively simple operation."

"She'll see—when?"

"She'll be conscious of sight in two days—at the first dressing."

"Doc," said the sheriff solemnly, "I ain't never been much of a hand at prayin', but I—I feel consider'ble like it just now."

"I know. And she was terribly happy—the faithful little thing! But what I can't understand is this—why hasn't she been operated on long ago?"

"Ha-a-a!" The prayerful tone was gone. "Don't you see? Don't you understand? Oh, them rattlesnakes!"

"No. At any time in all these years she could have been cured."

"They didn't want her cured! Oh, I had a hunch! That's why they made her keep her eyes shut—so's no doctor could ever see—"

"Unbelievable!"

"Just the same, it's true!"

"But a person with sight is twice as valuable, from a pecuniary standpoint, as a blind one."

"Grant that; but there's some reason why she wouldn't be twice as valuable. I don't know what that reason is—not yet; but I will! That hard hat, whoever he is, was plumb cut up about her goin' to the hospital. Run this way and that, all over town, like a ant that's scared crazy. See"—the sheriff took out the red note-book—"here's where he went. This is a stable, and this here is a saloon, and another



stable, and a vacant house, and a tony saloon. And the fellers he talked to—oh, the awfulest-looking lot! Now, what kind of mischief is he up to?"

"He's her brother."

"Ah!" cried the sheriff. "So he's her brother! Well, anyhow, I reckon we'll stop his dancin'!"

"Her story is remarkable. Her father was much attached to her. He was an invalid, and he couldn't bear to have Phœbe out of his sight. Used to read to her by the hour. Was fairly well educated, probably, for he read good things. That's why she seems so intelligent. Did you notice how well she talks?"

"Ain't heard her speak yet, doc. But say"—the sheriff looked concerned—"I reckon she'll think I'm mighty weak on grammar!"

"Her mother died when Phœbe was a month old. The brother was selling newspapers then. Afterward he became a messenger. She says he didn't drop that till he rented the store."

"So that's his store?"

"No, I mean the Fifth Avenue store."

"How's that?" asked the sheriff. "A Fifth Avenoo store?" He opened the note-book again and ran down four pages of addresses. "Fifth Avenoo!" he repeated slowly. "Well, I've follered him through about every street in this town, but he's never went to no place in Fifth Avenoo, except that one time when he bought a fancy tie."

"Wha-a-at?" demanded the doctor.

He took the note-book and read over the addresses. When he finished, the two men stared at each other.

"What do you think?" asked the sheriff.

"What do *you* think?"

"I think there ain't no Fifth Avenoo store. It's all a scheme to keep that girl workin' at top speed, supportin' him, so's he can dance! Well"—he rose and turned toward the door—"I'm just goin' to drop down on little brother and pull him out'n his bed, and—"

"No, no, sheriff!"

"You come along to call the ambulance."

"What can you do for her if you're in jail?"

The sheriff stroked his chin.

"Well, there's somethin' in that," he admitted, and let the doctor lead him back to a chair. "I figger that you're goin' to plan what 'll be a heap more quiet!"

He grinned. The doctor looked grave.

"Things may not turn out as quietly as I'd like," the latter declared. "If she has been supporting that brother in idleness, he's bound to give us trouble."

"Shucks! That dude? He's been lyin' to her. The second he knows she can see, he'll know his game is up, and he'll duck!"

"Just the same, I wish we could put him under lock and key. I suppose we couldn't arrest him for keeping her blind; but can't we get him on some *other* charge?"

"I don't think so," admitted the sheriff, shaking his head. "All I know is that he don't work. Maybe he gambles. Maybe the stylish gang he runs with steals; but all I ever can ketch 'em at is dancin'."

The doctor laughed.

"Now, how long did you say she'll be at the hospital?" the sheriff asked.

"About two weeks."

"I'll fill in the time watchin' Walter."

The following day, from a telephone-booth not too near the Martos tenement, he called up Dr. Campbell at an appointed hour to ask for news from the hospital.

"The operation's a great success," announced the doctor.

"Oh, good, doc! What color is her eyes?"

"Sheriff, I forgot to notice; but she'll have to wear glasses."

"Let me git 'em! I can help out a little, can't I, doc? My pa left me a whale of a ranch when he died, and I draw good money as sheriff. Don't spend much, neither, when I ain't breakin' arms. And—and, doc—nobody needs to know."

## VI

Two weeks passed. Dr. Campbell took pains to see that a report from the hospital reached the trio at the tobacco-shop, telling of the operation and its successful results. Nevertheless, no one of the three called to ask after the patient. The old woman worked in the window, the old man waited upon his customers, and Walter—

One morning, when the sheriff appeared at the doctor's to make his daily inquiry, he was wearing a broad smile.

"Gee, doc," he chuckled, "let me tell you about Walter. Oh, say, I got news! What do you think? Little brother is workin'! Workin', mind you! Yee-ow!"

But the doctor looked grave.

"This is the queerest case I've ever heard of," he declared. "Why don't they

call on the girl? Don't they care about her?"

"They know we're on to 'em," replied the sheriff, "and they'll never peep. But, doc, how'll we tell Phoebe the truth?"

"We won't. When that bandage comes off her eyes, her brother must be made to face her and confess that he hasn't a Fifth Avenue establishment. Then—"

"That reminds me, doc—where do you think she oughter go when she leaves the hospital?"

"She left the hospital an hour ago."

"Doc!" The sheriff sprang up, fairly gasping with concern. "You didn't send her back? Not back, doc?"

"No!" laughed the doctor.

"Then where? Where?"

Dr. Campbell jerked his head toward the ceiling.

"She's here," he announced.

"Here!" cried the sheriff. "Here!" He seized the doctor's hand and wrung it; then, very solemnly, he went around behind the other man and felt of his shoulder-blades. "No, they ain't there," he said, grinning; "but, just the same, you're the closest thing to a angel that I've ever saw!"

"Here's the guilty person," declared the doctor, nodding at Mrs. Campbell, who came in at that moment, looking both excited and happy.

"Dear lady—" began the sheriff.

"We'll make her comfortable and teach her to trust us," explained the doctor's wife; "so that if she doesn't want to go back, at least she'll feel she has friends."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the sheriff gratefully. Then, as the doctor touched a bell: "Gee! I ain't goin' to believe my own eyes!"

Miss Helmuth brought Phoebe. As the girl paused just within the door of the office, the sheriff stared at her in amazement. Her hair was dressed high now, which made her look taller and less childish. Replacing the overlarge garment that she had worn in the tobacco-shop was a simple house-dress of Mrs. Campbell's. It was becoming, and it emphasized her slenderness.

"Well, Miss Phoebe!" said the doctor. She stepped toward him.

"Oh, I feel so strong, so rested!" she cried.

"You're not sitting in one position all the time, working."

"That must be it; but I don't mind the work. Oh, I'll do so much more when I can see!" Her face, for all its bandage, was radiant. "I'm willing to stay right at my cigarette-making till Walter gets on his feet. Then I won't have to live with Grandma Martos any longer. I'll have a couple of rooms near the Fifth Avenue store, and—"

"I want you to meet a friend of mine," interrupted the doctor.

"You mean—the sheriff?"

They all laughed, the sheriff bashfully; but as she turned toward him he came forward quickly and took her hand.

"Yes, ma'am, it's the sheriff."

She lifted her bandaged face to his.

"Oh, it was you who found me!" she said. She pressed her lips together to keep them from trembling. "I won't ever forget that. Have they told you? I've seen my nurse, and my doctor at the hospital, and the room, too. Oh, it's like heaven! And you found me!"

His grasp on her hand tightened.

"The way I was combin' the town," he explained, "I couldn't very well miss you."

"Next I'm going to see Mrs. Campbell, and the doctor, and Miss Helmuth, and you, and—"

"Gosh! You'll have a terrible disappointment when you ketch sight of me," declared the sheriff ruefully. "I'm homely—blamed homely."

"Oh, but you're good!" she protested. "If you had gone by, like everybody else! And now I'll see my brother—after all these years!" She turned from the sheriff and moved her head from side to side, as if looking for some one. "Isn't Walter here?" she asked. "There's another person here."

"It's Ito," said the doctor.

"Oh!"

There was a moment's pause.

"Your brother'd be here if he could," explained the sheriff; "but you know how he's always in a rush, and this is a awful long way from where he lives."

"Oh, you've seen him?"

"Sure! I spent most of last evenin' with him."

"He never has any time, poor boy, except at noon. He spends his life at that store."

"He wants you to git well and rest."

"But that payment!" she faltered.

"You see—"

"That payment's all fixed," answered the sheriff. "A friend of Walter's loaned him the money, and he don't have to fret about when he pays it back."

She smiled again.

"I can make up for lost time when this is off," she said, and touched the bandage. "Then I'll pay it back."

After she was gone, the sheriff, apologetic and somewhat shamefaced, nodded his head at the doctor.

"You think I'm as big a liar as Walter," he declared; "but you're wrong. I'm a bigger one, and I'll just have to keep right on lyin', because I can't stand to have that girl worry!"

The next morning, when the sheriff sidled through the front door, he had something done up in waxed paper, which he carried in the crook of his injured arm—well out of sight under his overcoat.

"Doc," he said solemnly, "just think of the things that girl ain't never had! Why, it's more excitin' than Columbus discoverin' America!"

She came in then with a quick, sure step and a smiling look.

"Oh, what is that?" she cried. "It smells so sweet!"

"Flowers, Phœbe," answered Mrs. Campbell.

"Ah!" cried the girl again. "The sheriff's here!"

He touched her outstretched hand with the violets. As her fingers closed around the long stems, she gave a little gasp, then ran inquiring fingers over the blossoms.

"Roses!" she exclaimed. "Roses!"

"No," corrected the sheriff, a little huskily. "They're vi'lets."

"Oh, violets! What color are they?"

"Blue, Phœbe." He had his own way of saying "Phœbe." "They're a kind o' purply-blue."

Phœbe felt about her for a chair, found one, and leaned back in it, holding the violets to her face and murmuring to them.

"Gee!" breathed the sheriff. "And I never thought to send some to the hospital!"

An inspiration came to the sheriff then. He drew Mrs. Campbell aside and engaged her in earnest conversation; after which he summoned a taxicab, and the two set forth, bound for "the big stores."

An hour later, packages began to arrive at the doctor's front door. Phœbe spent the remainder of the day in a transport,

seeing all her gifts, first, with her knowing fingers—her dresses, her hats, her furs; but later, in the half light of her room, seeing them with her own unbandaged eyes.

It was also a glorious day for the sheriff. Though he could not be induced to share in the actual selection of any purchases, he prowled to and fro by the waiting taxicab, making note of near-by shops into which he meant to inveigle Mrs. Campbell later on. As often as she came forth and shook a reproving head at him, he grinned delightedly and shook a determined head at her.

"But, sheriff," she cried, "do you know how much you've spent already?"

"Now, don't you go scoldin' me," pleaded the sheriff. "She's seein' things for the first time in all her life; and what she sees has got to be *nice*."

"Oh, it's a joy to do it!" admitted the doctor's wife. "But if *they* knew about it—wouldn't they be furious? They'd know they won't get her back. Somehow it makes me anxious."

Toward evening the taxicab turned homeward. Phœbe was brought downstairs to receive additional gifts from the tired but happy shoppers.

"Oh, how do I get all this?" demanded the girl, too staggered by her good fortune, so unexpected and fairylike, to guess its true source.

"How?" repeated the sheriff. "Why, there's a special bunch of money in hospitals that goes to buy things for sick people!"

He spent that evening in the compilation of a somewhat lengthy list of purchases which he purposed to ask Mrs. Campbell to make the following day; but the next morning was stormy, and both Mrs. Campbell and Phœbe, worn out by overmuch excitement, spent the forenoon in bed, by the doctor's special orders. The sheriff called to leave primroses; then went back to his hotel to wait for afternoon.

## VII

As the rain did not cease, the afternoon was spent in the Campbell back parlor, a large, comfortable room with a single window overlooking the back yard. By this window, in a deep chair, sat Phœbe, smiling at the drawn shade as if she could see the rain-drenched square of grass behind the house, and the two wind-blown trees. She had on a new house-dress of some soft

material, and new slippers with tassels. Her cheeks were faintly pink. The stains were gone from her fingers.

Mrs. Campbell brought her embroidery, and the doctor was in and out. The Japanese servant made a fire in the open grate, and the warmth and flicker of it set Mrs. Campbell's canary to singing.

"Oh, how homelike it is!" said Phœbe. "And I'm so happy—so happy!" She pressed the primroses to her lips.

"What do you say if I read to you?" suggested the sheriff. "You know, I read a heap better'n I talk, and—"

"Sheriff!"—she smiled at him—"I'll tell you. I want to hear about—Montana!"

He leaned toward her, not speaking for a moment, and took one of her hands in a gentle grasp.

"Phœbe," he said, choking a little, "I believe you'd like Montana."

"Mrs. Campbell"—it was the nurse—"did the doctor say where he was going just now?"

"Why, no, Miss Helmuth."

"The phone rung here," said the sheriff, "and I seen the doc write somethin' down."

He got up and looked at a word and a number penciled on a pad beside the receiver. Then he took out the small red note-book and compared the number on the pad with an address in the book. When he turned from the telephone he smiled at Mrs. Campbell apologetically.

"Wonder if you ladies will excuse me for about a half-hour?" he asked. "There's a errand I promised to do for the hotel-clerk."

He went out. Once in the hall, he caught up his hat and coat and rushed down the front steps. Before the house was a waiting line of taxicabs. He flung himself into the first one of the line, slammed the door, and thrust his head out of the window.

"Avenoo A!" he shouted. "Avenoo A!"

The driver responded on the jump. The machine was cranked, whirled in a circle of flying rain, and sent forward at top speed.

Astonished pedestrians watched them as they went—the eager chauffeur, bent over his wheel; the young, sandy-haired fare, who leaned drunkenly from one window, talking unceasingly, his face very red, his eyes wide and wild. At a corner, a policeman started forward with hand upraised to stop them.

"Doctor!" cried the sheriff. "Doctor!" Something in the very poignancy of the cry made the officer wave his hand for them to go on. Eastward they sped, and then northward—toward the vacant building to which the sheriff had trailed the blue derby. The sheriff called out the number to the driver; then, producing a revolver and thrusting it through the window of the machine, he began to shoot skyward.

*Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!*

The taxi stopped and was surrounded by a mob. A policeman opened the door of the cab. The sheriff came plunging out.

"Help!" he cried to the officer. "Help!"

The damaged arm was no longer in its sling. He used it to drag the bluecoat along with him. Into the vacant tenement they went.

"Doc! Where are you?" shouted the sheriff. "Doc! We're comin'!"

Up the dark stairs they bounded—from room to room of one floor, then on to another. All the while the sheriff cried out at the top of his voice—explanations to his companion, threats of dire punishment to an unseen enemy, promises of succor to the doctor.

At the top of the building they found him. Here was what appeared to be the abandoned workshop of an upholsterer. Old, ragged furniture stood about; lumber was piled against one wall; and beside the lumber, stretched upon the floor with his head toward the door, and moving and moaning in pain, was Dr. Campbell.

The sheriff uttered a cry—a cry so terrible that it accelerated the arrival of two or three other policemen, who were following on the trail. As he cried he raged about the room, knocking over furniture, dragging worn upholstery materials from where they were hung or heaped—to make sure that the room concealed no one else. Then the bluecoats entered, and, seeing the doctor, realized that they were not dealing with a madman. Whistles began to blow. A policeman leaned from a window and called to another, demanding an ambulance. Still other officers took up the searching of the building and the reconnoitering of near-by roofs.

"They beat me," whispered the doctor as they raised him. And to the sheriff: "Go home, quick! See if they're all right!"



The picture that that warning called up sent the sheriff pounding down the stairs of the tenement. But when he reached the street and began forcing his way toward the taxicab, a policeman seized him.

"I arrest you!" announced the representative of the law.

"Hey? What in thunder have I did? Say, why don't you try to land the gang that cornered the doc? Ain't you fellers got good sense?"

"You're carrying a gun," explained his captor.

"Well, what's the matter with this gun?"

"The Sullivan law," replied the officer, not without a twinkle in his eye.

The sheriff looked anxious.

"Oh!" he said, as if comprehending. "Sullivan! And me with this bad arm! But first, could you oblige me by comin' along past the doc's?"

### VIII

THE sheriff had been gone the better part of an hour when Dr. Campbell's telephone rang, and the doctor himself spoke from the drug-store into which he had been carried. He asked if all was well at the house, told of the assault upon him, assured Miss Helmuth that he had escaped serious injury, owing to the prompt arrival of the sheriff, asked that Phœbe should not be told of the encounter, but that Mrs. Campbell should come at once to the hospital to which he would be conveyed.

There was, however, no deceiving Phœbe. When Miss Helmuth stepped into the back parlor to summon Mrs. Campbell, the girl's quick ear caught the note of excitement in the nurse's voice.

"What is it?" she asked. "Something is wrong!"

"It's nothing about the sheriff," replied Miss Helmuth, trying to speak more calmly. She beckoned Mrs. Campbell toward the hall. "It's just a hospital case."

The two women went out, closing the door. Phœbe, her fears not allayed, stayed where she was, listening. She heard the low voice of the assistant; then a smothered cry and the sound of running steps. She opened the hall door.

"Oh, what is it?" she called. "Please tell me!"

Miss Helmuth came back to her.

"Dr. Campbell has been injured," she explained. "Oh, not badly. Mrs. Campbell is going to him."

Phœbe could hear a stifled sobbing.

"Go with Mrs. Campbell," she urged. "I'll be all right. She mustn't go alone."

"I'll go," answered the nurse. "Call cook if you want anything, and Ito is right here. Ito, don't let any one in while we're gone."

As the hall door shut behind the nurse, Phœbe went back to her chair by the window.

"Injured!" she said aloud. "Was that why the sheriff went? But how? Oh, poor doctor!"

She sat very still. The rain had ceased. She could hear the wind in the trees of the back yard, the rattling of dishes in the kitchen beneath her, and the voice of the cook, singing. Presently the front door-bell rang. Then she rose and again went to the door leading into the hall.

Two men were talking—Ito and another. They seemed to be arguing. A moment, and the front door shut, as if the caller had departed. But at once a second door opened—the door of the doctor's waiting-room. Ito, contrary to orders, was showing a visitor in there.

The waiting-room door closed. Then the Japanese ascended the hall stairs.

Once more Phœbe crossed to her chair. The bandage over her eyes felt suddenly tight. She ran her fingers under its edge to loosen it.

"Oh, if I could only take it off!" she said aloud. "How can I wait, now that I might do something to help?"

She let her hands fall, and felt the soft folds of the new house-dress. She smoothed it lovingly.

Her quick ear caught a sound. Some one had opened the door leading in from the hall—but very softly. She turned about.

"Ito? Is that you?" she asked. "Sheriff?"

She heard the door close, then the sound of a stealthy step on the rug.

"Is that *you*, Mary?" she demanded, suddenly frightened.

The man at the door watched her. A handkerchief was tied under his cap. It covered his forehead and one eye. Now he took off the cap, pulled the handkerchief from about his head, and thrust it into a pocket. There was no sign of injury on his face. He waited.

"I know some one's here," declared Phœbe. She took short, quick breaths,



like an animal scenting. "I can smell tobacco. It's a man. Who are you?"

She retreated a step. Without taking his eyes from her, the man listened for sounds in the hall behind him. A moment, and the shadow of a second man showed large on the window-shade.

"Don't keep still," cried the girl, her voice rising. "Don't frighten me! Speak!" Again she backed. "Who is it, I say?"

She began to feel about for the telephone. The man crossed the room. Then the shade was drawn aside with a crackle and the window went up. The second man looked in.

"Phoebe!" he whispered. "Little Phoebe!"

"Martos! You?"

"Yes, deary."

The old man was almost breathless from his climb to the sill.

"But why are you coming in this way? Go to the door and ring the bell."

"Ring the bell!" repeated the old man angrily. "Ain't I rung it time and again? I've been 'ere to ask 'ow you are, and to 'ave a sight of you; but would they let me in? Not they!"

"No! I can't believe it!"

He crossed to her.

"It's the truth. That Chinaman—'e drove me off. And 'ere they leave you alone! Our little Phoebe!"

"But they've never said that you—"

"Ha! Of course they never! Deary, they want to take you away from us! They want to break up our 'appy 'ome, that's what they want!"

"But Walter—oh, I've wanted to see him! I—"

"Walter!" cried the old man. "'E ain't been out of his bed for two weeks."

"He's sick? Oh, Martos!"

"What? They didn't tell you? And I begged 'em, I did, almost on me knees!"

"Oh, my brother! Tell me—"

Martos began to whine.

"'E was took sick right after you left. It 'urt 'im, losing you, deary. And then 'e got the pneumonia."

"Pneumonia!"

"And 'oo knows if 'e'll pull through?"

"Oh, Walter, Walter!"

"You was gone. 'E lost 'eart, you might say; and now 'e's going to lose the store."

"But he borrowed—he borrowed some money—"

"Borrowed!" There was no mistaking the old man's genuine anger. "They lied to you! Where could 'e get five cents? And you, 'is sister, refusing to 'elp 'im!"

"No, Martos! Oh, I *am* going to help!"

"Come 'ome, Phoebe, and see the boy."

He took her by the hand, drawing her toward the window. "Come 'ome to your poor brother, deary—'e calls for you!"

"But not before they get back! Oh, I don't want to sneak out! Wait! They'll be here soon. I'll tell them—then I'll go."

"Don't be a fool!" His voice suddenly hardened. "Get away before they come! They're a bad lot, setting a gell against 'er own flesh and blood. They lied to you about the money, and—"

"But think what they've done for me! My eyes—I can see already! Have they told you that?"

Old Martos hesitated, whereupon the man in the cap shook his head vigorously.

"No," answered Martos. "Of course they didn't!"

"They're keeping that for a surprise!" she explained joyfully. "Oh, they're so good to me! Look at my dress!"

"M-m!" breathed old Martos disdainfully. "Dress! While your own brother's dying!"

"Dying!"

"Yes, and much you care! Oh, shame to you, I say! 'Ere I've been like a father to you; and you forget that? Oh, come 'ome, Phoebe! Come!"

Again he drew her toward the window. She held back.

"Oh, I can't go now—with the doctor hurt. Wait, and Miss Helmuth will go with us and help Walter. She's a nurse."

"We don't want 'er. We can't wait. 'E's awful bad!"

"Did you tell them that he's sick?"

"Did I? And they called me names!"

At that Phoebe freed herself from his grasp.

"I don't believe it!" she cried. "They'd never do that! You're not telling me the truth!"

"Look 'ere now!" Martos answered angrily. "No more nonsense!"

Again he caught hold of her.

"Oh, don't! You'll break my wrist! Help! Help! Sheriff!"

Now the other man sprang to help Martos, and caught the girl about her waist, pinioning her arms. She felt the new grasp, stronger than the old man's

hold, and tried to cry out; but a hand was clapped over her mouth. She struggled wildly. Bending her head back against her unknown captor, she gave a sudden twist that dislodged the bandage from her eyes.

"Ah-a-a-ah!"

At her cry, both men fell away from her, setting her free. They stood, panting from their exertions, and watching her as she reeled a few steps, one arm crooked across her forehead to shield her eyes from the light. Now their attitude was suddenly apologetic.

She looked first at the elder man.

"Martos!" she said in a low voice, and recoiled.

He held out a hand.

"Come 'ome, deary," he whined.

"Ugh!" she cried, shuddering.

She turned to the other man. Her arm was still raised, screening her sight; and the intruder in the cap could not see her look of puzzled inquiry. He advanced a step, imploringly.

"Phœbe!" he said, with an attempt at something like tenderness.

"Walter!" It was a cry of amazement.

"Come on home with us," urged her brother. "You've got your eyes; what more do you want from—this bunch?"

He, too, put out a hand; but the girl shrank from him.

"You're not sick! Why did you tell me that? You kept still and cheated me!"

"Well—" he began lamely. "Well—"

"Never mind," she interrupted. "But why didn't you take me to a doctor long, long ago? You didn't care! I could work—all day and half the night, with my eyes shut, so that I never had a chance to be helped—"

A bell rang sharply. On the instant the two men turned toward the window—just as a shadow fell across the curtain. It brought them up short. They turned toward the hall door, only to hear voices—the voices of two men. They halted, trapped.

"Phœbe! Phœbe!" called the sheriff.

She made no reply, but stood trembling.

The door opened. The sheriff stood on the threshold. He stared at the two men who faced him. Then he looked at the girl, and from her to the bandage on the floor. The shadow was still on the curtain. With a quick glance over his shoulder, he entered and closed the door to the hall.

"Say, you!" he began, speaking low.

"Sheriff!"

It was a cry of joyful recognition. His left arm was not in its sling, and she had not guessed who he was. Now she came toward him, as if for protection.

"It's all right, little girl! Can you see?"

"Oh, yes!"

He took her hand and drew her to him.

"These two"—he jerked his head toward Martos and Walter—"will go out that way." He indicated the window. Then, raising his voice: "Thank you, Mary! You needn't stay no longer."

The shadow on the curtain disappeared.

Once more he addressed the men. "Now, o' course, I know who fixed up that Avenoo A business," he said quietly; "but I ain't goin' to say nothin' about it."

"M-m!" breathed old Martos, evidently much relieved.

"No—provided you both hunt a healthier climate than Noo York to live in."

"All right," promised Walter eagerly.

"All right!"

"So-long," said the sheriff politely.

Martos and Walter turned. The latter pulled aside the curtain; the former opened the window. Then, without a word for Phœbe, or even a look, they fled.

The sheriff looked down at the girl beside him, searching her face.

"You can see!" he said. "Well, can you see—the old sheriff?"

"Oh, yes!" she whispered. "But—you're not homely! You're not!"

"Aw, Phœbe! Aw, I've got to tell you now! I can't wait! Phœbe, I want to take you with me—out West. I want to hide you away out in Montana, where that bunch'll never find you. Oh, will you trust me?"

"I do trust you!" she whispered.

The well arm went round her.

"Like me!" he pleaded. "Oh, honey! Honey!"

"I do!"

He kissed her, and they stood for a long moment without speaking, his rough cheek against her hair. Then, suddenly remembering, he stepped back.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "There's somethin' I forgot to tell you. A deputy constable's waitin' out here for me. You know that revolver of mine? Well, it seems somehow that the blamed thing has got me in awful Dutch with John L. Sullivan!"

# The Roll-Call\*

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

Author of "Clayhanger," "These Twain," etc.

THE hero of the story is George Edwin Cannon—the son of Hilda Lessways, born before her marriage to Edwin Clayhanger—who is studying architecture in the office of Lucas & Enwright, in London. At first he lives with Mr. and Mrs. John Orgreave, in Bedford Park—John Orgreave being a partner in the firm and a fellow townsman of the Clayhangers. Later, the young man rents a room from old Mr. Haim, a factotum at Lucas & Enwright's, who owns a house in Alexandra Grove, Chelsea.

Mr. Haim has a young daughter, Marguerite, who is a designer of book-covers. She is an attractive girl, and George finds her a pleasant companion. Their mutual sympathy kindles into love, but they keep their romance secret, and its course is complicated by dissension in the Haim family. The old man, a widower, marries Mrs. Lobley, his servant—so much to Marguerite's disgust that she refuses to live in her father's house. George, however, remains in his quarters there.

One Sunday George lunches at Mrs. John Orgreave's house, and meets Lois Ingram, an unconventional girl, who says that she "hates surnames," so that the two are soon addressing each other as "George" and "Lois." She has a car—lent to her by a friend, Miss Wheeler—and she offers to take George home; but she drives so recklessly that he gets out of the car and leaves her.

That same afternoon there is another upheaval at the Haim establishment. Having picked up a letter from his daughter to George, Mr. Haim furiously taxes the young man with treachery in concealing his engagement to Marguerite, and George leaves the house in anger.

Two years elapse, and the time for George's final examination is approaching. He has a room at a small West End club, Pickering's, and is still engaged to Marguerite Haim, who lives in Chelsea with her friend, Celia Agg, an artist. He does not hear of Lois Ingram again until one evening his friend, Everard Lucas—a fellow pupil at Lucas & Enwright's—invites him to dinner at a restaurant, and he finds that the other guests are Miss Wheeler, who is a celebrated American beauty, and Laurencine Ingram, Lois's younger sister.

On the following day he learns that Mrs. Haim has died suddenly, and that Marguerite has gone to her father in his trouble. The old man is much broken, but still implacable against George, whom he drives away from his house.

## XXVI

THE examination began the next day. Despite his preoccupation about Marguerite, George's performances during the first days were quite satisfactory to himself. Indeed, after a few minutes in the examination-room, after the preliminary critical assessing of the difficulty of the problems in design, and of the questions and of his ability to deal with them, George successfully forgot everything except the great seven-day duel between the self-constituted autocratic authorities backed by prestige and force, and the aspirants who had naught but their wits to help them. He was neither a son, nor a friend, nor a lover; he ceased to have human ties; he had become an examinee.

Marguerite wrote him two short letters which were perfect, save that he always regarded her handwriting as a little too clerical, too like her father's. She made

no reference whatever to the scene in the basement room. She said that she could not easily arrange to see him immediately, and that for the sake of his exam he ought not to be distracted. She would have seen him on the Saturday, but on Saturday George learned that her father was ill and required, even if he did not need, constant attention.

The funeral, unduly late, occurred by Mr. Haim's special desire on the Sunday, most of which day George spent with Everard Lucas. On the Monday he had a rendezvous at eight o'clock with Marguerite at the studio.

She opened the door herself; and her welcome was divine. Her gestures spoke, delicate, and yet robust in their candor; but she was in deep mourning.

"Oh!" he said, holding her. "You're wearing black, then."

"Of course!" she answered sweetly. "You see, I had to be there all through"

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the funeral, and father would have been frightfully shocked if I hadn't been in black—naturally."

"Of course!" he agreed.

It was ridiculous that he should be surprised and somewhat aggrieved to find her in mourning; still, he was surprised and somewhat aggrieved.

"Besides—" she added vaguely.

And that "besides" disquieted him and confirmed his grievance. Why should she wear mourning for a woman to whom she was not related, whom she had known simply as a charwoman, and who had forced her to leave her father's house? There was no tie between Marguerite and her stepmother. George, for his part, had liked the dead woman, but Marguerite had not even liked her. No, she was not wearing black in honor of the dead, but to humor the living. And why should her father be humored?

"That frock's a bit tight, but it suits you," he said, advancing with her into the studio.

"It's an old one," she smiled.

"An old one?"

"It's one I had for mother."

He had forgotten that she had had a mother, that she had known what grief was, only a very few years earlier. He resented these bereavements and the atmosphere which they disengaged. He wanted a different atmosphere.

"Is the exam really all right?" she appealed to him, taking both his hands and leaning against him and looking up into his face.

"What did I tell you in my letter?"

"Yes, I know."

"The exam is as right as rain."

"I knew it would be!"

"You didn't," he laughed. "Of course you never know your luck, you know. There's the *viva voce* to-morrow. Where's old Agg?"

"She's gone home."

"Thoughtful child! How soon will she be back?"

"About nine," said Marguerite, apparently unaware that George was being funny.

"Nine!"

"Oh, George!" Marguerite exclaimed, breaking away from him. "I'm awfully sorry, but I must get on with my packing."

"What packing?"

"I have to take my things home."

"What home?"

"Father's, I mean."

She was going back to live with her father, who would not allow him, George, to enter the house! How astounding girls were! She had written to him twice without giving the least hint of her resolve. He had to learn it, as it were, incidentally, through the urgency of packing. She did not tell him she was going—she said she must get on with her packing! And there, lying on the floor, was an open trunk; and two of her drawing-boards already had string round them.

"How is the old man to-day?" George inquired.

"He's very nervous," said Marguerite briefly and significantly. "I'd better light the lamp; I shall see better."

She seemed to be speaking to herself. She stood on a chair and lifted the chimney off the central lamp. George absently passed her his box of matches. As she was replacing the chimney, he said suddenly in a very resolute tone:

"This is all very well, Marguerite; but it's going to be awkward for me."

She jumped lightly down from the chair, like a little girl.

"Oh, George, I know!" she cried. "It will be awkward for both of us; but we shall arrange something."

She might have resented his tone. She might have impulsively defended herself; but she did not. She accepted his attitude with unreserved benevolence. Her gaze was marvelously sympathetic.

"I can't make out what your father's got against me," said George angrily, building his vexation on her benevolence. "What have I done, I should like to know?"

"It's simply because you lived there all that time without him knowing we were engaged. He says that if he'd known, he would never have let you stay there a day." She smiled mournfully, forgivingly, excusingly.

"But it's preposterous!"

"Oh, it is!"

"And how does he behave to *you*? Is he treating you decently?"

"Oh, fairly. You see he's got a lot to get over. And he's most frightfully upset about—his wife. Well, you saw him yourself, didn't you?"

"That's no reason why he should treat you badly."



"But he doesn't, George!"

"Oh, I know, I know! Do you think I don't know? He's not even decent to you. I can see it in your voice. Why should you go back and live with him if he isn't prepared to appreciate it?"

"But he expects it, George. And what am I to do? He's all alone. I can't leave him all alone, can I?"

"I tell you what it is, Marguerite," George burst out. "You're too good-natured. That's what it is. You're too good-natured. And it's a very bad thing."

Tears came into her eyes; she could not control them. She was grieved by his remark.

"I'm not, George, truly. You must remember, father's been through a lot this last week. So have I."

"I know, I know! I admit all that; but you're too good-natured, and I'll stick to it."

She was smiling again.

"You think that because you're fond of me. Nobody else would say it, and I'm not. Help me to lift this trunk onto the chest."

While the daylight withdrew, and the shadows cast by the lamp-rays grew blacker, she went on rapidly with her packing, he serving her at intervals. They said little. His lower lip fell lower and lower. The evening was immensely, horribly different from what he had expected and hoped for. He felt once more the inescapable grip of destiny fastening upon him.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" he asked after a long time.

"I told father I should be back at a quarter past nine."

This statement threw George into a condition of dark disgust. He made no remark; but what remarks he could have made—sarcastic, bitter, unanswerable! Why in the name of Heaven should she promise her father to be back at a quarter past nine, or at a quarter past anything? Was she a servant? Had she no rights? Had he himself, George, no rights?

A little before nine Agg arrived. Marguerite was fastening the trunk.

"Now be sure, Agg," said Marguerite, "don't forget to hang out the Carter Paterson card at the end of the alley to-morrow morning. I must have these things at home to-morrow night for certain. The labels are on, and here's twopence for the man."

"Do I forget?" retorted Agg cheerfully. "By the way, George, I want to talk to you." She turned to Marguerite and repeated in quite a different voice: "I want to talk to him, dear, to-night. Do let him stay. Will you?"

Marguerite gave a puzzled assent.

"I'll call after I've taken Marguerite to Alexandra Grove, Agg—on my way back to the club."

"Oh, no, you won't!" said Agg. "I shall be gone to bed then. Look at that portrait and see how I've worked. My family's concerned about me. It wants me to go away for a holiday."

Not till then had George noticed the portrait at all.

"But I must take Marguerite along to the Grove," he insisted. "She can't go alone."

"And why can't she go alone? What sort of a conventional world do you think you live in? Don't girls go home alone? Don't they come in alone? Don't I? Anybody would think, to listen to some people, that the purdah flourished in Chelsea; but it's all pretense. I don't ask for the honor of a private interview with you every night. You've both of you got all your lives before you; and for once in a way Marguerite's going out alone. At least you can take her to the street—I don't mind that; but don't be outside more than a minute."

Agg, who had sat down, rose and slowly removed her small hat. With pins in her mouth, she said something about the luggage to Marguerite.

"All right! All right!" George surrendered gloomily.

In truth he was not sorry to let Marguerite depart solitary. Agg's demeanor was very peculiar; he would have been almost afraid to be too obstinate in denying her request. He had never seen her hysterical, but a suspicion took him that she might be capable of hysteria. You never knew, with that kind of girl, he thought sagaciously.

In the darkness of the alley, George said to Marguerite, feigning irritation:

"What on earth does she want?"

"Agg? Oh, it's probably nothing. She does get excited sometimes, you know."

The two girls had parted with strange, hard demonstrations of affection from Agg.

"I suppose you'll write," said George coldly.



"To-morrow, darling," she replied quite simply and gravely.

Her kiss was warm, complete, faithful, very loving, very sympathetic. Nothing in her demeanor as she left him showed that George had received it in a non-committal manner; yet she must have noticed his wounded reserve. He did not like such duplicity. He would have preferred her to be less miraculously angelic.

When he reentered the studio, Agg, who very seldom smoked, was puffing violently at a cigarette. She reclined on one elbow on the settee, her eyes fixed on the portrait of herself. George was really perturbed by the baffling queeriness of the scenes through which he was passing.

"Look here, infant in arms," she began immediately. "I only wanted to say two words to you about Marguerite. Can you stand it?"

There was a pause. George walked in front of her, hiding the easel.

"Yes," he said gruffly.

"Well, Marguerite's a magnificent girl. She's extraordinarily capable. You'd think she could look after herself as well as any one; but she can't. I know her far better than you do. She needs looking after. She'll make a fool of herself if she isn't handled."

"How do you mean?"

"You know how I mean."

"Do you mean about the old man?"

"I mean about the perfectly horrid old man. Ah, if I was in your place! If I was a man," she said passionately, "do you know what I should do with Marguerite? I should carry her off. I should run away with her. I should drag her out of the house, and she should know what a real man was. I'm not going to discuss her with you. I'm not going to say any more at all. I'm off to bed; but before you go, I do think you might tell me my portrait's a pretty good thing."

And she did not say any more.

## XXVII

THE written part of the examination lasted four days; and then there was an interval of one day in which the harassed and harried aspirants might restore themselves for the two days' ordeal of the *viva voce*. George had continued to be well-satisfied with work up to the interval. He considered that he had perfectly succeeded in separating the lover and the examinee, and

that nothing foreign to the examination could vitiate his activity therein. It was on the day of repose, a Wednesday, that a doubt suddenly occurred to him as to the correctness of his answer, in the "construction" paper, to a question which began with the following formidable words:

A girder, freely supported at each end and forty feet long, carries a load of six tons at a distance of six feet from one end and a load of ten tons—

Thus it went on for ten lines. He had always been impatient of detail, and he hated every kind of calculation. Nevertheless he held that calculations were relatively easy, and that he could do them as well as the dryest duffer in the profession when he set his mind to them. But the doubt as to the correctness of his answer developed into a certainty.

Facing the question in private again, he obtained four different solutions in an hour. It was John Orgreave who ultimately set him right, convicting him of a most elementary misconception. Forthwith his faith in his whole construction paper vanished. He grumbled that it was monstrous to give candidates an unbroken stretch of four hours' work at the end of a four-day effort. Yet earlier he had been boasting that he had not felt the slightest fatigue.

He had expected to see Marguerite on the day of repose. He did not see her. She had offered no appointment; and he said to himself that he had not the slightest intention of running after her. Such had become the attitude of the lover to the beloved.

On the Thursday morning, however, he felt fit enough to face a dozen oral examiners, and performed his morning exercises in the club bedroom with a positive ferocity of vigor. And then he was gradually overtaken by a black moodiness which he could not explain. He had passed through similar though less acute moods as a boy; but this was the first of the inexplicable somber humors which at moments darkened his manhood.

He had not the least suspicion that prolonged nervous tension due to two distinct causes had nearly worn him out. He was melancholy, and his melancholy increased. But he was proud; he was defiant. His self-confidence, as he looked back at the years of genuine hard study behind him, was complete. He disdained examiners. He knew that with all their damnable ingenuity they could not floor him.

The crisis arrived in the afternoon of the first of the two days. His brain was quite clear. Thousands of details about drainage, ventilation, shoring, architectural practise, lighting, subsoils, specifications, iron and steel construction, underpinning, the properties of building-materials, strains, thrusts, water-supply; thousands of details about his designs—the designs in his “testimonies of study,” the design for his thesis, and the designs produced during the examination itself—all these peopled his brain; but they were in order, they were under control, they were his slaves. For four and a half hours, off and on, he had admirably displayed the reality of his knowledge, and then he was sent into a fresh room to meet a fresh examiner.

There he stood in the room alone with his designs for a small provincial town hall—a key-plan, several one-eighth scale-plans, a piece of half-inch detail, and two rough perspective sketches which he knew were brilliant. The room was hot; through the open window came the distant sound of the traffic of Regent Street. The strange melancholy of a city in summer floated toward him from the outside and reenforced his own.

The examiner, who had been snatching tea, entered briskly and sternly. He was a small, dapper, fair man of about fifty, with wonderfully tended finger-nails. George despised him because Mr. Enwright despised him, but he had met him once in the way of the firm's business and had found him urbane.

“Good afternoon,” said George politely.

The examiner replied, trotting along the length of the desk with quick, short steps:

“Now, about this work of yours. I've looked at it with some care—”

His speech was like his demeanor and his finger-nails.

“Boor!” thought George.

But he could not actively resent the slight. He glanced round at the walls; he was in a prison. He was at the mercy of a tyrant invested with omnipotence.

The little tyrant, however, was superficially affable. Only now and then in his prim, courteous voice was there a hint of hostility and cruelty. He put a number of questions, the answers to which had to be George's justification. He said “H-m!” and “Ah!” and “Really?” He came to the matter of spouting.

“Now I object to hopper-heads,” he said. “I regard them as unhygienic.”

And he looked coldly at George with eyebrows lifted. George returned the gaze.

“I know you do, sir,” George replied.

Indeed it was notorious that hopper-heads to vertical spouting were a special antipathy of this examiner's, who was a famous faddist. But the reply was a mistake. The examiner, secure in his attributes, ignored the sally. Taking up the general plan of the town hall, he said:

“The fact is, I do—not—care for this kind of thing. The whole tendency—”

“Excuse me, sir,” George interrupted, with conscious and elaborate respectfulness, “but surely the question isn't one of personal preferences. Is the design good or is it bad?”

“Well, I call it bad,” said the examiner, showing testiness.

The next instant he seized one of the brilliant perspective sketches, and by his mere manner of holding it between his thumb and finger he sneered at it and condemned it. He snapped out, not angrily—rather pityingly:

“And what the devil's this?”

“What the hell do you think it is?” retorted George, furious.

He had not foreseen that he was going to say such a thing. The traffic in Regent Street, which had been inaudible to both of them, was loud in their ears.

The examiner had committed a peccadillo, George a terrible crime. The next morning the episode, in various forms, was somehow common knowledge and a source of immense diversion.

George went through the second day, but lifelessly. He was sure he had failed. Apart from the significance of the fact that the *viva voce* counted for five hundred and fifty marks out of a total of twelve hundred, he felt that the Royal Institute of British Architects would know how to defend its dignity.

On the Saturday morning John Orgreave had positive secret information that George would be plucked.

## XXVIII

ON that same Saturday afternoon George and Marguerite went out together. She had given him a rendezvous in Brompton Cemetery, choosing this spot partly because it was conveniently near, and partly in unconscious obedience to the traditional instinct of lovers for the society of the undisturbed dead.

Each of them had a roofed habitation, but neither could employ it for the ends of love. No. 8 was barred to George as much by his own dignity as by the invisible sword of the old man; and of course he could not break the immemorial savage tabu of a club by introducing a girl into it. The Duke of Wellington himself, though Candle Court was his purdah, could never have broken the tabu of even so modest a club as Pickering's. Owing to the absence of Agg, who had gone to Wales with part of her family, the studio in Manresa Road was equally closed to the pair.

Marguerite was first at the rendezvous. George saw her walking sedately near the entrance. Despite her sedateness she had unmistakably the air of waiting at a tryst. Anybody at a glance would have said that she was expecting a man. She had the classical demure innocence of her situation.

George did not care for that. Why? She, in fact, was expecting a man, and in expecting him she had nothing to be ashamed of. Well, he did not care for it. He did not care for her being like other girls of her class. In his pocket he had an invitation from Miss Wheeler for the next evening. Would Miss Wheeler wait for a man in a public place, especially a cemetery? Would Lois Ingram? Would Laurencine? He could not picture them so waiting.

Oh, simpleton, unlearned in the world! A snob, too, no doubt! And illogical! If No. 8 had been open to them, and the studio and the club, he would have accepted with gusto the idea of an open-air rendezvous; but since there was no alternative to an open-air rendezvous, the idea of it humiliated and repelled him.

Further, in addition to her culpable, demure innocence, Marguerite was wearing black. Of course she was! She had no choice. Still, he hated her mourning. Moreover, she was too modest; she did not impose herself. Some girls wore mourning with splendid defiance. Marguerite seemed to apologize; seemed to turn the other cheek to death.

He arrived critical, and naturally he found matter to criticise.

Her greeting showed quite candidly the pleasure she had in the sight of him. Her heart was in the hand she gave him; he felt its mystic throbbings there.

"How are things?" he began. "I rather thought I should have been hearing more from you."

He softened his voice to match the tenderness of her smile, but he did it consciously.

"I thought you'd have quite enough to worry about with the exam, without me," she replied.

It was not a wise speech, because it implied that he was capable of being worried, of being disturbed in the effort of absorption necessary for the examination. He laughed a little harshly.

"Well, you see the result!"

He had written to tell Marguerite of the disastrous incident, and that failure was a certainty. A sort of shame had made him recoil from telling her to her face; it was easier to be casual in writing than in talking. The letter had at any rate tempered for both of them the shock of communication.

Now he was out of humor with her because he had played the ass with an ass of an examiner—not because she was directly or indirectly responsible for his doing so; simply because he had done so. She was the woman. It was true that she in part was indirectly responsible for the calamity, but he did not believe it, and anyhow would never have admitted it.

"Oh, George! What a shame it was!" As usual, not a trace of reproach from her, an absolute conviction that he was entirely blameless. "What shall you do? You'll have to sit again."

"Sit again! Me!" he exclaimed haughtily. "I never shall! I've done with exams." He meant it.

"But—shall you give up architecture, then?"

"Certainly not! My dear girl, what are you thinking of? Of course I sha'n't give up architecture. You needn't pass any exams to be an architect. Anybody can call himself an architect, and *be* an architect, without passing exams. Exams are optional. That's what makes old Enwright so cross with our beautiful profession."

He laughed again harshly. All the time, beneath his quite genuine defiance, he was thinking what an idiot he had been to cheek the examiner, and how staggeringly simple it was to ruin years of industry by one impulsive moment's folly, and how iniquitous was a world in which such injustice could be.

Marguerite was puzzled. In her ignorance she had imagined that professions were inseparably connected with examinations.

However, she had to find faith to accept his dictum, and she found it.

"Now about this afternoon," he said. "I vote we take a steamboat down the river. I've made up my mind I must have a look at Greenwich again from the water; and we both need a blow."

"But won't it take a long time?" she mildly objected.

He turned on her violently, and spoke as he had never spoken:

"What if it does?"

He knew that she was thinking of her infernal father, and he would not have it. He remembered all that Agg had said. Assuredly Agg had shown nerve, too much nerve, to tackle him in the way she did. The more he reflected upon her interference, the more he resented it as impertinent. Still, Agg had happened to talk sense.

"Oh, nothing!" Marguerite agreed quickly, fearfully. "I should like to go. I've never been. Do we go to Chelsea Pier? Down Fernshaw Road will be the nearest."

"We'll go down Beaufort Street," he decided.

He divined that she had suggested Fernshaw Road in order to avoid passing the end of the Grove, where her father might conceivably see them. Well, he was not going out of his way to avoid her father. Nay, he was going slightly out of his way in order to give her father every chance of beholding them together.

Although the day was Saturday, there was no stir on Chelsea Pier. The pier-keeper, indeed, was alone on the pier, which rose high on the urgent flood-tide, so that the gangway to it sloped unusually upward. No steamer was in sight, and it seemed impossible that any steamer should ever call at that forlorn and decrepit platform trembling under the straining of the water. Nevertheless, a steamer did after a little while appear round the bend, in Battersea Reach, lowered its funnel, aimed its sharp nose at an arch of Battersea Bridge, and finally, poising itself against the strong stream, bumped very gently and neatly into contact with the pier.

The pier-keeper went through all the classic motions of mooring, unbarring, barring, and casting off, and in a few seconds the throbbing steamer, which was named with the name of a great Londoner, left the pier again with George and Marguerite on board. Nobody had disembarked. The shallow and handsome craft, flying its gay

flags, crossed and recrossed the river, calling at three piers in the space of a few minutes; but all the piers were like Chelsea Pier; all the pier-keepers had the air of castaways upon shaking islets.

The passengers on the steamer would not have filled a motor-bus, and they carried themselves like melancholy adventurers who have begun to doubt the authenticity of the inspiration which sent them on a mysterious quest. Such was travel on the Thames in the years immediately before Londoners came to a final decision that the river was meet to be ignored by the genteel town which it had begotten.

George and Marguerite sat close together near the prow, saying little, the one waiting to spring, the other to suffer onslaught. It was in Lambeth Reach that the broad, brimming river challenged and seized George's imagination. A gusty, warm southwest wind met the rushing tide and blew it up into foamy waves. The wind was powerful, but the tide was irresistible.

Far away, Land's End having divided the Atlantic surge, that same wind was furiously driving vast waters up the English Channel and round the Forelands, and also vast waters up the west coast of Britain. The twin surges had met again in the outer estuary of the Thames and joined their terrific impulses to defy the very wind which had given them strength, and the mighty flux swept with unregarding power through the mushroom city whose existence on its banks was a transient episode in the everlasting life of the river.

The river seemed to threaten the city that had confined it in stone. And George, in the background of his mind, which was obsessed by the tormenting enigma of the girl by his side, also threatened the city. With the uncompromising arrogance of the student who has newly acquired critical ideas, he estimated and judged it. He cursed the Tate Gallery and utterly damned Doulton's works. He sternly approved Lambeth Palace, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, Somerset House, Waterloo Bridge, and St. Paul's. He cursed St. Thomas's Hospital and the hotels. He patronized New Scotland Yard.

The Isambard Brunel—so the steamer was named—penetrated more and more into the heart of the city, fighting for every yard of her progress. Flags stood out straight in the blue sky traversed by swift, white clouds. Huge, rudderless barges, each



with a dwarf in the stern struggling at a giant's oar, were borne westward broadside on, like straws upon the surface of a hurrying brook. A launch with an orchestra on board flew gaily past. Tugs with a serpentine tail of craft threaded perilously through the increasing traffic. Railway-trains, cabs, colored omnibuses, cyclists, and footfarers mingled in and complicated the scene.

Then the first ocean-going steamer appeared, belittling all else. And then the calm, pale beauty of the Custom-House at last humbled George, and for an instant made him think that he could never do anything worth doing. His pride leaped up, unconquerable. The ocean-going steamers, as they multiplied on the river, roused in him wild and painful longings to rush to the ends of the earth and gorge himself on the immense feast which the great romantic world had to offer.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed passionately, "I'd give something to go to Japan!"

"Would you?" Marguerite answered with mildness.

She had not the least notion of what he was feeling. Her voice responded to him, but her imagination did not respond. True, as he had always known, she had no ambition! The critical quality of his mood developed. The imperious impulse came to take her to task.

"What's the latest about your father?" he asked, with a touch of impatient, aggrieved disdain.

Both were aware that the words had opened a crucial interview between them. She moved nervously on the seat. The benches that ran along the deck-rails met in an acute angle at the stem of the steamer, so that the pair sat opposite each other with their knees almost touching.

"I hear he hasn't gone back to the office yet," George went on.

"No," said Marguerite; "but he'll start again on Monday, I think."

"Is he fit to go back? I thought he looked awful."

She flushed slightly—at the indirect reference to the episode in the basement on the night of the death.

"It will do him good to go back," said Marguerite. "I'm sure he misses the office dreadfully."

George gazed at her. Under her thin glove he suddenly detected the form of her ring. She was wearing it again, then. He could not remember whether she had worn

it at their last meeting, in Agg's studio. The very curious fact was that at their last meeting he had forgotten to look for the ring.

Not only was she wearing the ring, but she carried a stylish little hand-bag which he had given her. When he bought that bag, in the Burlington Arcade, it had been a bag like any other bag; but now it had become part of her, individualized by her personality, a mysterious and provocative bag. Everything she wore, down to her boots, and even her boot-laces, so neatly threaded and knotted, was mysterious and provocative.

He examined her face. It was marvelously beautiful; it was ordinary; it was marvelously beautiful. He knew her to the depth; he did not know her at all; she was a chance acquaintance; she was a complete stranger.

"How are you getting on with him? You know you really ought to tell me."

"Oh, George!" she said, earnestly vivacious. "You're wrong in thinking that he's not nice to me. He is. He has quite forgiven me."

"Forgiven you!" George took her up. "I should like to know what he had to forgive!"

"Well," she murmured timorously, "you understand what I mean."

He drummed his elegant feet on the striated deck. Out of the corner of his left eye he saw the medieval shape of the Tower rapidly disappearing. In front were the variegated funnels and masts of fleets gathered together in St. Katherine's Dock and London Dock. The steamer gained speed as she headed from Cherry Gardens Pier toward the middle of the river. She was a frail trifle compared to the big boats that lined the wharves; but in herself she had size and irresistible force, traveling quite smoothly over the short, riotous, sparkling waves which her cutwater divided and spurned away on either side. Only a tremor faintly vibrated throughout her being.

"Has he forgiven you for being engaged?" George demanded with rough sarcasm.

She showed no resentment of his tone, but replied gently:

"I did try to mention it once, but it was no use—he wasn't in a condition. He made me quite afraid—not for me, of course, but for him."



"Well, I give it up!" said George. "I simply give it up! It's past me. How soon is he going to be in condition? He can't keep us walking about the streets forever!"

"No, of course not!"

She smiled to placate him. There was a pause, and then George, his eyes fixed on her hand, remarked:

"I see you've got your ring on."

She, too, looked at her hand.

"My ring? Naturally. What do you mean?"

"I suppose you don't wear it in the house, so that the sight of it sha'n't annoy him," he proceeded cruelly.

She flushed once more. Her glance asked for mercy, for magnanimity.

"Oh, George dear!"

"Do you wear it when you're in the house, or don't you?"

Her eyes fell.

"I daren't excite him. Truly, I daren't. It wouldn't do. It wouldn't be right!"

She was admitting George's haphazard charge against her. He was astounded; but he merely flung back his head and raised his eyebrows.

"And yet she sticks to it he's nice to her!" he thought; but he said nothing aloud.

## XXIX

GREENWICH HOSPITAL showed itself in the distance like a domed island rising fabulously out of the blue-green water. Even far off, before he could decipher the main contours of the gigantic quadruple pile, the vision excited him. His mind, darkened by the most dreadful apprehensions concerning Marguerite, dwelt on it darkly, sardonically, and yet with pleasure. He proudly compared his own disillusion with those of his greatest forerunners.

His studies, and the example of Mr. Enwright, had inspired him with an extremely enthusiastic worship of Inigo Jones, whom he classed, not without reason, among the great creative artists of Europe. He snorted when he heard Greenwich Hospital referred to as the largest and finest charitable institution in the world. For him it was the supreme English architectural work.

He snorted at the thought of that pompous and absurd monarch, James I, ordering Inigo Jones to design him a palace surpassing all palaces, choosing a sublime site therefor, and then doing nothing. He snorted at the thought of that deluded mon-

arch, Charles I, ordering Inigo Jones to design him a palace surpassing all palaces, receiving from Inigo Jones the plans of a structure which would have equaled in beauty and eclipsed in grandeur any European structure of the Christian era—even Chambord, even the Escorial, even Versailles—and then accomplishing nothing beyond a tiny fragment of the sublime dream.

He snorted at the thought that Inigo Jones had died at the age of nearly eighty ere the foundations of the Greenwich Palace had begun to be dug, and without having seen more than the fragment of his unique Whitehall—after a youth spent in arranging masks for a stupid court, and an old age spent in disappointment. But then, no English monarch had ever begun and finished a palace. George wished, rather venturesomely, that he had lived in Paris under Francis I!

The largest and finest charitable institution! The ineffable William and Mary had merely turned it into a charitable institution because they did not know what else to do with it. The mighty halls which ought to have resounded to the laughter of the mistresses of Charles II were diverted to the inevitable squalor of alms-giving. The mutilated victims of the egotism and fatuity of kings were imprisoned together under the rules and regulations of charity, the most cruel of all rules and regulations. And all was done meanly—that is, all that interested George.

Christopher Wren, who was building St. Paul's and fighting libels and slanders at a salary of two hundred a year, came down to Greenwich and for years worked immortally for nothing amid material difficulties that never ceased to multiply; and he, too, was beaten by the huge monster. Then Vanbrugh arrived and blithely finished in corrupt brick and flaming manifestations of decadence that which the pure and monumental genius of Inigo Jones had first conceived. The north frontages were marvels of beauty; the final erections to the south amounted to an outrage upon Jones and Wren.

Still, the affair was the largest and finest charitable institution on earth! What a country, thought George, hugging injustice! So it had treated Jones and Wren and many another. So it had treated Enwright. And so it would treat, was already treating, him, George.

He did not care. As the steamer approached Greenwich, and the details of the aborted palace grew clearer, and he could distinguish between the genius of Jones and the genius of Wren, he felt grimly and victoriously sure that both Jones and Wren had had the best of the struggle against indifference and philistinism—as he, too, would have the best of the struggle, though he should die obscure and in penury. He was miserable and resentful, and yet he was triumphant.

The steamer stopped at the town pier.

"Are we there?" said Marguerite. "Already?"

"Yes," said he. "And I think we may as well go back by the same steamer."

She concurred. However, an official insisted on their disembarking, even if they meant to reembark at once. They went ashore. The façade of the palace-hospital stretched majestically to the left of them in sharp perspective, a sensational spectacle.

"It's very large," Marguerite commented. Her voice was nervous.

"Yes, it's rather more than large," he said dryly.

He would not share his thoughts with her. He knew that she had some inklings of taste, but in that moment he preferred to pretend that her artistic perception was on a level with that of William and Mary. They boarded the steamer again, and took their old places; and the menacing problem of their predicament was still between them.

"We can have some tea down-stairs, if you like," he said after the steamer had turned around and started up-stream.

She answered in tones that were imperfectly controlled:

"No, thank you. I feel as if I couldn't swallow anything."

She looked up at him very quickly, with the embryo of a smile, and then looked down again very quickly because she could not bring the smile to maturity. George thought:

"Am I going to have a scene with her—on the steamer?"

It would not matter much if a scene did occur. There was nobody else on deck forward of the bridge. They were alone—they were more solitary than they might have been in the studio, or in any room at No. 8. The steamer was now nearly heading the wind, but she traveled more smoothly, for she had the last of the flood-tide under her.

"Upon my soul, I don't know what the old gentleman's got against me," George said kindly and persuasively.

She eagerly accepted his advance, which seemed to give her courage.

"But there's nothing to know, dear. We both know that. There's nothing at all. And yet, of course, I can understand it. So can you. In fact, it was you who first explained it to me. If you'd left No. 8 when I did, and he'd heard of our engagement afterward, he wouldn't have thought anything of it. It was your staying on in the house that did it, and his not knowing of the engagement. He thought you used to come to see me at night at the studio, me and Agg, and make fun of everything at No. 8—especially of his wife. He's evidently got some such idea in his head, and there's no getting it out again."

"But it's childish!"

"I know. However, we've said all this before, haven't we?"

"But the idea's got to be out of his head again!" said George vigorously—more dictatorially and less persuasively than before.

Marguerite offered no remark.

"And after all," George continued, "he couldn't have been so desperately keen on—your stepmother. When he married her, your mother hadn't been dead so very long, had she?"

"No. But he never cared for mother anything like so much as he cared for Mrs. Lobley—at least, not as far back as I can remember. It was a different sort of thing altogether. I think he was perfectly mad about Mrs. Lobley. He stood mother's death much—much better than hers. You've no idea—"

"Oh, yes, I have. We know all about that sort of thing," said George, the man of the world, impatiently.

"It has broken him," Marguerite said tenderly.

"Nonsense!"

"It has, George."

Her voice was very soft; but George would not listen to the softness of her voice. "Well," he objected firmly and strongly, "supposing it has! What then? We're sorry for him. What then? That affair has nothing to do with our affair. Is all that any reason why I shouldn't see you in your own home? Or are we to depend on Agg—when she happens to be at her studio? Or are we always to see each other in the street, or in museums and things—or

steamers—just as if you were a shop-girl? We may just as well look facts in the face, you know."

She flushed. Her features changed under emotion.

"Oh, George! I don't know what to do."

"Then you think he's determined not to have anything to do with me?"

She was silent.

"You think he's determined not to have anything to do with me, I say?"

"He may change," she murmured.

"'May change' be dashed! We've got to know where we stand."

He most surprisingly stood up, staring at her. She did not speak, but she lifted her eyes to his with timid courage. They were wet.

George abruptly walked away along the deck. The steamer was passing the Custom-House again. The tide had almost slackened now. Fresh and heavier clouds had overcast the sky. All the varied thoughts of the afternoon were active in George's head at once—architecture, architects, beauty, professional injustices, girls—his girl. Each affected the others, for they were deeply entangled.

It is a fact that he could not put Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren out of his head. He wondered what had been their experiences with women—histories and textbooks of architecture did not treat of this surely important aspect of architecture!

He glanced at Marguerite from the distance. He remembered what Agg had said to him about her; but what Agg had said did not appear to help him practically.

Why had he left Marguerite? Why was he standing thirty feet from her and observing her inimically? He walked back to her, sat down, and said calmly:

"Listen to me, darling. Suppose we arrange now, definitely, to get married in two years' time. How will that do for you?"

"But, George, can you be sure that you'll be able to marry in two years?"

He put his chin forward.

"You needn't worry about that," said he. "You needn't think because I've failed in an exam I don't know what I'm about. You leave all that to me. In two years I shall be able enough to keep a wife—and well! Now, shall we arrange to get married in two years' time?"

"It might be a fearful drag for you," she said. "Because you know I don't really earn very much."

"That's not the point. I don't care what you earn. I sha'n't want you to earn anything, so far as that goes. Any earning that's needed I shall be prepared to do. I'll put it like this—supposing I'm in a position to keep you, shall we arrange to get married in two years' time?" He found a fierce pleasure in reiterating the phrase. "So long as that's understood, I don't mind the rest. If we have to depend on Agg, or meet in the streets—never mind. It'll be an infernal nuisance, but I expect I can stand it as well as you can. Moreover, I quite see your difficulty—quite. And let's hope the old gentleman will begin to have a little sense."

"Oh, George! If he only would!"

He did not like her habit of "Oh, George!"

"Well?"

He waited for an answer to his question, ignoring her aspiration.

"I don't know what to say, George."

He restrained himself.

"We're engaged, aren't we?" She gave no answer, and he repeated: "We're engaged, aren't we?"

"Yes."

"That's all right. Well, will you give me your absolute promise to marry me in two years' time—if I'm in a position to keep you? It's quite simple. You say you don't know what to say; but you've got to know what to say."

As he looked at her averted face, his calmness began to leave him.

"Oh, George! I can't promise that!" she burst out, showing her emotion at length.

The observant skipper on the bridge noted that on the forward deck a boy and a girl were having a bit of a tiff.

George trembled. All that Agg had said recurred to him once more; but what could he do to act upon it? Anger was gaining on him.

"Why not?" he menaced.

"It would have to depend on how father was. Surely you must see that!"

"Indeed I don't see it. I see quite the contrary. We're engaged. You've got the first call on me, and I've got the first call on you—not your father."

The skin over his nose was tight, owing to the sudden swelling of two points, one on either side of the bone.

"George, I couldn't leave him—again. I think now I may have been wrong to leave

him before. However, that's over. I couldn't leave him again. It would be very wrong. He'd be all alone."

"Well, then, let him be friends with me."

"I do wish he would!"

"Yes. Well, wishing won't do much good. If there's any trouble, it's entirely your father's fault. What I want to know is—will you give me your absolute promise to marry me in two years' time?"

"I can't, George. It wouldn't be honest. I can't! I can't! How can you ask me to throw over my duty to father?"

He rose and walked away again. She was profoundly moved, but no sympathy for her mitigated his resentment. He considered that her attitude was utterly monstrous—monstrous! He could not find a word adequate for it. He was furious; his fury increased with each moment. He returned to the prow, but did not sit down.

"Don't you think, then, that you ought to choose between your father and me?" he said in a low, hard voice, standing over her.

"What do you mean?" she faltered.

"What do I mean? It's plain enough what I mean, isn't it? Your father may live twenty years yet. Nobody knows. The older he gets the more obstinate he'll be. We may be kept hanging about for years and years and years—indeinitely. What's the sense of it? You say it's your duty, but what's the object of being engaged?"

"Do you want to break it off, George?"

"Now don't put it like that. You know I don't want to break it off. You know I want to marry you; only you won't, and I'm not going to be made a fool of. I'm absolutely innocent."

"Of course you are!" she agreed eagerly.

"Well, I'm not going to be made a fool of by your father. If we're engaged, you know what it means—marriage. If it doesn't mean that, then I say we've no right to be engaged."

Marguerite seemed to recoil at the last words, but she quickly recovered herself. Heedless of being in a public place, she took off her glove, drew the engagement-ring from her finger, and held it out to George. She could not speak. The gesture was her language.

George was staggered. He was stupefied for an instant. Then he took the ring, and under an uncontrollable, savage impulse he threw it into the river.

He did not move for a considerable time, staring at the river in front. Neither did

she move. At length he said, in a cold voice, without moving his head:

"Here's Chelsea Pier."

She got up and walked to the rail amidships. He followed. The steamer moored. A section of rail slid aside. The pier-keeper gave a hand to Marguerite, who jumped to the pier.

George hesitated. The pier-keeper challenged him testily:

"Now then, are ye coming ashore or aren't ye?"

George could not move. The pier-keeper banged the rail to close the gap, and cast off the ropes, and the steamer resumed her voyage.

A minute later George saw Marguerite slowly crossing the gangway from the pier to the embankment. There she went! She was about to be swallowed up in the waste of human dwellings, in the measureless and tragic expanse of the indifferent town.

She was gone. Curse her, with her reliability! She was too reliable. He knew that. Her father could rely on her. Curse her, with her outrageous, incredibly cruel and unjust sense of duty!

She had held him once. Once the sight of her had made him turn hot and cold. Once the prospect of life without her had seemed unbearable. He had loved her instinctively and intensely. He now judged and condemned her. Her beauty, her sweetness, her belief in him, her reliability—these qualities were neutralized by her sense of duty, awful, uncompromising, blind to fundamental justice.

The affair was over. If George knew her, he knew also himself. The affair was over. He was in despair. His mind went round and round like a life prisoner exercising in an enclosed yard. No escape!

Till then, he had always believed in his luck. Infantile delusion! He felt now that destiny had once for all struck him a crushing and fatal blow. Of course he did not perceive that he was too young, not ripe, for such a blow.

He had lost Marguerite. And what had he lost? What was there in her? She was not brilliant; she had no position; she had neither learning nor wit. He could remember nothing remarkable that they had ever said to each other. Indeed, their conversations had generally been rather banal; but he could remember how they had felt, how he had felt, in their hours together. The sensation communicated to him by her hand



when he had drawn off her glove in the tremendous silence of the hansom! Marvelous, exquisite, magical sensation that no words of his could render! And there had been others as rare. These scenes were love; they were Marguerite; they were what he had lost.

Strange, that he should throw the ring into the river! Nevertheless it was a right gesture. She deserved it. She was absolutely wrong; he was absolutely right—she had admitted it. Toward him she had no excuse. Logically her attitude was absurd; yet no argument would change it. Stupid—that was what she was—stupid and ruthless. She would be capable of martyrizing the whole world to her sense of duty, her damnable, insane sense of duty.

She was gone. He was ruined; she had ruined him; but he respected her. He hated to respect her, but he respected her.

A thought leaped up in his mind—and who could have guessed it? It was the thought that the secrecy of the engagement would now save him from a great deal of public humiliation. He would have loathed saying:

"We've broken it off."

### XXX

THE overwhelming splendor of Miss Irene Wheeler's put George out of countenance, and he did not quite recover his aplomb until the dinner was nearly finished. The rooms were very large and lofty; they blazed with electric light, though the day had not yet gone; they gleamed with the polish of furniture, enamel, bookbindings, marble, ivory, and precious metals; they were ennobled by magnificent pictures and purified by immense quantities of lovely flowers.

George had made the mistake of arriving last. He found in the vast drawing-room five people who had the air of being at home and intimate together. There were, in addition to the hostess, Lois and Laurencine Ingram, Everard Lucas, and a Frenchman from the French Embassy, whose name he did not catch. Miss Wheeler wore an elaborate Oriental costume, and apologized for its simplicity on the grounds that she was fatigued by a crowded and tiresome reception which she had held that afternoon, and that the dinner was to be without ceremony. This said, her conversation seemed to fail, but she remained by George's side, apart from the others.

George saw not the least vestige of the ruinous disorder which in the society to which he was accustomed usually accompanied a big afternoon tea; nor did he perceive any sign of a lack of ceremony. He had encountered two male servants in the hall, and had also glimpsed a mulatto woman in a black dress and a white apron, and a Frenchwoman in a black dress and a black apron. Now a third male servant entered, bearing an enormous silver-gilt tray on which were multitudinous bottles, glasses, decanters, and jugs. George comprehended that *apéritifs* were being offered.

The tray contained enough cocktails and other combinations, some already mingled and some not, to produce a factitious appetite in the stomachs of a whole platoon. The girls declined, Miss Wheeler declined, the Frenchman declined, George declined—from prudence and diffidence; only Lucas took an *apéritif*, and he took it, as George admitted, in style. The man servant, superbly indifferent to refusals, marched processionally off with the loaded tray. The great principle of conspicuous ritualistic waste had been illustrated in a manner to satisfy the most exacting standard of the leisured class; and incidentally a subject of talk was provided.

George observed the name of "Renoir" on the gorgeous frame of a gorgeous portrait in oils of the hostess.

"Is that a Renoir?" he asked the taciturn Miss Wheeler, who seemed to jump at the opening with relief.

"Yes," she said, with her slight lisp. "I'm glad you noticed it. Come and look at it. Do you think it's a good one? Do you like Renoir?"

By good fortune George had seen a Renoir or two in Paris under the guidance of Mr. Enwright. They stared at the portrait together.

"It's awfully distinguished," he decided, employing a useful adjective which he had borrowed from Mr. Enwright.

"Isn't it?" she said, turning her wondrous complexion toward him, and admiring his adjective. "I have a Boldini, too."

He followed her across the room to the Boldini portrait of herself, which was dazzling in its malicious flattery.

"And here's a Nicholson," she said.

These three portraits were the most striking pictures in the salon, but there were others of at least equal value.



"Are you interested in fans?" she demanded, and pulled down a switch which illuminated the interior of a large cabinet full of fans. She pointed out fans painted by Lami, Glaize, Jacquemart. "That one is supposed to be a Lancret," she said; "but I'm not sure about it, and I don't know anybody who is. Here's the latest book on the subject." She indicated Lady Charlotte Schreiber's work in two volumes, which, bound in vellum and gold, lay on a table. "But of course it only deals with English fans. However, Conder is going to do me a couple. He was here yesterday to see me about them. Of course you know him. What a wonderful man! The only really cosmopolitan artist in England, I say, now Beardsley's dead. I've got a *Siegfried* drawing by Beardsley. He was a great friend of mine. I adored him."

"This is a fine thing," said George, touching a bronze of a young girl on the same table as the books.

"You think so?" Miss Wheeler responded uncertainly. "I suppose it is. It's a Gilbert. He gave it to me. But do you really think it compares with this Barye? It doesn't, does it?"

She directed him to another bronze, of a crouching chetah.

So she moved him about. He was dazed. His modest supply of adjectives proved wholly inadequate. When she paused, he murmured:

"It's a great room you've managed to get here."

"Ah!" she cried thinly. "But you've no idea of the trouble I've had over this room. Do you know, it's really two rooms. I had to take two flats in order to fix this room."

She was launched on a supreme topic, and George heard the full history. She would not have a house. She would have a flat. She instructed house-agents to find for her the best flat in London. There was no best flat in London. London landlords did not understand flats, which were comprehended only in Paris. The least imperfect flats in London were two on a floor, and as their drawing-rooms happened to be contiguous on their longer sides, she had the idea of leasing two intolerable flats and combining them, so as to obtain one flat that was tolerable.

She had had terrible difficulties about the heating. No flats in London were heated except in the corridors and on the stair-

cases. However, she had imposed her will on the landlord, and radiators had appeared in every room.

George had a vision of excessive wealth subjugating the greatest artists and riding with implacable egotism over the customs and institutions of a city obstinately conservative. The cost and the complexity of Irene Wheeler's existence amazed and intimidated him—for this double flat was only one of her residences. He wondered what his parents would say if they could see him casually treading the oak parquetry and the heavy rugs of the resplendent abode. And then he thought, the humble and suspicious upstart:

"There must be something funny about her, or she wouldn't be asking *me* here!"

They went in to dinner without ceremony. George was last, the hostess close to his side.

"Who's the Frenchman?" he inquired casually, with the sudden boldness that often breaks out of timidity. "I didn't catch."

"It's M. Defourcambault," said Miss Wheeler in a low voice of sincere admiration. "He comes from the embassy. A most interesting man. Been everywhere. Seen everything. Read everything. Done everything."

George could not but be struck by the ingenuous earnestness of her tone, so different from the perfunctory accents in which she had catalogued her objects of art. The dining-room, the dinner, and the service of the dinner were equally superb. The broad table seemed small in the midst of the great, mysterious chamber, of which the illumination was confined by shades to the center. The glance wandering round the obscurity of the walls could rest on nothing that was not obviously in good taste and very costly. The three men servants, moving soundless as fantoms, brought burdens from a hidden country behind a gigantic screen. At intervals, in the twilight near the screen, could be detected the transient gleam of the white apron of the mulatto, whose sex clashed delicately and piquantly with the grave, priestlike performances of the male menials.

The table was of mahogany covered with a sheet of plate glass. A large gold epergne glittered in the middle. Suitably dispersed about the rim of the board were six rectangular islands of pale lace, and on each island lay a complete set of the innumerable in-

struments and condiments necessary to the proper consumption of the meal. Thus every diner dined independently, cut off from his fellows, but able to communicate with them across expanses of plate glass over mahogany.

George was confused by the multiplicity of metal tools and crystal receptacles; but he was saved from shame by remembering the maxim—a masterpiece of terse clarity worthy of a class which has been given its best brains to the perfecting of the formalities preliminary to deglutition—"Take always from the outside."

The man from the French Embassy sat on the right of the hostess, and George on her left. George had Lois Ingram on his left, Laurencine was opposite her sister. Everard Lucas, by command of the hostess, had taken the foot of the table, and was a sort of "Mr. Vice."

The six people were soon divided into two equal groups, one silent and the other talkative, the talkative three being M. Defourcambault, Laurencine, and Lucas. The diplomatist, though he could speak diplomatic English, persisted in speaking French. Laurencine spoke French quite perfectly, with exactly the same idiomatic ease as the Frenchman. Lucas neither spoke nor understood French—he had been to a great public school. Nevertheless, these three attained positive loquacity. Lucas courageously guessed at words, or the Frenchman obliged with bits of English, or Laurencine interpreted.

Laurencine was far less prim and far more girlish than at the Café Royal dinner. She kept all the freshness of her intensely virginal quality, but she was much more at ease now. Her rather large body was at ease, while continually restless in awkward and yet exquisite gestures; she laughed at ease, and made fun at ease. She appeared to have no sex-consciousness, nor even to suspect that she was a most delightful creature.

The conversation was disjointed in its gaiety, and had no claim to the attention of the serious. Laurencine said that Lucas really ought to know French. Lucas said he would learn if she would teach him. Laurencine said that she would teach him if he would have his first lesson instantly, during dinner. Lucas said that wasn't fair. Laurencine said that it was. Both of them appealed to M. Defourcambault. M. Defourcambault said that it was fair. Lucas

said that there was a plot between them, but that he would consent to learn at once if Laurencine would play for him after dinner. Laurencine said she didn't play. Lucas said she did. M. Defourcambault, invoked once again, said that she played magnificently. Laurencine blushed and asked M. Defourcambault how he could!

And so on, indefinitely. It was all naught, yet the taciturn three, smiling indulgently and glancing from one to another of the talkers, as taciturn and constrained persons must, envied that peculiar ability to maintain a rush and gush of chatter.

George was greatly disappointed in Lois. In the period before dinner his eyes had avoided her, and now, since they sat side by side, he could not properly see her without deliberately looking at her; which he would not do. She gave no manifestation. She was almost glum. Her French, though free, was markedly inferior to Laurencine's. She denied any interest in music.

George decided, with self-condemnation, that he had been deliberately creating in his own mind an illusion about her. On no other hypothesis could either his impatience to meet her to-night, or his disappointment at not meeting her on the night of the Café Royal dinner, be explained. She was nothing, after all.

And he did not deeply care for Miss Irene Wheeler, whom he could watch at will. She might be concealing something very marvelous, but she was dull, and she ignored the finer responsibilities of a hostess. She collected many beautiful things; she had some knowledge of what they were; she must be interested in them—or why should she trouble to possess them? She must have taste. And yet had she taste? Was she interested in her environment? A tone, a word, will create suspicion that the exhibition of *expertise* for hours cannot allay.

George did not like the Frenchman. The Frenchman was about thirty—small, thin, fair, with the worn face of the man who lives several lives at once. He did not look kind; he did not look reliable; and he offered little evidence in support of Miss Wheeler's ardent assertion that he had been everywhere, seen everything, read everything, done everything.

He assuredly had not, for example, read Verlaine, who was mentioned by Miss Wheeler. Now George had read one or two poems of Verlaine, and thought them

unique; hence he found reason to despise M. Defourcambault. He could read French, in a way, but he was incapable of speaking a single word of it in the presence of compatriots. The least monosyllable would have died on his lips. He was absurdly envious of those who could speak two languages; he thought sometimes that he would prefer to be able to speak two languages than to do anything else in the world. He decided to take up French seriously on the morrow, but he had several times before arrived at a similar decision.

If Lois was glum, George, too, was glum. He wished he had not come to the dinner; he wished he could be magically transported to the solitude of his room at the club. He slipped into a reverie about the Marguerite affair.

Nobody could have divined that scarcely twenty-four hours earlier he had played a principal part in a tragedy affecting his whole life. He had borne the stroke better than he otherwise would have done, for the simple reason that nobody knew of his trouble. He was not compelled to arrange his countenance for the benefit of people who were aware what was behind the countenance.

Moreover, he was philosophical. He recognized that the Marguerite affair was over. She would never give way, and he would never give way. She was wrong. He had been victimized. He had behaved with wisdom and with correctness, save for the detail of throwing the ring into the Thames. Agg's warnings and injunctions were ridiculous. What could he have done that he had not done? Run away with Marguerite, carry her off? Silly!

No, he was well out of the affair. He perceived the limitations of the world in which Marguerite lived. It was a world too small and too austere for him. He required the spaciousness and the splendor of the new world in which Irene Wheeler and the Ingrams lived—yea, though it was a world that excited the sardonic in him. He liked it. It flattered authentic if unsuspected appetites in him.

Still, the image of Marguerite inhabited his memory. He saw her as she stood between himself and old Haim in the basement of No. 8. He heard her. She was absolutely unlike any other girl; she was so gentle, so acquiescent. Only she put her lover second to her father. What would Miss Wheeler think of the basement of No. 8?

The chatterers, apropos of songs in musical comedies, were talking about a French popular song concerning Boulanger.

"You knew Boulanger, didn't you, Jules?" Miss Wheeler suggested.

M. Defourcambault looked round, content. He related in English how his father had been in the very center of the Boulangist movement, and had predicted disaster to the general's cause from the instant that Mme. de Bonnemain came on the scene. Out of consideration for the girls, M. Defourcambault phrased his narrative with neat discretion. His grandfather also had been of his father's opinion, and his grandfather was in the senate, and had been minister at Brussels.

He affirmed that Mme. de Bonnemain had telegraphed to Boulanger to leave Paris at the very moment when his presence in Paris was essential, and Boulanger had obediently gone. He said that he always remembered what his mother had said to him—a clever woman irregularly in love with a man may make his fortune, but a stupid woman is certain to ruin it. Finally he related how he, Jules Defourcambault, had driven the general's carriage through Paris on a famous occasion, and how the populace in its frenzy of idolatry had even climbed upon the roof of the carriage.

"And what did you do then?" George demanded in the hard tone of a cross-examiner.

"I drove straight on," answered M. Defourcambault, returning George's cold stare.

This close glimpse into history—into politics and passion—excited George considerably. He was furiously envious of M. Defourcambault, who had been in the middle of things all his life, whose father, mother, and grandfather were all in the middle of things. M. Defourcambault had an immense and unfair advantage over him. To whatever heights he might rise, George would never be in a position to talk as this Frenchman talked of his forebears. He would always have to stand alone, and to fight for all he wanted. He could not even refer to his father.

He scorned M. Defourcambault as being unworthy of his heritage. M. Defourcambault was a little rotter, yet he had driven the carriage of Boulanger in a crisis of the history of France! Miss Wheeler, however, did not scorn M. Defourcambault. On the contrary, she looked at him with admira-

tion, as if he had now proved that he had been everywhere, seen everything, and done everything.

George's mood was black. He was a nobody; he would always be a nobody; why should he be wasting his time and looking a fool in this new world?

### XXXI

AFTER dinner, in the drawing-room which had cost Irene Wheeler an extra flat, there was, during coffee, a certain amount of general dullness, slackness, and self-consciousness which demonstrated once more Miss Wheeler's defects as a hostess. She would not or could not act as shepherdess and inspirer to her guests. She reclined, and charmingly left them to manufacture the evening for her.

George was still disappointed and disgusted; for he had imagined—very absurdly, as he admitted—that artistic luxuriousness always implied social dexterity and the ability to energize and reinvigorate diversion without apparent effort. There were moments during coffee which reminded him of the maladroit hospitalities of the Five Towns.

Then Everard Lucas opened the piano, and the duel between him and Laurencine was resumed. The girl yielded. Electric lights were adjusted. She began to play, while Lucas, smoking, leaned over the piano.

George was standing by himself at a little distance behind the piano. He had perhaps been on his way to a chair when suddenly he was caught and immobilized by one of those hazards which do notoriously occur—the victim never remembers how—in drawing-rooms.

Hands in pockets, he was looking aimlessly about, smiling perfunctorily, and wondering where he should settle or whether he should remain where he was. In the deep embrasure of the large bay window Lois was lounging. She beckoned to him, not with her hand, but with a brief, bright smile—she smiled rarely—and with a lifting of the chin. He responded alertly and pleasurably, and went to sit beside her. Such invitations from young women holding themselves apart in obscurity are never received without excitement and never unanswered.

Crimson curtains of brocaded silk would have cut off the embrasure entirely from the room had they been fully drawn, but they were not fully drawn; one was not drawn at

all, and the other was only half drawn. Still, the mere fact of the curtains, drawn or undrawn, did morally separate the embrasure from the salon; and the shadows thickened in front of the window.

The smile had gone from Lois's face, but it had been there. Sequins glittered on her dark dress, and the line of its low neck was distinct against the pallor of the flesh. George could follow the outlines of her plump body from the hair and freckled face down to the elaborate slippers. Her eyes were half closed. She did not speak.

The figure of Laurencine, whose back was toward the window, received an aura from the electric light immediately over the music-stand of the piano. She played brilliantly. She played with a brilliance that astonished George. She was exceedingly clever, was this awkward girl who had not long since left school. Her body might be awkward, but not her hands. The music radiated from the piano and filled the room with brightness, with the illusion of the joy of life, and with a sense of triumph. To George it was an intoxication.

A man servant entered with a priceless collection of bonbons, some of which he deferentially placed on a small table in the embrasure. To do so he had to come into the embrasure, disturbing the solitude, which had already begun to exist, of Lois and George. He ignored the pair.

"I am beyond good and evil," his sublime indifference seemed to say; but at the same time it left them more sensitively awake to themselves than before.

The hostess indolently muttered an order to the man, and in passing the door on his way out he extinguished several lights. The place and the hour grew romantic. George was impressed by the scene, and he eagerly allowed it to impress him. It was, to him, a marvelous scene—the splendor of the apartment, the richly attired girls, the gay, exciting music, the spots of high light, the glooms, the glimpses everywhere of lovely objects.

"I was born for all this!" he said to himself.

Lois turned her head slowly and looked out of the window.

"There's a wonderful view from here," she murmured.

George turned his head. The flat was on the sixth story. The slope of central London lay beneath. There was no moon, but there were stars in a clear night. Roofs;



lighted windows; lines of lighted traffic; lines of lamps patterning the invisible meadows of a park; hiatuses of blackness; beyond, several towers scarcely discernible against the sky—the towers of Parliament, and the high tower of the Roman Catholic Cathedral—these were London.

"You haven't seen it in daytime, have you?" said Lois.

"No. I'd sooner see it at night."

"So would I."

The reply, the sympathy in it, the soft, thrilled tone of it, startled George. His curiosity about Lois was being justified, after all.

He was startled, too, at the extraordinary surprises of his own being. Yesterday he had parted from Marguerite; not ten years ago, but yesterday; and now already he was conscious of pleasure, both physical and spiritual, in the voice of another girl heard in the withdrawn obscurity of the embrasure. Yes, and a girl whom he had despised! Yesterday he had seriously believed himself to be a celibate for life; he had dismissed forever the hope of happiness. He had seen naught but a dogged and eternal infelicity. And now he was, if not finding happiness, expecting it.

He felt disloyal—less precisely to Marguerite than to a vanished ideal. He felt that he ought to be ashamed. For Marguerite still existed; she was existing at that moment less than three miles off—somewhere over there in the dark.

"See the cathedral tower?" he said.

"Yes," she answered. "What a shame Bentley died, wasn't it?"

He was more than startled now—he was amazed and enchanted. Something touching and strange in her voice, usually hard; something in the elegant fragility of her slipper! Everybody knew that Bentley was the architect of the cathedral and that he had died of cancer on the tongue. The knowledge was not esoteric; it did not by itself indicate a passion for architecture or a comprehension of architecture. Yet when she said the exclamatory words, leaning far back in the seat, her throat emerging from the sequined frock, her tapping slipper peeping out beneath the skirt, she cast a spell on him. He perceived in her a woman gifted and endowed.

This was the girl whom he had bullied in the automobile. She must have bowed in secret to his bullying. Though he knew she had been hurt by it, she had given no

sign of resentment, and her voice was acquiescent. Above all, she had remembered him.

"You only like doing very large buildings, don't you?" she suggested.

"Who told you?"

"Everard."

"Did old Lucas tell you? Well, he's quite right."

He had a sudden desire to talk to her about the great municipal building in the north that was soon to be competed for. He yielded to the desire. She listened, motionless. He gave vent to his regret that Mr. Enwright absolutely declined to enter for the competition. George said he had had ideas for it, and would have liked to work for it.

"But why don't you go in for it yourself, George?" she murmured gravely.

"Me?" he exclaimed, almost frightened. "It wouldn't be any good. I'm too young. Besides—"

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

"Good Heavens! You look twenty-five at least! I know I should go in for it if I were you—if I were a man."

He understood her. She could not talk well. She could not easily be agreeable; she could easily be rude; she could not play the piano like the delightful Laurencine; but she was passionate, and she knew the force of ambition. He admired ambition, perhaps more than anything. Ambition roused him. She was ambitious when she drove the automobile and endangered his life. She had called him by his Christian name quite naturally. There was absolutely no nonsense about her.

Now Marguerite was not in the slightest degree ambitious. The word had no significance for her.

"I couldn't!" he insisted humbly. "I don't know enough. It's a terrific affair!"

She made no response; but she looked at him, and suddenly he saw the angel that Irene Wheeler and Laurencine had so enthusiastically spoken of at the Café Royal!

"I couldn't!" he murmured.

He was insisting too much. He was insisting against himself. She had implanted the idea in his mind. Why had he not thought of it? Certainly he had not thought of it. Had he lacked courage to think of it?

He beheld the idea as if it was an utterly original discovery, revolutionary, dismaying, and seductive. His inchoate plans for the



building took form afresh in his brain. The luxury by which he was surrounded whipped his ambition till it writhed.

Curious, she said no more! After a moment she sat up and took a sweet.

George saw, in a far corner, Jules Defourcambault talking very quietly to Irene Wheeler, whose lackadaisical face had become ingenuous and ardent as she listened to him under the shelter of the dazzling music. George felt himself to be within the sphere of unguessed and highly perturbing forces.

### XXXII

He left early. Lucas seemed to regard his departure as the act of a traitor, but he insisted on leaving. In spite of Lucas's great social success, he inwardly condescended to Lucas. Lucas was not a serious man and could not comprehend seriousness.

George went because he had to go, because the power of an idea drove him forth. He had no intention of sleeping. He walked automatically through dark London, and his eyes, turned within, saw nothing of the city.

He did not walk quickly—he was too deeply preoccupied to walk quickly—yet in his brain he was hurrying, he had not a moment to lose. The goal was immensely far off. His haste was as absurd and as fine as that of a man who, starting to cross Europe on foot, must needs run in order to get out of Calais and be fairly on his way.

At Russell Square he wondered whether he would be able to get into the office. However, there was still a light in the basement, and he rang the house-bell. The housekeeper's daughter, a girl who played at being parlor-maid in the afternoons and brought bad tea and thick bread and butter to the privileged in the office, opened the front door with bridling exclamations of astonishment. She had her best frock on; her hair was in curling-pins; she smelled delicately of beer. The excitement of the Sunday League excursion and of the evening's dalliance had not quite cooled in this respectable and experienced young creature of central London. She was feminine and provocative and unparlor-maidish, standing there in the hall; but George passed by her as callously as if she had been a real parlor-maid on duty.

She had to fly to her mother for the key of the office. Taking the key from the breathless, ardent little thing, he said that

he would see to the front door being properly shut when he went out. That was all. Her legitimate curiosity about his visit had to go to bed hungry.

In the office George switched on the lights in Haim's cubicle, in the pupils' room, and in the principals' room. He enjoyed the illumination and the solitude. He took deep breaths. He walked about.

After rummaging for the sketches and the printed site-plan of the town hall projected by the northern city, he discovered them under John Orgreave's desk. He moved them to Mr. Enwright's desk, which was the best one, and bent over them rapturously. Yes, the idea of entering for the competition himself was a magnificent idea. Strange that it should have occurred not to him, but to Lois! A disconcerting girl, Lois! She had said that he looked twenty-five. He liked that.

Why should he not enter for the competition? He would enter for it. The decision was made, as usual without consulting anybody; instinct was his sole guide. Failure in the final examination was beside the point. Moreover, though he had sworn never to sit again, he could easily sit again in December; he could pass the exam on his head.

He might win the competition; to be even in the selected six or ten would rank as a glorious achievement. But why should he not win outright? He was lucky, always had been lucky. It was essential that he should win outright. It was essential that he should create vast and grandiose structures, that he should have both artistic fame and worldly success. He could not wait long for success. He required luxury. He required a position enabling him to meet anybody and everybody on equal terms, and to fulfil all his desires.

He would not admit that he was too young for the enterprise. He was not too young. He refused to be too young. And indeed he felt that he had that very night become adult, and that a new impulse, reducing all previous impulses to unimportance, had inspired his life. He owed the impulse to the baffling Lois.

Marguerite would never have given him such an impulse. Marguerite had no ambition either for herself or for him. She was profoundly the wrong girl for him. He admitted his error candidly, with the eagerness of youth. He had no shame about the blunder.

And the girl's environment was wrong for him, also. What had he to do with Chelsea? Chelsea was a parish; it was not the world. He had been gravely disappointed in Chelsea. Marguerite had no shimmer of romance. She was not elegant; she had no kind of smartness; who would look twice at her? And she was unjust, she was unfair. She had lacerated his highly sensitive pride. She had dealt his conceit a frightful wound. He would not think of it; and in fact he could ignore the wound in the exquisite activity of creating town halls for mighty municipalities.

He drew plans with passion and with fury; he had scores of alternative schemes; he was a god fashioning worlds. Having drawn plans, he drew elevations and perspectives, he rushed to the files—rushed, because he was in haste to reach the goal—and studied afresh the schedules of accommodation for other municipal buildings that had been competed for in the past. Much as he hated detail, he stooped rather humbly to detail that night, and contended with it in all honesty. He worked for hours before he thought of lighting a cigarette.

It was something uncanny beyond the large windows that first gently and perceptibly began to draw away his mind from the profusion of town halls on the desk, and so indirectly reminded him of the existence of cigarettes. When he lighted a cigarette, he stretched himself and glanced at the dark windows, of which the blinds had not been pulled down. He understood then what was the matter.

Dawn was the matter. The windows were no longer quite dark. He looked out. A faint pallor in the sky, and some stars sickening therein; and underneath the silent square with its patient trees and indefatigable lamps!

The cigarette tasted bad in his mouth, but he would not give it up. He yawned heavily. The melancholy of the square awaiting without hope the slow, hard dawn, overcame him suddenly.

Marguerite was a beautiful girl; her nose was marvelous; he could never forget it. He could never forget her gesture as she intervened between him and her father in the basement at Alexandra Grove. They had painted lamp-shades together. She was angelically kind; she could not be ruffled; she would never criticise, never grasp, never exhibit selfishness. She was a unique combination of the serious and the sensuous.

He felt the passionate, ecstatic clinging of her arm as they walked under the interminable chain of lamp-posts on Chelsea Embankment. Magical hours!

How she could absorb herself in her work! And what an infernal shame it was that rascally employers should have cut down her prices! It was intolerable; it would not bear thinking about. George dropped the cigarette and stamped on it angrily. Then he returned to the desk, put his head in his hands, and shut his eyes.

He wakened with a start of misgiving. He was alone in the huge house—for the basement was under the house and somehow did not count. Something was astir in the house. He could hear it through the doors ajar. His flesh crept. It was exactly like the flap of a washing-cloth on the stone stairs. It stopped; it came nearer.

He thought inevitably of the dead Mrs. Haim, once charwoman and step-cleaner. In an instant he believed fully in all that he had ever heard about ghosts and spirit manifestations. An icy wave passed down his spine. He felt that if the phantom of Mrs. Haim was approaching him he simply could not bear to meet it. The ordeal would kill him.

Then he decided that the sounds were not those of a washing-cloth, but of slipped feet. Odd that he should have been so deluded! Somebody was coming down the long stairs from the upper stories, uninhabited at night.

Burglars? George was still very perturbed, but differently perturbed. He could not move a muscle. The suspense as the footsteps hesitated at the cubicle was awful. He stood up straight and called out in a rough voice—louder than he expected it to be:

"Who's there?"

Mr. Enwright appeared in the doorway. He was wearing beautiful blue pajamas, a plum-colored silk dressing-gown, and do-skin slippers. His gray hair was disordered; he blinked rapidly, and his lined face seemed very old.

"Well, I like this, I like this!" he said in a quiet, sardonic tone, "Sitting at my desk and blazing my electricity away! I happened to get up, and I looked out of the window and noticed the glare below; so I came to see what was afoot. Do you know, you frightened me, and I don't like being frightened!"

"I hadn't the slightest notion you ever slept here," George feebly stammered.

"Didn't you know I'd decided to keep a couple of rooms here for myself?"

"I had heard something about it, but I didn't know you'd really moved in. I—I've been away so much."

"I moved in, as you call it, to-day—yesterday, and a nice night you're giving me! And even supposing I hadn't moved in, what's that got to do with your being here? Give me a cigarette."

With hurrying deference George gave the cigarette and struck a match for it. As he held the match he had a near view of Mr. Enwright's prosaic, unshaven chin. The house was no longer the haunt of lurking fantoms; it was a common, worldly house without any mystery or menace. George's skin was no longer the field of abnormal phenomena. Dawn was conquering Russell Square.

On the other hand, George was no longer a giant of energy, initiating out of ample experience a tremendous and superb enterprise. He was suddenly diminished to a boy, or at best, a lad. He really felt that it was ridiculous for him to be sketching and scratching away there in the middle of the night, in his dress clothes. Even his overcoat, hat, and fancy muffler, cast on a chair, seemed ridiculous. He was a child, pretending to be an adult. He glanced like a child at Mr. Enwright; he roughened his hair with his hand like a child. He had the most wistful and apologetic air.

"I just came along here for a bit instead of going to bed," he said. "I didn't know it was so late."

"Do you often just come along here?"

"No, I never did it before; but to-night I—"

"What is it you're at?"

"I'd been thinking a bit about that new town hall."

"What new town hall?"

"You know—"

Mr. Enwright did know.

"But haven't I even yet succeeded in making it clear that this firm is not going in for that particular competition?"

Mr. Enwright's sarcastic tone challenged George, who stiffened.

"I know the firm isn't going in for it. But what's the matter with me going in for it?"

He forced himself to meet Mr. Enwright's eyes, but he could not help blushing. He

was scarcely out of his articles; he had failed in the final; and he aspired to create the largest English public building of the last half-century.

"Are you quite mad?"

Mr. Enwright turned away from the desk to the farther window, hiding his countenance.

"Yes," said George firmly; "quite!"

Mr. Enwright, after a pause, came back to the desk.

"Well, it's something to admit that," he sneered. "At any rate, we know where we are. Let's have a look at the horrid mess."

He made a number of curt observations as he handled the sheets of sketches.

"I see you've got that Saracenic touch in again."

"What's the scale here?"

"Is this really a town hall, or are you trying to beat the Temple of Karnak?"

"If that's meant for an Ionic capital, no assessor would stand it. It's against all the text-books to have Ionic capitals where there's a side view of them. Not that it matters to me."

"Have you made the slightest attempt to cube it up? You'd never get out of this under half a million, you know."

Shaking his head, he retired once more to the window. George began to breathe more freely, as one who has fronted danger and still lives. Mr. Enwright addressed the window:

"It's absolute folly to start on a thing like that before the conditions are given out. Absolute folly! Have you done all that to-night?"

"Yes."

"You haven't the slightest notion what accommodation they want. You simply don't know."

"I know what accommodation they *ought* to want with four hundred thousand inhabitants," George retorted pugnaciously.

"Is it four hundred?" Mr. Enwright asked with bland innocence. He generally left statistics to his partner.

"And twenty-five."

"You've looked it up?"

"I have."

Mr. Enwright was now at the desk yet again.

"There's an idea to it," he said shortly, holding up the principal sheet and blinking.

"I shall go in for it!"

The thought swept through George's brain like a fierce flare, lighting it up vividly

to its darkest corners, and incidentally producing upon his skin phenomena similar to those produced by uncanny sounds on the staircase. He had caught admiration and benevolence in Mr. Enwright's voice. He was intensely happy, encouraged, and proud. He began to talk eagerly; he babbled, entrusting himself to Mr. Enwright's benevolence.

"Of course there's the final. If they give six months for the thing, I could easily get through the final before sending-in day. I could take a room somewhere. I shouldn't really want any assistance—clerk, I mean. I could do it all myself."

He ran on until Mr. Enwright stopped him.

"You could have a room here, if you like—up-stairs."

"Could I?"

"But you would want some help; and you needn't think they'll give six months, because they won't. They might give five."

"That's no good."

"Why isn't it any good?" snapped Mr. Enwright. "You don't suppose they're going to issue the conditions just yet, do you? Not a day before September, not a day. You can take it from me!"

"Oh! Hurrah!"

"But look here, my boy, let's be clear about one thing."

"Yes?"

"You're quite mad!"

They looked at each other.

"The harmless kind, though," said George confidently, well aware that Mr. Enwright was very fond of him.

In another minute the principal had gone to bed without having uttered one word as

to his health. George had announced that he would tidy the sacred desk before departing. When he had done that he wrote a letter, in pencil.

"It's the least I can do," he said to himself seriously. He began:

DEAR MISS INGRAM:

"Dash it! She calls me 'George,'" he thought, and tore up the sheet. Then he wrote rapidly:

DEAR LOIS:

I think, after what you said, it's only due to you to tell you that I've decided to go in for that competition on my own. Thanks for the tip.

Yours,

GEORGE CANNON.

He surveyed the message.

"That's about right," he murmured.

Then he looked at his watch. It showed three fifteen, but it had ceased to tick. He added at the foot of the letter:

Monday, 3.30 A.M.

He stole one of John Orgreave's ready-stamped envelopes. In quitting the house he inadvertently banged the heavy front door.

"Do 'em good!" he said, thinking of awakened sleepers.

It was now quite light. He dropped the letter into the pillar-box around the corner, and as soon as he had irretrievably done so, the thought occurred to him:

"I wish I hadn't been fool enough to put '3.30 A.M.' There's something rottenly sentimental about it."

The chill, fresh air was bracing him to a more perfect sanity. He raised the collar of his overcoat.

*(To be continued in the August number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)*

## THE MOUNTAINS

SERENE and tall the august mountains stand  
Like great and peaceful guardians of the land,  
While on the summits of their towering height  
The wearied winds like timid doves alight;  
And there earth's wisest silences hold sway  
During the fretful tumult of the day.

Blessed are they who live at such a height  
As to embrace the first, faint flush of light  
That heralds waking day, as to embrace  
The moon and look the sun full in the face—  
Great ones who stand above the roar and strife,  
Blue mountain-tops half hid in clouds of life!

Harry Kemp





VIRGINIA FOX BROOKS IN THE WINTER GARDEN'S MOST SUCCESSFUL SHOW, "SINBAD"

*From a photograph by Strelecki, New York*

# THE STAGE

HIGH SPOTS IN THE THEATRICAL SEASON OF 1917-1918

By Matthew White, Jr.

AS I look back on the theatrical year now closing, I am deeply impressed with the forcing process exemplified in keeping on the New York boards from August to April certain productions which had outlived their drawing-power long before the end of the season. In no previous winter has this device been so much in evidence. It is operated to a great extent through the cut-rate ticket-agencies, which have proved so profitable to one at least

of their managers that he has been enabled to purchase an up-town theater.

There are two chief reasons for prolonging the run of a play to the utmost possible extent. One is the difficulty of obtaining new attractions to fill the multiplicity of theaters which now decorate the Great White Way. The other is the hope that a piece advertised as having had "an entire season in New York," will do a larger business on the road.





SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT OF "A TAILOR-MADE MAN," WHEREIN GRANT MITCHELL PUTS OVER HIS BIG BLUFF AT THE FASHIONABLE RECEPTION TO WHICH HE HAS NOT BEEN INVITED

*From a photograph by White, New York*

The big Chicago winner, and one in every way deserving of the distinction, appears to have been Jane Cowl in "Lilac Time." The Ziegfeld Follies played there for ten weeks, and David Warfield in his revival of "The Music Master" ran them one better. "Leave It to Jane," also bested the ten-week record. Boston's high-water mark would appear to have been reached with William Gillette in "A Successful Calamity."

In spite of war taxes, air raids, and threatened early closings, the London sea-

son has been highly prosperous. So much closer to the fighting-front than New York, hosts of soldiers with leave to visit "Bligh-ty" are taken to the play by their proud friends. As might be expected, *revues* and musical pieces were in the majority, although "General Post," which lasted on Broadway barely two months, played for more than a solid year in the West End.

"A Little Bit of Fluff," a miserable fiasco in New York, has passed its eleven-hundredth performance in London, "without," as one report phrases it, "any seem-

ing reason therefor." I am asking myself if a possible explanation can be the fact that it is being done at the Criterion—a theater built entirely underground, and thus practically bomb-proof.

Pinero seems to have made another misfire with "Freaks," but his "Magistrate," set to music and renamed "The Boy," developed into one of the hits of the season. "Bubbly," a light musical piece with Ethel

Levey, ran up a big record, and so did "Arlette," in which another American performer, Joseph Coyne, was featured. "Romance," by Edward Sheldon, with our own Doris Keane, closed after a record of one thousand and fifty consecutive performances.

As to the newer American plays brought out in London, "The Thirteenth Chair," with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, ran the season



PEGGY WOOD AND CHARLES PURCELL IN THE OPENING SCENE OF THE ALL-SEASON MUSICAL PLAY HIT, "MAYTIME"

*From a photograph by White, New York*



MARJORIE RAMBEAU IN THE FANTASTIC PLAY SUCCESS, "EYES OF YOUTH," THE BIGGEST HIT AT THE MAXINE ELLIOTT THEATER SINCE "THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK"

*From a photograph by White, New York*

through, and two farces—"Nothing but the Truth" and Fred Jackson's "Naughty Wife," done in New York first as "Losing Eloise," caught on at once. As I write, an extensive importation of lighter pieces from this side of the ocean is impending in the British capital, where they have come to rely more and more on New York hits as war-time conditions continue. "Inside the Lines," for instance, the war drama by Earl Derr Biggers, done here the season before last, has been running continuously at the Apollo since May, 1917.

Paris theatricals had improved steadily until the Germans got their seventy-mile gun into play in the early spring, whereupon the authorities decreed that only those theaters should remain open that had cellars big enough to shelter their audiences in case a bombardment began. The three government houses—the Opéra, the Comédie Française, and the Odéon—were among those permitted to continue operations with the understanding that performances must cease the instant cannon-ading was signaled.

To return to New York, the war played a big part in the programs, with no very great effect either on business or on the literary value of the offerings. Certainly nothing approaching last year's "Lilac Time" in merit has been offered. One piece, tried here in the early stages of the war as "The White Feather" with no very great success, was revived in the spring under its original English title, "The Man Who Stayed at Home," with much better results. "Getting Together," a recruiting-propaganda play, proved of real value.

As to the year's acting, three men stand out in my estimation as occupying high spots—Grant Mitchell, for his work in "A Tailor-Made Man," Lionel Barrymore in "The Copperhead," and Georges Flateau, a young French player, wounded at Verdun, who supported Mrs. Fiske at the end of the season as the pacifist officer in "Service."

As usual, the Broadway ball was set rolling with farce, this time on August 6, when "Mary's Ankle," by May Tully, was presented at the Bijou with Irene Fenwick and Walter Jones, to say nothing of Zelda Sears and Leo Donnelly—a capital cast for a play that broke all recent records for season-openers by not proving a failure. This fate was reserved for the second offering—"Friend Martha," by Edward

Peple, opening the next night at the Booth, where not even a cast of high caliber could hold it long.

The year's first knock-out sounded on August 9 at the Astor, when "The Very Idea," a farce along eugenic lines by a brand-new writer, William Le Baron, caught on with such a grip that it did not let go of New York's main street until mid-December. Richard Bennett and Ernest Truex were both featured in the piece.

Thereafter a trio of weak-kneed offerings wasted the August nights until the middle of the month, when the Eltinge, home of hits, came to house another in a new Potash & Perlmutter mix-up. Jules Eckert Goodman helped Montague Glass to turn more of his famous stories into play form, this time with motion-pictures as a background. "Business Before Pleasure" they called the result, and with Clara Joel for the "vamp" and the old standbys, Barney Bernard, Alexander Carr, and Mathilde Cottrelly in their original creations, the comedy ran on into May.

The season's first musical showing also spelled success for itself on the following night, when "Maytime" charmed us at the Shubert. With four acts laid in as many different periods, starting from 1840, and with such capable interpreters as Peggy Wood, Charles Purcell, and William Norris, it is a credit to New York that this dainty product of Rida Johnson Young and Sigmund Romberg, which is still on view, should have been so popular. Early in the autumn the Shuberts formed a second company for Chicago.

A regrettable fiasco was that of "The Deluge," a serious play by Henning Berger, carefully set forth by Arthur Hopkins, but with alleged highbrow tendencies that made the public shy. On August 22, the Maxine Elliott gave shelter to a show that has lasted there longer than any other in the history of the house, for "Eyes of Youth" is still playing, despite the handicap of having its star, Marjorie Rambeau, out of the cast for several weeks, owing to a leg fractured in skating. This fantastic piece, with several glimpses into the future, was written by Max Marcin and Charles Guernon, and its success was probably a surprise even to those most interested. One man predicted in my hearing that it would not last six weeks.

The next evening brought forward the biggest winner in the Hippodrome's his-



FRED STONE AND THE ALLIES IN A SCENE FROM "JACK O' LANTERN," THE BIG KNOCK-OUT AT THE GLOBE THEATER

*From a photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia*

tory—"Cheer Up." Without any sensational special features or stars, this excellent show lived on its intrinsic merits to gather in the big house's largest receipts straight through the theatrical year to May 11.

On August 27, Cohan & Harris launched their first winner at the theater named for themselves—"A Tailor-Made Man," by Harry James Smith, who died in the service of the Red Cross during the winter. As *John Paul Bart*, the tailor's second assistant, who goes out to conquer in borrowed finery, Grant Mitchell put over what I consider the greatest acting in its line of the

year. He was assisted by a cast in which a hitherto unknown, Barlowe Borland, as a fellow work-hand, bulked by no means least. The comedy is still running.

The first of the many musicalized plays destined to brighten Broadway during the season was "Leave It to Jane," made out of "The College Widow." Opening at the Longacre in late August, it remained there until January. Almost as long a run was enjoyed by Guy Bates Post in "The Masquerader," dramatized from the late Mrs. Thurston's novel of the same name, published several years since. Another Labor Day production, and one still running as I



write, is "Lombardi, Limited," by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, featuring Leo Carrillo as a man dressmaker. Possibly the gowns displayed had much to do with the hit achieved by the piece, although there is no denying the popularity of Carrillo.

A psychological mystery play, "De Luxe Annie," by Edward Clarke, with Jane Grey and Vincent Serrano, had novel features

and achieved a fair success; but more undeniable popularity waited on Alexandra Carlisle in "The Country Cousin," a play contrasting Eastern and Western types—to the advantage of the latter—which, starting at the Gaiety on Labor Day, remained there until just before Christmas. The authors were Booth Tarkington and Julian Street, and Miss Carlisle had the



MARY RYAN RESTORING THE CHILDREN TO THEIR MOTHER IN THE LAST ACT OF HER COMEDY-DRAMA TRIUMPH, "THE LITTLE TEACHER"

*From a photograph by White, New York*

efficient assistance of Eugene O'Brien and Donald Gallaher.

Last season was another of the lucky ones for Belasco, for at his own theater, on September 6, he produced "Polly with a Past," a comedy by George Middleton and Guy Bolton, taking Ina Claire out of the Follies for the lead. Play and actress made instant hits, helped by a corking supporting cast, including Cyril Scott, H. Reeves-Smith, and Herbert Yost. The run extended to June; and meanwhile, in October, Belasco brought out at the Lyceum "Tiger Rose," a melodrama of the Northwest, written by Willard Mack, and offering as strong a contrast as could be imagined to "Polly." With Lenore Ulrich, Mr. Mack himself, Calvin Thomas, and William Courtleigh in the cast, "Tiger Rose" also caught on well, and the end of it is not yet in sight. Indeed, it looks as if D. B. had not one but two more "Boomerang" draws on his hands.

The Frohman company's initial offering of the year was the musical comedy "Rambler Rose," starring Julia Sanderson and Joseph Cawthorn, with a score by Victor Jacobi. I found it enjoyable, but the public did not assemble at the Empire—perhaps the wrong house for it—in sufficient numbers to keep the piece there beyond a couple of months. I am glad to say, however, that the country at large liked it well enough for the tour to extend through the winter and spring. The same goes for "Hamilton," the new vehicle for George Arliss, a play of George Washington's administration, written by Mr. Arliss himself and Mary Hamlin, which Broadway harbored for a comparatively brief period.

Musical shows, which came so thick and fast as the season progressed, the managers seemingly regarding them as the most suitable war-time diet for the public, were sprinkled thinly in the first few weeks. It was not until September 24 that the Ziegfeld Follies made way for "The Riviera Girl" at the New Amsterdam, where she tarried until mid-December to business not as large as I think this finished product of Bolton and Wodehouse, *plus* music by Kalman, deserved. Wilda Bennett had the name-part, and Sam Hardy kept the fun going.

Meanwhile "Mother Carey's Chickens" found poor pickings in town, but managed to gather up enough business on tour to keep them clucking through the season.

Rachel Crothers helped Kate Douglas Wiggin to dramatize the story from a book by the latter, and Edith Taliaferro, the original *Rebecca*, was featured as *Nancy*.

In my commentary I must needs, from lack of space, pass over many offerings that saw the footlights, lived their few nights on Broadway, and then vanished into the vast spaces of the storehouse. No such fate waited on Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance," which William Faversham sponsored at the new Broadhurst Theater on September 27, but it failed to achieve the sensation of the same author's "Getting Married," which Mr. Faversham put forward the year previous, and was retired in the early winter.

Even shorter shrift was accorded the first venture of Grace George in her second repertory season at the Playhouse—"Eve's Daughter," an exceedingly unpleasant play by Alicia Ramsey, which lasted only from October 13 until November 10. Nor did Miss George do any better with "L'Élévation," a really fine war drama from the French.

The theater's surest winner, Fred Stone, arrived at the Globe on October 16 with "Jack o' Lantern," on which the advance reports were most enthusiastic. Nor did they belie the drawing-powers of this new extravaganza made by the same people who had put together previous winners for the erstwhile partners, Mr. Stone and the late David Montgomery. There was no trouble at all in getting three dollars a seat right along until June 1, when Mr. Stone's first agreement with the pictures took him West.

The Winter Garden's new offering, "Doing Our Bit," put up on October 18, wasn't up to the usual standard of that unique resort, and was retired in early February in favor of the Garden's biggest winner; but of this more anon.

These fall nights were especially fatal to stars. Laura Hope Crews missed fire with "Romance and Arabella." Henry Miller could contrive only five evenings out of "Anthony in Wonderland." Faversham got but little farther with "The Old Country," and Marie Doro encountered dismal defeat in "Barbara."

A much regretted failure was that of "The Torches," from the French of Henry Bataille, which with Lester Lonergan and Amy Ricard ran at the Bijou only from October 24 until November 17, when it was shelved. A play with a distinct appeal to



INA CLAIRE, WHOM DAVID BELASCO DISCOVERED IN THE FOLLIES, AND WHO HAS TAKEN  
NEW YORK BY STORM AS POLLY WITH A PAST

*From a photograph by White, New York*



EDITH DAY AS SHE APPEARS IN THE MUSICAL-COMEDY SENSATION, "GOING UP"

*From a photograph by White, New York*

the thoughtful, it might perhaps have gone further in any other than a war-time season. A real novelty in the musical line was a Spanish dance offering, which, under the name of "The Land of Joy," lasted at the Park Theater from November 1 until nearly the end of January, and actually succeeded in creating a vogue elsewhere for castanets and mouth-carried roses. The Washington Square Players inaugurated their second season at the Comedy on October 31, and in a term running to May 11 presented more frequent changes of bill than at any period in their history. The standard of their plays, however, was not quite up to that of previous years, the most notable being a sea tale by Eugene O'Neill, "In the Zone," offered in the first group.

Again the white elephant playhouse on Central Park West added to its list of victims. First it was the New Theater organization, then the Lieblers, and now Dillingham & Ziegfeld, who, after making a go of "The Century Girl" in 1916-1917, failed to do as well with their second attempt, "Miss 1917." Starting on Election eve, the piece ran only until January 5, when the house was taken over by Elliott, Comstock & Gest. The new lessees brought in their big hit from London, "Chu Chin Chow," which had been crowding the Manhattan since mid-autumn. At cheaper prices than had hitherto obtained there, it kept the Century open until the last week in April.

A charming comedy, "The Pipes of Pan," by Edward Childs Carpenter, author of "The Cinderella Man," held the boards at the Hudson from Election night until the 19th of January. If it had had its deserts, it should have run the season through. Norman Trevor headed a cast in which both Janet Beecher and young Burford Hampden did extraordinarily good work. It is a reflection on public taste that such a high-class and thoroughly entertaining production was not more liberally supported.

Laurette Taylor must be added to the stars who met with disaster. Miss Taylor, however, was fortunate in being able to recompense herself for the failure of "The Wooing of Eve," which lasted only three weeks, through the success of another comedy by her husband, Mr. Man-

ers. This was "Happiness," which, starting on New Year's eve, played at the Criterion until April 27. Not so Ann Murdock, whom the antagonistic attitude of the pub-

Mrs. Fiske reappeared on November 19 in a play of strong appeal to literary folk—"Mme. Sand," by Philip Moeller. Various historical characters paraded themselves



LAURETTE TAYLOR AND J. W. KERRIGAN MAKING LOVE IN "HAPPINESS," OUT OF WHICH MISS TAYLOR GOT A FOUR-MONTHS' RUN

lic toward "The Three Bears" sent scurrying back into the pictures. Meanwhile Donald Brian pleased his audiences in a new operetta, "Her Regiment," by Victor Herbert, although the New York run was not as lengthy as, in my opinion, the dainty piece deserved.

through the three acts, but the thread on which they were strung was thin to attenuation. It was not at all surprising, that the Broadway life of the piece ended on the 12th of January, and that Mrs. Fiske tried something else before the trees began to bud.





SHELLEY HULL AND ESTELLE WINWOOD, WHO TRY VERY HARD NOT TO MARRY IN  
"WHY MARRY?" A PLAY IN THE SHAW MANNER

*From a photograph by White, New York*

Her next essay was one of the many dramas from the French that New York saw during the season—"Service," by Henri Lavedan, in which, as I have already intimated, a French actor did the most brilliant work. Mrs. Fiske's rôle was almost submerged, and her management added a curtain-raiser—Lord Dunsany's famous "A Night at an Inn," in which she did not appear at all; so it is scarcely to be wondered at that the bill lasted only a fortnight on Broadway.

John Drew fell back on a revival, associating himself with Margaret Illington as a costar in Pinero's "The Gay Lord Quex." New York did not keep them in town for more than about a month, but the road extended them a cordial welcome. Very much the same may be said for Fred Jackson's farce "Losing Eloise," which, starting at the Harris on November 19, left that house as "The Naughty Wife" on January 26.

Leo Ditrichstein arrived with a new play the next night, to remain on Broadway until the 9th of March—a good run, but nothing to equal the record made by "The Great Lover." He offered a comedy of a monarch's amours, adapted from the French of Cail-lavet, Flers, and Arène, and called "The King," for which Cohan & Harris provided a very excellent supporting cast.

Lou Tellegen took a share with Willard Mack in fitting himself with "Blind Youth," of which I heard several people speak well. At any rate, it lasted on Broadway from December 3 until February 23 and then went on tour. High enthusiasm greeted Arthur Hopkins's presentation of "The Gipsy Trail" at his new theater, the Plymouth, on December 4. I found the piece—the work of a new author, Robert Housum—altogether delightful, and it was charmingly acted, especially by the quartet of principals, Ernest Glendinning, Phoebe Foster, Roland Young, and Effie Ellsler; but the public was not enthusiastic, and March 9 ended the Manhattan run, although meanwhile another company had been organized to play the piece in Chicago.

A novelty play by another new man, Arthur Goodrich, with the rather uninspired title "Yes or No," reached town on December 21 and contrived to remain there until the 27th of April. Willette Kershaw and Marjorie Wood played the two women leads at the opening; at the close they were filled by Chrystal Herne and Janet Beecher.

Christmas eve brought a four-ply star cast to the new Broadhurst, when William Faversham, Maxine Elliott, Irene Fenwick, and Maclyn Arbuckle lent sparkle to the revival of R. C. Carton's "Lord and Lady Algy." Their good acting gave New Yorkers a real treat before the piece departed for the road.

I have already mentioned the war-time play which has been such a hit in London—"General Post," by J. E. Harold Terry. Starring William Courtenay and Thomas A. Wise, it ran for two months on Broadway and then went on tour.

The most popular of all the many musicalized comedies was "Going Up," founded on James Montgomery's farce, "The Aviator," and presented by Cohan & Harris at the Liberty on Christmas eve, where it promises to continue to big business until July, at least. Frank Craven, as the timorous aviator, and Edith Day do more than their bit in making things lively. The book and lyrics are the work of Otto Harbach, while the music comes from Louis A. Hirsch.

Another Christmas-time production with a long-distance record is a farce at the Republic, "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," by C. W. Bell and Mark Swan, featuring Florence Moore and John Cumberland. Its New York hit followed a similar one registered in the autumn in Chicago.

Christmas night had a gift of rare charm in store for playgoers in "Why Marry?" a comedy by Jesse Lynch Williams, for which Selwyn & Co. supplied an extraordinary cast, including Nat Goodwin, Edmund Breese, Shelley Hull, Ernest Lawford, Beatrice Beckley, and Estelle Winwood. Mr. Williams treated his theme with a trenchant wit that reminded one of Shaw at his best, and finished with a positively refreshing twist. The play ran at the Astor until April 6, and then started on a tour that is to carry it to the Pacific Coast.

A sixth Christmas attraction was Ethel Barrymore at the Empire in a season of repertory, starting with "The Lady of the Camellias," a new version of "Camille" made by Edward Sheldon, against which some harsh things were said; nor was there much praise of Miss Barrymore's consumptive heroine. The piece ran for eight weeks, and then, instead of the other revivals planned, it was replaced by "The Off Chance," a new comedy of London life before the war, by R. C. Carton. In this Miss Barrymore proved to be at her best,



BETH LYDY AND HARRY BENHAM IN "THE RAINBOW GIRL," A MUSICAL-COMEDY WINNER AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATER

with able assistance from Cyril Keightley, John Cope, and Edward Emery. It lasted from February 11 until May 4, when it gave way to still another comedy from London, "Belinda," by a new writer.

New Year's eve brought "The Cohan Revue" to the New Amsterdam, but it failed to duplicate the sensational hit made by its predecessor of two seasons ago, and took to the road as early as March 23. Nora Bayes had a leading rôle, and Charles

Winner once more covered himself with glory by his faithful imitation of Leo Ditrichstein. Good work was also put over by Frederic Santley, mimicking Grant Mitchell in "A Tailor-Made Man," a scene from which was acted in rag-time.

#### NEW PLAYS OF THE NEW YEAR

January's most notable contribution to the stage was the launching at the Booth, on the 21st, of Booth Tarkington's "Seven-



RENE PARKER, PRIMA DONNA IN "FLO-FLO," A GINGERY SHOW THAT HAS MADE GOOD AT THE CORT THEATER

*From a photograph by White, New York*

teen," done by the Stuart Walker company, graduated from their tiny Portmanteau *via* a summer's stock engagement in the Middle West. With Gregory Kelly for *Willie* and an irresistible *Jane* in the person of Lillian Ross, this "play of youth and love and summer-time" took an instant hold on the affections of the public and kept it until far into the spring.

A play by the best known of the metropolitan critics, Alan Dale, starring Emily Stevens and called "A Madonna of the Future," appeared at the Broadhurst on January 28 and ran there until March 16. There was much criticism of the piece on the ground that with a semireligious title it dealt with the problem of a heroine who wishes to become a mother without first being a wife. Its name was changed to "The Woman of the Future," and after a brief tour of the Subway Circuit its producer, Oliver Morosco, withdrew it.

The real war-play sensation of the season proved to be "Seven Days' Leave," by Walter Howard, imported from the London Lyceum to the New York Park on January 17, and still running there. Frederick Perry, Elizabeth Risdon, and Percy Ames, not hitherto addicted to melodrama, put their best work into this one and helped in the good impression it made.

The combined presence of Arnold Daly and Virginia Harned in a Napoleonic drama, "Josephine," could not save it. Mr. Daly soon resurrected another Herman Bahr play, "The Concert," to which the public did not rally in sufficient numbers to keep this young firebrand of Irish extraction from announcing that he was done with the legitimate, and would return for good and all to pictures.

February brought another hit for Harry James Smith in a rural comedy-drama with the uninspired title "The Little Teacher"; but, with Mary Ryan to infuse lifelike realism in the heroine and Curtis Cooksey to play opposite, audiences were delighted, and there was heard only one dissenting voice among the reviewers. The piece is still in the bill at the Playhouse as I write. So is "Oh, Lady, Lady!" at the Princess, where it started on February 1 and promises to remain indefinitely. Built by Bolton, Wodehouse, and Kern along the same lines as "Oh, Boy," it proved to be just such another dainty musical show, with dancing and youth and jolly tunes abounding. Carl Randall and Vivienne Segal head an ex-

ceptionally able cast, and I think a year's stay in New York will prove no rash prediction.

Valentine's Day brought another eight-teen-carat musical hit to Broadway, this time to the Winter Garden, with Al Jolson starred and the most striking scenery that ever graced a Garden show. It looks now as if, to avoid interrupting the run, the piece would be removed in June to another Shubert house, to make room for the annual "Passing Show."

Yet another February success was "The Copperhead," with Lionel Barrymore. The play proved negligible as a whole, but, with two ringing scenes and a wonderful piece of acting put over by Barrymore, the public voted in its favor, and Augustus Thomas's drama, based on a story by Frederick Landis, is still the attraction at the Shubert.

Why "Sick Abed" should rank with these hits I do not see, but the fact remains that a farce of that name, by Ethel Watts Mumford, was yet being offered at the Gaiety in the early days of May.

In March Nazimova made her appearance at the Plymouth in a series of Ibsen plays, opening in "The Wild Duck," never before seen on Broadway. It ran for a month, and was followed by "Hedda Gabler" and "A Doll's House." Arthur Hopkins gave Nazimova Lionel Atwill for leading man and a capable support generally, and deserves credit for his effort to provide New York with some solid fare in a season generally devoted to the frivolous.

Of two March musical offerings made from previously performed farces, "Oh, Look!" based on "Ready Money," was the longer-lived, running for some two months at the new Vanderbilt, where it featured Harry Fox. "Toot, Toot!" a really clever transcription from Rupert Hughes's "Excuse Me," for some reason failed to make good in Gotham, whence it vanished in about four weeks' time. A comedy by Cyril Harcourt—"A Pair of Petticoats," obviously so named in memory of his marvelously successful "Pair of Silk Stockings"—did not set any rivers afire, although the Shuberts gave it every chance, with Laura Hope Crews, Norman Trevor, and George Giddens among the players. Produced on the roof of the Forty-Fourth Street on March 18, it was subsequently removed to the Bijou, where it still holds forth.

The remaining weeks of the season will be reviewed in the next issue.



# The Odd Measure

## The Official Apostle of Standardization

*Christian Girl,  
Twelve Years Ago  
a Postman, Now a  
Leader in the  
Industrial World*

FOR eight years, from 1898 to 1906, a rather undersized man of sandy complexion and genial disposition plodded the streets of Cleveland, wearing the gray uniform of a postman and delivering the mail, while his weather eye ever watched for the beckon of opportunity. Friends and acquaintances on his route were many, for he loved to talk; and the observing sometimes wondered at his philosophy and erudition, for he was in more senses than one a man of letters. Doubly amused were recipients of mail from his hands if they asked his name, for it was one of the strangest in the directory—Christian Girl.

The philosophical postman was not in the least ashamed of his comparatively humble station in life. Indeed, he regarded it as a promotion, for he had driven a milk-wagon before taking his civil-service examination, and still earlier he had toiled as a street-sweeper and a water-boy. He was the son of immigrant parents, and first saw the light on a little farm near Elkhart, Indiana.

But the postman dreamed of better things. Because he possessed a vision that dressed the future in the habiliments of gorgeous possibilities, he rejoiced when he was assigned to the grimy industrial section of Cleveland. To him it was the land of promise toward which he had long been journeying. And here there came to him Michael McIntyre, whose racial origin may be guessed from his name. McIntyre had a spring which he had designed himself, and which he believed should be the support of every automobile that pounds macadam. The manufacturers, he said, had merely borrowed buggy-springs which were not suitable for automobiles. He told the ambitious postman about his spring.

The result was a partnership in which the contribution on one side was the design of a spring, and that on the other a savings account of one hundred dollars, half of which was spent in fees for the organization of the Perfection Spring Company.

The usual years of struggle followed, while the mechanic worked with limited facilities in the company's shop and the conversational postman went about selling stock. It was not until 1911 that the industry was actually established. It had taken five years to open the gate to the green pastures of success; but once started, matters went fast. Within six more years the company owned plants valued at thirty million dollars. It was a recognized leader in the manufacture of standardized parts for automobiles—a new idea that was finding its way into that great industry.

Such was the reputation of Christian Girl that the Federal government asked him to come to Washington and assume charge of an important part of its plans for an efficient army-transport service—the work of standardizing the trucks to be used at the front and of making their parts interchangeable, in the interest of economy and to simplify the repair problem.

In an article published in last month's number of this magazine it was told how the British, being suddenly thrust into a great war, found it necessary to requisition whatever self-propelled vehicles came to hand. Their trucks were of many makes, English, French, and American. Each had different capacities and required special training for its operator. All were meeting accidents, were needing repair, and each called for its peculiar spare parts. Every repair depot was forced to develop a stock that would accommodate all makes of cars. The scheme grew so complicated as to be almost beyond handling.

Christian Girl has been attached to the quartermaster department of our

army in order to save the United States from similar difficulties. It is his task to see that our standard war trucks are turned out in proper numbers and to provide materials for their repair. He was selected for the place because he knows the automobile industry and is a specialist upon the production and use of spare parts. He knows where the various elements that go into the manufacture of a war truck can best be produced. One manufacturer makes an axle, another a cylinder, another a wheel. Since interchangeability is the idea, any part may be made anywhere. All may pour into an assembling depot here or abroad.

The simplicity of the design makes our war trucks easy to put together. When German shells blow the front off one and the rear off another, the two segments may be pieced together and pursue their course. Any remaining fragments are distributed at the spare-parts depot for later use.

This is Mr. Girl's immediate task, but his mind is of the sort that runs on ahead, and he is thinking of the lesson to industry that will be driven home by the present demonstration. If the parts of trucks were interchangeable in the United States, for instance, repair-shops from Maine to California might reduce their stocks by ninety per cent. The simplicity of the repair problem would be correspondingly increased, and its cost correspondingly reduced.

The government is an extensive user of trucks outside of the army. This is particularly true of the Post-Office Department. The lighter type of the war truck, intended primarily for ambulance purposes, is well fitted to post-office needs. If the government should adopt it as standard, and use it throughout the country, a long step would be taken toward general standardization.

In the opinion of the government's official apostle of interchangeability, the benefits accruing from uniformity of construction apply also to passenger-cars, lumber-wagons, sewing-machines, typewriters, and baby-carriages. If these and countless other mechanical devices were standardized, quantity production would make them vastly cheaper. Individuals would become more skilled in their use. Confusion and chaos would disappear.

It may come to pass, thinks Christian Girl, that a great simplification of mechanical processes may come out of the war.

\* \* \* \* \*

**A. W. Shaw,  
Economist and  
Efficiency Expert**

*Another Business  
Man Who Rose  
from Small Things  
to National  
Leadership*

**A** MAN who may literally be said to have begun with a shoe-string and run it into millions is now working for the government at a dollar a year, having undertaken the comprehensive task of directing the merchants of the nation toward economical operation. His beginning was in his father's shoe-store in Jackson, Michigan, thirty years ago, where he introduced a side-line of strings and blacking. To-day he is chairman of the Commercial Economy Board of the Council of National Defense, and by virtue of that position he is the official fashion-maker of the nation.

Archibald Wilkinson Shaw is the man in question. Aside from his shoe-store the elder Shaw had a small boot-factory and a wagon-shop, and Archibald tinkered a good deal with tools. When he came of age he hesitated not, but plunged into the game for himself, with card-indexes as his product. Almost immediately his chariot splintered itself against the stone wall of financial loss.

Looking for the reason, young Shaw found a lack of coordination, of system. He began to investigate system. So interesting did he find the study, and so many the lessons, that he published the results in a magazine which to-day bears the name of *System*. Then he carried his findings back to his original undertaking—the manufacture of card-indexes. They worked. Now he is vice-president of an office-supply company whose name appears on filing-cases in half the up-to-date offices in the nation. His financial success came through this application of the principle of orderliness to business affairs.

The champion of system came to teach his subject in the graduate school of business administration at Harvard. Last spring he was called to Washington to point the way to a national economy that would help to win the war. It was thought that a whole people might be directed toward a simplification of its business life and that the energy saved might fight the Hun.

The Commercial Economy Board, under the direction of Mr. Shaw, is busily engaged in broadcasting the principles of business economy throughout the nation. The public should know that his hand is behind a reduced number of deliveries, the curtailment of the return privilege at stores, the economy of materials in garments, and other innovations that are reaching all the people.

A good portrait of Mr. Shaw appeared in the May issue of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

\* \* \* \* \*

### In 1870 the Germans Seized Neutral Ships

*Yet Now They Call  
Us Lawbreakers  
for Doing the  
Same Thing*

IT was in 1870, after Lord Lyons, the British ambassador, had fled from Paris, that six British merchantmen were sunk by the Germans in the Seine to prevent the passage of French war-ships up the river. There was a hubbub in England, and the press was filled with stories of cruelty to the crews of the destroyed vessels. The deed, however, was duly followed by a note from Bismarck, explaining that military necessity had obliged the German high command to act, and that the owners of the vessels would be compensated.

England was satisfied. The owners of the ships were paid. Bismarck had appealed to the so-called *lex angariae*, or law of angary, cited by Secretary Lansing when our government took over the Dutch ships here, to the grievous wrath and indignation of Berlin.

The *lex angariae* is legally defined as "an act of the state by which foreign as well as private domestic vessels which happen to be within the jurisdiction of the state may be seized upon and compelled to transport soldiers, ammunition, or other instruments of war; in other words, to become parties against their will to the carrying on of direct hostilities against a power with which they are at peace." The principle has been further extended to include the right of seizing or destroying railway and other similar material belonging to neutrals. It is carefully stipulated, however, by the conventions framed at The Hague, that indemnities must always be paid to the owners for the seizure and use of such property, or for its destruction.

The word *angaria*, the dictionary says, is derived from the Greek *angaros*, a mounted courier. To trace its history, we must go back to Herodotus, who tells us that in the Persia of his day a despatch-rider was known as an *angaros*, and that *angarion* was the system under which despatches were forwarded from one part of the empire to another. Along the entire length of the post-road men and horses were stationed at intervals, the distance between two stations being calculated as a day's journey, and the number of men and horses was equal to the number of days allowed for the journey.

Herodotus compares this method to the Athenian lampadedromy, or torch-race, a relay race in which the contestant who arrived first at the goal with his torch still burning won the prize for his side. To Americans it will recall the pony-express system, by which the mails were conveyed across the plains before the completion of the first transcontinental railroad in 1869.

As the sway of Rome spread over the world, the need for communication with outlying parts of the empire increased, and *angaria*, or the duty of supplying messengers and horses, came to be obligatory on nearly all citizens. It is curious to note that when Simon of Cyrene was compelled by the Roman soldiery to carry the cross of Christ on the way to Golgotha,

the word used by the Gospel writer to emphasize this pressed or forced service was "angary."

In medieval times, the term was used to cover feudal service or forced labor of any kind. Later, in the days of Louis XIV, it was extended to the right of a belligerent to seize neutral ships and crews and compel them to carry munitions of war, compensation being paid in advance. In this last sense, it came under the attention of the conferences at The Hague, and its meaning was strictly defined.

When the Germans so loudly charged us with violating the rights of Holland, they shut their eyes to a well-established rule of international law as well as to a precedent which they themselves had set less than fifty years ago.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Chivalry, a Lost Tradition of Warfare

*Discipline Has  
Replaced It with Us,  
Brutality with  
the Germans*

IT was in Lorraine, where American troops are defending a section of the line that Secretary Baker has aptly called the frontier of freedom. The front trenches were being held against a gas attack by men of the regiment that New York still thinks of as the famous Sixty-Ninth, though it has a new number in the Federal service. A young officer came down the bomb-proof stairs to the major's dugout, where the telephone was, his eyes streaming water, and coughed out his report.

"Where's your gas-mask?" he was asked.

"I gave it to Paddy Kelly," was the reply. "He had forgotten his own." The major glared at him.

"Two men to court-martial instead of one! Report yourself when this job is over, and tell Kelly to do the same."

There was chivalry in the young officer's act, but it was subversive of discipline, and in modern warfare discipline is paramount.

Once, indeed, chivalry was the tradition of all armies. There was a code of honor among soldiers and among nations. When Captain Cook, the explorer, was returning from one of his expeditions to the South Seas, the King of France, in declaring hostilities against England, sent word to all his ships of war to greet the gallant enemy explorer with all the honor due to his fame and to give him any help he might need.

When Washington and Rochambeau reduced Cornwallis to surrender at Yorktown in 1781, the French officers entertained the British at their mess. There were dinners and toasts, and finally the French, discovering that the British were short of cash, lent them money as one gentleman to another. When the war was over, Cornwallis paid a friendly visit to his captor, Rochambeau, in France. Victor Hugo wrote with pride of "our last affair of honor" with the British on the field of Waterloo. How different from the poison of brutality and hatred which the mind of Prussia has injected into the present conflict!

There is an instructive contrast between two sieges of Paris. When Henry IV beleaguered the city, he allowed his feelings of chivalry to get the better of him and granted a week's respite, during which the women and children could leave. His humanity proved his undoing, for during the interval the Duke of Parma came up with thirteen thousand men and Henry was forced to raise the siege.

In 1870-1871, when the Germans were encamped about Paris, horse-flesh became virtually the only meat to be had within it, but none might leave the doomed city. Daumier was drawing his cartoons showing Death appearing to Bismarck in his sleep and murmuring softly:

"Thanks, many thanks!"

Nor was there any chivalry in the heart of the "man of blood and iron" when the starving city sent Thiers and Favre to the Prussian headquarters to ask for terms of peace. Bismarck demanded the cession of Alsace to Germany and the payment of three milliards of francs as an indemnity. Should Paris attempt to hold out, he added, the terms would

be raised to a cession of both Alsace and Lorraine and a payment of five milliards of francs. The German, in the end, took his pound of flesh—for which he is even now paying in blood.

\* \* \* \* \*

**The Souvenir  
Fad on the  
Firing-Line**

*The Risks That  
Soldiers Take to  
Get a Shell-Cap or  
a German Helmet*

A GERMAN prisoner once exclaimed with much bitterness to his captor, a Canadian:

"You fight for fun and souvenirs—we fight because we must!"

The British Tommy will go to almost any length to obtain some relic or memento that he specially prizes. Thousands of Allied soldiers have made souvenir rings for their sweethearts or friends at home out of the aluminum caps of shells. The fad has not been diminished by the fact that many a brave and reckless lad has been last seen attempting to pry the point off a "dud"—an unexploded shell.

"Near Vimy Ridge," writes a correspondent who saw service there with the Canadians, "we used to draw our water-supply from some tanks in a little wooded hollow. I was going down after water one afternoon, along with a French artilleryman, when we heard the distant report of a boche 'whiz-bang' gun on the ridge, and in a moment a light shell burst in a field a few rods away. My French companion dropped his water-buckets and ran over to look for the nose-cap. He had almost got there when I heard another report from the ridge. I ran to the edge of the field and shouted a warning to come back; but apparently he thought I was after the cap myself, for he only ran faster. He jumped down into the shell-hole, and was looking for his souvenir when the next shell burst right beside him. It must have given him quite a shock, for I never saw even a German with the Jocks after him run as fast as that little Frenchman did, yelling at the top of his voice, '*Non bon! Non bon!*'—which, I suppose, meant 'Bad! Bad!'

"A friend of mine was wounded by a sniper's bullet. The surgeon, thinking to cheer him, told him that the bullet had passed clear through.

"'Tough luck!' replied the soldier. 'I wanted it for a souvenir!'

"The Australians, when they first came up the line in France, used to go over to the German trenches 'on their own,' to get buttons and helmets, after the supply from the dead boches between the lines gave out. Nearly every night there would be a sudden uproar on their front, rifles and bombs and machine guns going off like mad, and whole volleys of star-shells shooting up from the enemy's lines. We would simply say:

"'Fritz has got the wind up. Those Anzacs are out after souvenirs again!'

"Just before the big Allied attack on the Somme, in 1916, I was in charge of a party of soldiers who were detailed to repair an old trench that had been abandoned since a year before. It had originally been a German trench, but the French had driven the boches out and over the crest of the ridge. Now we were planning to use it to mass troops in before the attack. That trench was a mess—dead Germans and French all mixed up and buried under piles of sand-bags and the remains of shelters and dugouts. The odor was indescribable; but talk about souvenirs! To get our men to work at all was almost impossible. Every knapsack that was unearthed was a treasure-mine, and the boys would gather around it despite the bursts of shrapnel with which the enemy favored us all day long. What impressed them most was to find some German's pack filled with letters and perhaps pictures of his home and dear ones—and he, poor fellow, lying there with not even a wooden cross to mark his resting-place. One minute we would all have lumps in our throats, and the next we were good-naturedly scrapping over some souvenir.

"The only people who come up to Tommy in their passion for souvenirs are the *m'selles*. During the first few months of the war many a British soldier fastened his tunic with pins because he had given the buttons to



his very latest French sweetheart. And the girl who could sport a British cap-badge, or a piece of tartan from a Highlander's kilt, was a queen among the rest."

It is safe to say that since our American soldiers reached the firing-line the keenness of the hunt for souvenirs has not decreased.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Poor and Blind,  
He Was Ready  
To Do All That  
He Could**

*A Pathetic Incident  
of Life in a  
Southern City*

JOE was born blind. A few years before that happened his parents came over from Germany to America, preferring to live in a land of liberty rather than in one of militarism and autocracy. They found a home on a little farm in a Southern State, where in a modest way they enjoyed a life of comfort and happiness.

During Joe's childhood his only companion and playmate was a little negro boy known as Rabbit. If Rabbit ever had any other name, it seems to have been forgotten. He belonged to that old-fashioned class of Southern darkies whose love and loyalty for "de white folks" is past all eulogy. His devotion to Joe was characteristic.

After the death of his parents, Joe was left alone. Owing to his physical handicap he was unable to keep up the farm. It was sold, and Joe used the proceeds to take a course in a State institution for the blind, hoping to equip himself for some useful calling. Having learned to depend upon Rabbit, who was part of his life, Joe arranged to have the lad with him during his school course.

Joe was unusually bright, and possessed a genuine musical talent. He chose piano-tuning as his life's work; and for several years he and Rabbit have been familiar figures on the streets of a certain Southern city, going about from house to house in pursuit of the blind man's vocation.

A correspondent resident in Joe's town writes that one evening, not long ago, on going home from his office, he heard the familiar strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was played with such an unusual appeal that he involuntarily halted and listened. The music ceased. He entered the house, where he found Joe, who had just finished tuning a piano. Rabbit was with him, as usual. Joe, almost invariably bright and cheerful, seemed sad and broken in spirit, while Rabbit, by nature very talkative, was silent. When the owner of the house inquired as to the reason, Joe told him:

"Rabbit has been drafted, and I have been wondering what I am to do without him. He is my helper, my only friend, my sole dependence. I can get along fairly well as long as the wind doesn't blow. Everything I do is by sound and touch, and when the wind blows it disturbs me greatly, leaving me to grope about in the dark. But"—here his face brightened—"when I think of the blessings I have enjoyed; of the life of freedom that has been mine under the protection of the Stars and Stripes; when I remember the things my father told me about Kaiserism, and realize, perhaps more than you do, sir, what it would mean if Germany should win this fight, I thank God for America. If only I could see—oh, if only I could see just for a little while!—my place would be on the firing-line; but as that cannot be, I gladly and willingly give Rabbit for America's sake. I wish I could do more, but that is all I have to give!"

"Yassir," added Rabbit, "I has to go. Hit doan' make no diffunce 'bout me, but I jes' nachally hates to leave Mr. Joe. I doan' know 'sackly whut he gwine do 'thout me to he'p him git erlong. I alluz he'ps him git to de houses, and fixes his tools, and cleans de piannies fer him. I loves Mr. Joe. He'll be all by hisself now, and nobody to he'p him git erbout."

"My wife and I," concludes our correspondent, "stood in the doorway to watch Joe and Rabbit go down the street. I could not help thinking that if a poor blind man—a man of German parentage—can willingly make a real sacrifice like this, it is a splendid tribute to democracy and a convincing answer to Prussianism. Besides, it should serve as an object-lesson to slackers and brand them with shame."

# The Lion's Mouse\*

BY C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "The Shop-Girl," etc.

## XXXIII

WITH her ear close to the tiny hole that she had scratched in the flimsy partition, Clo heard Churn speaking in his musical, foreign-sounding voice.

"I wish Chuff would come, and get it over!" he was saying.

"I wonder why he went out!" said Kit. "He ought to have been home all evening. He was expecting Pete on business, you know."

"Can he have got on to de reason dat fellah Pete didn't come?"

"No, no," Kit answered. "I've told you a dozen times, no! He wouldn't have gone to the Westmorland. Pete had to call on him; but there must have been something important to take Chuff out."

"Vat vas de plan?"

"Gee! You ought to have it as clear in your head as I have! You're in the whole business, as deep as me."

"Not de same vay—not on de inside. Chuff makes me do vot he vant. He don't tell me more dan he can help."

"Oh, what does it matter? To-night's changed everything for me—and for you, too. You *are* goin' to stand by me, aren't you, Churn, through thick and thin?"

"You betcha life! For de whole of vot I'm vorth!"

Kit's tone changed. She chuckled.

"You may be worth a lot. You've married a rich heiress—see?"

"Sh, girl! If Chuff comes spyin' on us, we don' vant him to hear dat word 'married.' He'd only laugh—or worse."

"All right! I know Chuff don't approve of marriage; but he ain't our master any more. We can do without him."

"Maybe he von't tink he can do widout us," Churn suggested.

"He'll have to, when we can get some-

thing good on the pearls. What can he do, if we want to quit? You can drag a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. And say, Churn, I never thought you could kill any one and feel no more than I do now. If it'd been a dog, I believe I'd feel worse. I *like* dogs; but that feller—Churn, if you'd been there, you'd 'a' settled his hash long before I did! The things he said to me! And me your wife! It makes me sick to think o' them—and of him, the low beast!"

"Don't tink, den. Tink of me."

"I do. I love you, boy! The minute I lamped the pearls—when I sensed they was real—I meant to get 'em, for you and me to set up house far away somewheres, on our own. We can go to Buenos Aires or some place where they love a nice voice like yours, so you won't feel wasted. Gee, this couldn't 'a' lasted long with me, anyhow, bein' at the beck and call of Chuff. If he knew what we've got here in this table-drawer—"

"Better tie 'em up in your handkerchief again. If Chuff—"

"Chuff nothing! I feel in my bones, now he's so late, he won't come home to-night. There must be some reason. P'raps he got a fright; but *we're* safe. I don't care what happens to Chuff. Let's go to bed. I'm beat, what with everything—"

"No, not yet. I'll wait."

"Boy! You're afraid of Chuff!"

"I am not. Would I be here mit you and he not know we're married, if I vas?"

"Well, anything to please you. We'll sit up till all's blue. Say, I hope I don't dream of Pete! I don't know as I'd have had the nerve, even for the big prize, if he'd treated me white; but he thought he could say what he liked—the pig! Well, he's paid. His blood's on his own head. Oh, Churn, it *was*, sure! It turned me sick. Lucky my long cloak was in the room. Look—on my

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dress, two stains! Boy, that trunk stunt was awful. You've got to let me get to bed and sleep, or I believe I'll have hysterics and yell the house down! I thought I was all right since I found you, but it's coming on again, that tremblin'."

"Go to bed, den, girl. I'll wait. Dat's easy."

"I will. But one more look at the pearls—*our* pearls! Did you ever see their beat? But I lost one. I heard it roll. It was so close to *him*, I—I couldn't—"

"Don't you care. Dere's plenty left for us. We'll count 'em first t'ing to-morrow, ven we both feel like ourselves."

"Pete never knew I caught a glimpse. He said, quick as a shot, when I offered to pack, 'Come out o' that, my lady. I do my own packin'.' But he was too late. I seen what he'd wrapped in brown paper, and I nicked a loose one as big as a filbert. They ought to fetch a king's ransom, boy!"

"Dey vill not, den. Dere'll be all de bulls in N'York after dem. Dey must be somet'ing famous, by de look. Joke on us, dough, if Chuff was in de deal mit Pete!"

"I'm sure he wasn't—dead sure. I know what was between him and Pete, and what Pete had to do."

"Vell, I hope you're right."

"You can bet I am!"

Silence fell. When the pair spoke again, it was of other things—things of which Clo knew nothing. After a time she suddenly fell asleep on the floor. She had earned a rest. She knew that her theory concerning Kit was right; and she knew that Beverly's pearls were in the next room.

The girl slept till dawn without having been disturbed by any sound. She was a light sleeper, like most people of mercurial temperament, and would surely have wakened if Chuff had visited his friends.

She was astonished to find herself on the floor, and for an instant she could not remember what had happened; but in a flash it all came back—the whole history of that eventful yesterday.

Quickly she got up and quietly she undressed, putting on Mrs. McMahon's immense nightgown, before she dropped thankfully upon the cot bed. She did not sleep again, but lay until eight o'clock, when her neighbors began to stir. Then she listened once more at the hole in the wall, until she feared that Violet might come with breakfast.

The colored woman had suggested bringing it at nine; and lest she should wonder why the hungry girl hadn't supped, the milk had to be hastily poured away, the bread and ham hidden. The bed, too, had to be lifted into place, covering the hole in the wall.

Nothing of special interest had been said by Kit and her husband since their waking. Kit had related a dream, in which she and Pete had struggled desperately for the pearls. When she had been soothed in affectionate terms, she concerned herself with the subject of clothes.

The pair had come to the house in evening dress. If Chuff appeared, all would be well with their wardrobe. He could go out without fear to buy his friends enough to get along with till the coast was clear. If Chuff did not come, however, an appeal must be made to Mrs. McMahon, and Churn dreaded this necessity. If Kit's description were in the newspaper, as it was almost sure to be, pink dress and cloak and all—stupid as she seemed, Mrs. McMahon might smell a rat.

But Kit reassured her husband.

"My cloak was white, not pink, dear boob," she said. "Don't you recollect I turned it inside out, and it nearly covered my gown? I told Mrs. Mac we expected our luggage this morning, from Brooklyn. If it doesn't come, it's been stolen—see? The old party won't think wrong of Chuff's pals. He's a real family friend. All sorts of things happen in a house like this! Do you guess we're the first ever blew in without Saratoga trunks? Not on your life! It's a case of money down and no questions asked. If Chuff don't show up soon, we'll give the woman a list, and tell her to keep the change. Before long we'll phone Isaacs to come along and look at the pearls. Chuff's got a phone in his rooms, you know."

Clo knew it also. She had good reason to know it, and she remembered that Chuff had lent his telephone-book to Jake. This looked as if Jake lived in the neighborhood; but his name was not tossed about in conversation by Kit and Churn, like that of Chuff.

As Violet kicked on the door—her hands being occupied with the tray—Clo stuffed a handkerchief into the hole in the wall. She feared that the pair in the next room might take alarm at the sound of voices. She hadn't slept well, she said, in answer to Vio-

let's question. Her head ached, and perhaps she might lie in bed the rest of the day. The promised reward was given, and more was offered if Violet would take time to buy some toilet articles and a few clothes. She was also to bring a supply of writing-paper; there might be a letter to send by special delivery.

The coffee, though weak, was hot, and Clo felt revived after drinking it. Once more she placed the bed across the door, pulled out the handkerchief from the hole in the wall, and thus, on sentinel duty, finished her breakfast.

For a time all was still in the next room. Perhaps its occupants had taken alarm at the voices; but soon the talking began again. Churn reminded Kit that they couldn't catch words from the adjoining room, so they were safe if they didn't shout. They rang their bell—a luxury which Clo lacked—ordered some food, and learned from Violet that "Mr. Cheffinsky had not come home."

Mrs. McMahon lent her boarders a morning newspaper; and Clo heard the news through the hole in the wall. Thus she gleaned details of the murder at the Westmorland, but she resolved to have a paper of her own the next day. Kit and Churn were surprised that the owner of the pearls—whose identity they could not guess—made no fuss, as they phrased it, about the robbery. Such treasures could hardly disappear without their loss being known; but the silence of the newspaper was considered by the couple as one danger less for them.

Later in the day they resigned themselves to the indefinite absence of Chuff. Mrs. Mac herself came up to see her guests, who called themselves Mr. and Mrs. Stahl. She talked of Mr. Cheffinsky as the "star boarder," and said that she was used to his queer ways. Often he stopped away from home for a day or two, but she never worried. He always came back.

The Stahls were voluble over the non-arrival of their luggage, which seemed to vex them more than the absence of Cheffinsky, their old friend. Whether or no Mrs. McMahon believed their story, she tacitly accepted it, and agreed to supply their needs, ordering a list of things for their selection.

This arrangement raised Clo's hopes. Perhaps Churn and Kit intended to venture out! If they went for an airing, they would

probably leave the pearls at home. In their absence Clo would somehow get into the room. With Beverley's jewels recaptured, her mission here would be done.

But she was doomed to disappointment. After writing her hopeful letter to Léontine, Clo's expectations of quick success were dashed. Kit and Churn received the clothes they wanted, but did not go out. They decided to eat down-stairs, and to take turns in going, while one of them kept constant guard over the pearls. Newspaper mention of the "girl in pink" had frightened them.

After a heated argument, they agreed that till they saw how the wind was blowing, they would not risk sending for Isaacs. This was a sacrifice, because they wished to dispose of the pearls before Cheffinsky appeared; but they were not sure of Isaacs's loyalty. Who could tell what he might do, if tempted by big bribes to "frame" his pals? They must wait, and consequently so must Clo.

Days passed, without any sign of Chuff, or of the obscure Jake, whose name was sometimes vaguely mentioned. Clo still posed as an invalid taking a rest-cure, and her tips to Violet were generous. Once she heard Kit inquiring who lived in the next room; but Mrs. Mac's answer was satisfactory. Their neighbor, she said, was a poor little girl, out of a job as lady's maid—Irish, and recommended by an old client.

The couple read to each other in low voices, with feverish interest, details of the "Hotel Westmorland murder," as given in the morning and evening papers. Either the police were at a loss, or they wished to appear so. Churn and Kit became optimistic, though not inclined to acts of over-confidence.

They had no fear that suspicion would be aroused by the breaking of Churn's engagements at various night cafés. He had failed his employers before, through illness, or after a spree, and was always being discharged and reengaged because of his really beautiful voice. There was no reason to connect his disappearance with the murder, since—luckily—the name on the card sent up to Peterson was forgotten.

He often reminded Kit that he was hiding for her sake, and to keep her company; whereupon she would twit him for caring less about her than the pearls. Then she would cry, and they would make up with kisses.



Clo was wild with impatience, but was determined to stick to her quest. She had encouraged Beverley to hope, and Beverley should not be disappointed. By and by the man and woman would grow tired of caution. They would go out together and leave the pearls in their room.

Nine days passed, however, and no such thing happened. Nothing at all happened, it seemed to Clo, with one exception, but that in its way was important. She came upon a "personal" in the newspaper, and knew that it was a message to her from Justin O'Reilly. It was so worded that no one else could guess its meaning. "C. R. from her cousin, who is just in," was the line that caught her eye. He knew that she knew his name was Justin; and she had first introduced herself as his cousin! "Working out Sunday's problem with expert help," she read, "but need you and want you. Message received insufficient. Won't you let me know where you are?"

This advertisement appeared two days after Clo's voluntary imprisonment, and was repeated each morning; yet the girl dared not answer by letter or newspaper. Violet would undertake an errand, no doubt, but she could not be trusted for a mission of such importance. O'Reilly must be content with the message passed on by Mrs. Sands.

It was on the ninth day that it seemed as if Clo's patience might soon be rewarded. Kit and Churn had a serious quarrel. The man insisted on going out. He couldn't stand being shut up any longer—not for Kit, not for the pearls!

Clo was not on sentinel duty when the explosion came. The hole in the wall was open—she stuffed it up only when some one knocked, lest the pair should take alarm at the clearness of sounds—but it was late in the afternoon of a blazing day, and the girl lay on her narrow bed, disgusted with life.

She had paid for a second week in advance. There wasn't money to go on much longer, at the present rate, and as she knew no way of getting more she could only pray for speedy developments. This was an extra worry, and she had enough already; but that afternoon it was too hot to trouble about the future. Sufficient for the day was the wretchedness thereof.

The quarrel next door was so sordid that Clo had ceased to listen, when suddenly the names "Olga" and "Stephen," spoken

loudly by Kit, waked her from a half doze. With the light swiftness of a cat she sprang off the bed and went to her post, wide awake in an instant.

### XXXIV

"I THOUGHT you'd sure know the whole story," Kit was saying. "'Tain't me ever tried to keep it from you! Don't go thinkin' that!"

"I on'y knowed about Stephen. Dat I *had* to know," said Churn. "Chuff never tell me much. He hate talkin' of 'is business when he don' need."

"But you knew why Pete came to New York, instead of going West, when he got out of stir in Chicago?"

"I know he come to kill—"

"Shut up! Not so loud!"

"Well, I know 'oo he came for den, if you like dat better."

"But that wasn't the whole reason. Didn't you know it wasn't?"

"I knowed he was goin' to get a hold o' some papers for Chuff—papers dat was mixed all up mit our business."

"H-m! That's what Chuff wanted us to think—that they concerned us. Whether it's true is another matter," hinted Kit. "But if you know about those papers, you must know the rest."

"Vat rest?"

"Why, about Olga."

"I know vat Olga and Stephen vas to each other, if dat's vat you mean."

"And who Olga is?"

"Olga Beverley."

"Greenhorn! You never got further than that?"

"No. Vat for I get funder? I never see 'er; never vill see 'er. She's a name to me, dat's all. Nevaire vould I heard even dat name if I didn't take care o' Stephen, when Jake was off on a bust or doin' a job for Chuff."

"Funny we never got on to this line o' talk before!" mused Kit.

"I don' see vy funny. You and me always haf somet'ing better to talk about, Kätchen. And till dese nine days in dis hole, we never 'ad too much time togedder. Not enough! Vat's Olga got to do mit us, anyhow?"

"She's got this much, my boy—if Pete had been found dead, and I hadn't done it, I'd say 'Olga!'"

"She 'ad something on Pete?"

"She was the woman that had to give up



the papers to him. He told me he was waitin' for them to come. You knew that, when I—when I was with him last. He said he wasn't sure whether she'd bring 'em herself, or this girl you seen about in the newspapers—the one that called on him Sunday afternoon. I've told you about the women's voices in the hall, and some one sittin' plump on the trunk when I was inside. Well, if I could 'a' peeped, I bet I'd seen Olga. She was one of the women dressed for the automobile they're tryin' to trace an' can't."

"Why didn' you let out dis before, about Olga?"

"Because I thought you was on to it, softy! We two was playin' at cross-purposes."

"Would you knowed Olga if you 'ad seen her?"

"Would I? Say, did you never hear of Roger Sands?"

"Sure, I hear. He was de guy who worked for Heron las' year, and got de gang after him."

"Well, did you hear about his marrying a girl?"

"Don' know. I never t'ought much about 'im after dat."

"It was Olga he married."

"So?"

"But not under her own name. She'd took another, so as to get away with the papers. It was Olga who had the job to get hold of 'em. What Chuff told her to do went, for Stephen's sake, I guess; but—oh, it's a long story! I won't go over it all. She had the papers from then till now. The thing that interests me, and maybe will you, is something I thought of to-day. Don't know why I never thought before! A head can hold just so much, I s'pose. It popped into my nut to-day that the pearls are hers. I bet something went wrong with the papers, and she give Pete the pearls instead. Gee, if that's so, she little knew Pete! The mean skunk would sell his grandmother's corpse. I bet he was studying how to double-cross Chuff, and square himself when—when *my* act came on!"

"What 'old would Chuff 'ave on a woman married mit a big fellah like Sands?" Churn wanted to know. "Vy she let herself be skinned like dat?"

"But Stephen's dead an' stiff dese t'ree weeks or more."

On her side of the wall Clo started and trembled. She feared that the pair might

hear the creak that the rickety floor gave; but they went on talking in the same tones as before.

"Yes," Kit repeated. "Stephen's been dead 'most a month. That's one reason they couldn't let things slide, so the minute Pete was free they put him on the job. He was keen, because of Heron; and John Heron blew into New York just the right time for the plan. Pete was to get the papers first, and then—you know what."

"Yes," the man replied. "I know dat. But when Stephen was gone, what 'old 'ad Chuff on Olga?"

Kit laughed.

"Boob dear, Olga doesn't know Stephen's dead."

Clo's blood rushed to her head. She felt faint. Had she been on her feet, she would have fallen. Even the pearls lost importance for her. She realized that this was the great thing she had heard, the greatest of all for Beverley. Clo hated Cheffinsky with an almost murderous hatred.

"The cheat—the devilish cheat!" she whispered.

The girl was deaf for a moment to the talk on the other side of the wall. She was wondering how she could let Beverley know that Stephen was dead. Ought she to go back with her news to Park Avenue, and abandon the pearls? For to go now meant to abandon them. The police could never take a hand in the business, and Churn would probably have disappeared before she could even ask help from Justin O'Reilly and Denham.

With the sentinel off duty, nothing was sure, for a dangerous restlessness evidently possessed the pair in the next room. Churn's threat to go out—the threat Kit had made him forget for a moment—was a sign of the change. Still, Beverley would be willing to sacrifice the pearls for the knowledge that her enemies had no longer any hold upon her.

"If I dared to telegraph!" the girl thought; for she wanted Beverley to have both the knowledge and the pearls.

Mrs. McMahon had no suspicion that she harbored a spy. If she had had doubts, they had died long ago. Cheffinsky was absent; and a carefully worded telegram ought to be safe.

About this hour Violet was in the habit of toiling up with beer for Kit and Churn and water or lemonade for their neighbor. The woman was due in a few minutes, and

Clo spent the interval in concocting a message for Léontine Rossignol.

"Tell your mistress I've had news since I last saw her that Stephen is dead," were the words she decided on before Violet's arrival was advertised by a tinkle of ice.

The telegram was delivered that night at the flat in Park Avenue, but Mr. and Mrs. Sands and their household had left for Newport. Only a parlor-maid—an elderly woman who had served Roger Sands's dead mother—remained. She detested Léontine, being Austrian by birth while Léontine was French. Annie Schultz decided to forget indefinitely the telegram for Léontine Rossignol.

When she had sent the message, Clo's thoughts went back to the pearls. She would soon be driven to leave the house for lack of money. If she had to go without the jewels, she would feel herself a failure. Oh, the net was proving tough for the tiny teeth of a mouse! But the mouse was desperate. It was ready to do anything rather than give up.

That evening Churn again announced his intention to go out. Whither he was bound Clo did not know, for she had missed scraps of talk in the next room, but he had some goal in view which Kit evidently disapproved. She cried, and in the midst of hysterical sobs the door slammed. Churn had gone!

For a moment Clo expected Kit to run after him; but the girl threw herself on the creaking bed and continued to sob.

Clo's blood took fire. She flamed with courage. What if she burst into the next room like a cyclone, and, surprising the stronger woman, overwhelmed her? The girl pictured herself tying Kit hand and foot with sheets snatched from the bed, and leaving her exhausted, while she escaped with the pearls.

But common sense counseled courage. Kit had twice the strength of an average woman, or she could not have killed Peterson as she had. Clo was not afraid for herself, but she was afraid for Beverley. The cause, once lost, would be lost forever.

Still it seemed foolish to waste a chance with Kit alone and depressed. Clo considered various schemes for getting into touch with her neighbor. She could not call through the wall, for that would emphasize the thinness of the barrier; but when she had fixed upon her plan of action she went out and knocked on Kit's door.

"Who's that?" came sharply from inside the room.

"It's only me—the little girl from the next room," Clo explained in a small voice like a child's.

Her hair hung over her shoulders, and she wore a cheap blue muslin dressing-gown chosen by Violet. She was sure that she could not be recognized, even if she had been noticed at Krantz's Keller.

Kit threw open the door so suddenly, and stared so keenly through the dusk that Clo shrank back a little; but she wore her expression of childish innocence like a mask.

"What do you want?" snapped Kit; but there was no ring of suspicion in her voice.

"Oh, maybe I oughtn't to have come!" Clo apologized. "I thought I heard you crying; and I'm so homesick and miserable myself! I s'pose I meant to ask if there was anything I could do. Don't be angry with me!"

Kit opened the door wide. She too wore a wrapper, no doubt chosen by Mrs. Mac. Her bleached yellow hair was unfastened, but it was too short for a braid, and bristled about her face, on which tears had mixed a fresco of powder, rouge, and cosmetic from her lashes.

"I didn't know I was howling so loud," she said, looking Clo over from head to foot. "Say, can you hear us talking, me and my husband? I hope we don't keep you awake nights."

"You haven't kept me awake once," Clo assured her with truth. "I guess crying's easier to hear than talking. I felt almost as if it was me. You see, I'm in trouble, and I'm awful lonely."

Kit was interested.

"You're worse off than me, then," she said. "I haven't any real trouble. Me and my husband worship each other, but sometimes we have a spat, like all married folks, and I'm fool enough to bawl. He's out now. Would you like me to come in and visit with you a while?"

"I'd love it!" gasped Clo.

She would have preferred an invitation to her neighbor's room, but she hoped to manage that later. Kit locked her own door carefully and slipped the key down the neck of her dress.

"I haven't any pocket," she explained. "I'm Mrs. Stahl. I think Mrs. Mac told me your name's Ryan."

She accepted Clo's suggestion to sit on the bed, which was more comfortable than

the one broken-backed chair, and she did not try to hide the fact that her call was inspired by curiosity. Question after question she put, which cost her hostess tire-some flights of imagination to answer; and when she rose, her tears dried, it seemed that Clo had accomplished very little.

The girl was far from regretting her move, however. Kit had enjoyed their chat, and if Churn were absent long, or if he went out again, she would probably return as an escape from boredom.

It was eleven o'clock when once more Clo heard the two voices. Kit, who had gone to bed, reproached Churn, and Churn defended himself by saying that he had done more good than harm. He had brought Kit an offering of chocolates and chewing-gum, and some theatrical papers; also he had seen Jake.

Jake knew where Chuff was, and said that he would probably come home when he heard of their presence in his house. Jake would not say, even to Churn, where Chuff had been or was, but admitted that both were uneasy about the Peterson business. They had feared for Churn because of his call at the Westmorland, and because some woman had personated Kit at the hotel on Sunday, talking to Chuff through the telephone; but as Churn and Kit had been safe all this time, Chuff's mind would be relieved. Jake thought he would wish to see them; and though he let slip the fact that "the boss," as he called Chuff, was out of town, it seemed that he was not far away. Communications had to be made indirectly, which was prudent but troublesome. Jake's news of Kit and Churn might not reach Chuff till the next night. There was no use expecting him back, therefore, till the day after to-morrow.

"The day after to-morrow!" echoed Kit. "Then we must get Isaacs here to-morrow."

"I t'ought of dat," said Churn. "I went up dere after I see Jake. Isaacs 'as started for Chicago on business. De old lady tol' me. I see 'er at 'is place. He won't be back till the same day as Chuff—day after to-morrow."

"Can't the old lady telegraph there's a big job here, and he'd better cut back?"

"He won't get to Chicago till to-night. She'll telegraph, but he mus' 'ave a few hours dere. Dat brings 'im back ven I says. Ve mus' do de bes' ve can."

Clo drank in each word and focused her mind on its meaning. To-morrow, or the

day after, her hour would surely come; either then, or never.

## XXXV

CHURN's excursion had apparently justified itself. The couple knew what to expect, and the morning after his first absence he went out again. Toward noon Kit, in a ready-made-looking costume, knocked at Clo's door.

"Thought you might like some candy," she said. "Shall I come in?"

Clo was cordial, and tried to be entertaining. Some of her impromptu tales of Irish life would have done credit to *Scheherezade*.

"If I can make her like me, perhaps she'll go down to a meal with Churn, and leave me on guard," she thought.

Her ardent wish was so intense that she felt it must come true. It did not on that day, however. Kit feared to stop long with her new friend, lest Churn should arrive while she was gadding. She dodged back and forth from room to room, lunched in her own quarters on cake and coffee, and was at home to receive her husband in the afternoon.

Clo fancied, from Churn's thick voice and the sharpness of Kit's tone, that he had been drinking.

"A nice thing if Chuff surprises you like this!" the woman scolded.

Next morning early, Clo heard Churn announce that he would meet Isaacs's train at the Grand Central. The "old lady," it appeared, had told him the time.

Kit objected.

"You might miss him. Best wait at his place," she advised.

But Churn would not be persuaded. He had seen Jake again, and Jake had prophesied that Chuff would not arrive before the afternoon. They had the whole morning to see Isaacs and bargain with him, but it would be a waste of time to hang about at "Isaacs's place." It was quite possible that Isaacs might go somewhere else first. Churn would catch him at the train and bring him round to Kit. She must clear up the room, and have everything ship-shape in an hour.

But Kit's anger grew steadily as Churn insisted.

"I know why you're mad to get to the Grand Central!" she flung at him. "Didn't you s'pose I noticed the name on that candy-box? Bah! I ain't a fool! You said

you was sick of bein' boxed up with me. That put me wise!"

Churn protested innocence, and Kit was silenced if not convinced. The man went off jauntily, but Clo looked for further developments. She was excited by a newspaper paragraph she had just read, and the argument next door made her heart beat still faster.

"Kit's mum to put Churn off the track," she thought; "but that woman means to follow him. She's bought no hand-bag. She can't take the pearls!"

The paragraph that Clo had read concerned Mr. and Mrs. Roger Sands. It referred to the "housewarming party" they were giving at their "recently acquired cottage in Newport." Apparently the affair had been mentioned before in the column devoted to society news, but Clo had missed it. She had fixed her attention day by day on the Westmorland Hotel murder and the personal advertisements. She had not thought of absorbing society news, but now she realized that she ought to have done so. She should have guessed that in that column, otherwise dull reading, tidings of Beverley might be found.

No mention was made of the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Sands, which had been chronicled on the day of their flitting; but an allusion to the housewarming and dinner dance set Clo's brain whirling. Angel's husband would expect her to wear the queen's pearls. If he already guessed at the secret, this might be a plan to force his wife's hand. Clo called up his dark face, the deep-set gray eyes which could burn with passion—passion of revenge, perhaps, as well as love. And Beverley feared him; Clo had seen that.

Angel must have the pearls, at latest, for to-morrow night! And they must be strung, ready to wear, or they would be useless to her, arriving at the last moment. The girl would have been at her wit's end but for that quarrel next door. If Kit went spying on Churn—

Clo could not finish the thought. There was no time.

The door slammed after Churn. The girl heard his steps on the creaky stairs, and a second later Kit was knocking on Clo's door and calling to her new friend:

"Kid, kid! Let me in quick!"

Clo let her in. Kit was pinning on a wide-brimmed hat, and had her hands full with a veil, gloves, and parasol.

"Tie this veil for me, there's a good kid!" she panted. "I'm mad at my husband! He's off to flirt with a beast of a girl in a candy-store. They had a mash before we was married. I'm bound to see whether he's lied or not. If he *has*—but no matter! You're goin' to be in all mornin', ain't you?"

"I thought of running out to phone a friend of mine," said Clo cleverly.

"Don't! There's a phone in the house, in the room under mine—room of a pal who's away till this afternoon. He left his key with Mrs. Mac, and she lent it to my husband last night, so he could borrow some novels for me; our pal has lots. We've not given the key back, so when I come home I'll take you down. Save you goin' out in the heat. And I want you to stay in while I'm gone. All you need do is to sit with your door open, and see if any one knocks at ours. I don't think any one will. I've got the key of our door; but it's the same as every old key. 'Tain't a special one, like—like our pal's. If Violet or Mrs. Mac comes, say the room's done up and the breakfast things are all on the tray that I've set on the floor outside. If a stranger, tell 'em to call later; and look close, so you can describe the person. Here's the rest of the candy, kid. Wisht I'd left you more!"

"Thanks, just the same," said Clo. "I undertake watch-dogging in all its branches. Ta, ta!"

"I count on you!" was Kit's last word, at the top of the steps.

"Bet your life you can!" the "kid" called after her.

As Kit dashed down-stairs, without stopping to look around, Clo dashed to her own open window. In a moment Kit's parasol—aiding patterned veil and wide hat to mask her face—went bobbing along the street.

The coast was clear, and the big moment at hand; for Kit's manner told Clo, as plainly as words, that she had left the pearls behind.

Violet would not come up for the two breakfast-trays for a long time yet. Clo knew her habits. As for Mrs. Mac, it was once in a blue moon that she troubled herself to mount to the top story. Kit's opinion of the keys was the same as that already formed by Clo, and the girl was wild to test it. She snatched her own key from its lock, to try it in Kit's door. It went in,



but stopped at the critical turn, and could not be coaxed to move.

There were two more rooms on this floor—a small one opposite Clo's, tenanted by a young man who went to work at seven o'clock; and another still smaller, used as a storeroom—a refuge for trunks, dust-pans, and brooms. The early bird never locked his door; Clo often saw it wide open. To-day it was standing ajar, the key in its place; but again the experiment fell short of success.

The storeroom key remained. At first glance Clo thought it was missing, though the door was unlocked; but a second glance showed her the key fallen in a corner. If it failed, she would have to risk her luck down-stairs; but it did not fail. It turned all the way round in the lock, and Kit's door opened.

Clo's was shut and locked, in case Violet should break her rule and come up-stairs too soon. The girl felt safe for the moment, and glowing with hope. Fate was indeed working for her! She hoped to find not only the pearls, but Chuff's key, and telephone, if necessary, before making her escape. Wonderful that both these chances should fall together!

Clo knew that the pearls had been kept in a drawer; but Kit would not leave them in so obvious a place. She might trust her neighbor, but she would not tempt Providence. Nevertheless, Clo began by looking through the drawers, of which there were six.

The few new belongings that Kit and Churn had acquired were scattered untidily about in five of them. In the sixth—the bottom drawer—was a large, uneven parcel tied up in newspapers. The girl guessed at the contents, but she had to make sure. As she expected, the bundle consisted of the pink dress and cloak worn by the brilliant vision who had flashed out of the Westmorland Hotel and into Krantz's Keller. Clo shuddered at some reddish streaks which Kit had evidently tried, and failed, to wash out.

Hastily she retied the unwieldy package, and continued her investigations.

Churn's evening clothes hung from a hook on the wall. There was nothing in the pockets; nothing in the shoes which stood underneath, except a pair of socks. Other hiding-place there was none, save the bed; and it was there that Clo expected to find the pearls.

Kit had made the bed and neatly patted the two ill-matched pillows into shape. Clo stripped off the unbleached covers, and looked for some sign that the ticking had been ripped open. There was no such sign; but there was a patch on the larger pillow. One end of this patch was unsewn, and held in place with a pin. Underneath it something hard—something different from the stuffing of cheap feathers—could be felt with the hand.

Clo undid the pin, and thrusting in her hand, pulled out a packet made of a red silk handkerchief, tied round with gold string from a confectioner's. Clo squeezed the tight folds of silk. They held the pearls!

She was so sure of this that it seemed a waste of time to open the handkerchief. She longed to run out of the house with her treasure, without a second's delay. Suddenly she felt that a thousand dangers threatened the pearls. Why search for Chuff's key? As she had found the pearls, she did not need to phone. That would have been useful in case of failure, when she would have called up O'Reilly before Kit or Churn returned.

The girl was at the door, with her hand on the key, before she realized how mad it would be not to make certain of her find. Her fingers trembled as she undid the gold string, but luckily Kit had been in haste when she tied the knot. A few seconds, and Clo had picked it apart. Then to unwind its lengths, and then to unfold an end of the handkerchief, which was knotted also! Yes, the pearls were really there!

It seemed almost too good to be true, but true it was. She rewrapped the parcel, and again was at the door, when another thought struck her. Better make the bed look as it had looked before!

Who could tell if Kit had met Churn on his way to the Grand Central, and had persuaded him not to go there? Clo might meet one or both of them at the front door, and the longer start she could get before the theft was discovered, the better. She returned, put the pillows back into their covers, and set them up in place as if nothing had happened.

During this process she decided that she would spare a moment to search for Chuff's key. It might come in handy, one way or another. Chuff's parting with his key looked ostentatious. It seemed as if he advertised the fact that he had nothing to



hide; and yet the key was a special key, Kit had said. Clo guessed that at times there were things to hide, and then Chuff would probably forget to leave his key with Mrs. Mac.

"It might be useful to Mr. O'Reilly's Denham," she thought. "If I can find it quick—"

Flitting about the room, she pounced upon a key which answered Kit's description. It was on the mantelpiece—a small, flat key made for a Yale lock.

Clo could have laughed for joy. She had had a lot of patience and a little pluck; and now the great task was accomplished. It had been easy, after all. Now there was nothing left but to run home to Angel and say:

"Here are your pearls!"

A glance told her that she was leaving the room just as it had been when Kit went out. She shut the door softly behind her, and locked it as she went out. The borrowed key she replaced in the storeroom. Then she unlocked her own door, and, tearing off the blue wrapper, put on a tan-colored linen suit that Violet had bought for her at a sale, for five dollars.

There was a tan straw hat, too—Clo dared not appear in the brown toque and coat described by the newspapers—and a cheap hand-bag purchased for the pearls. It was a tight fit for the red silk bundle, but she squeezed it in, and added the big pearl found in Peterson's room. The Yale key, and the little money that she had left, she slipped inside her blouse.

Everything else she abandoned. Thus it would be supposed at first that she had gone for a walk; and when she did not come back, all trace of her would be lost. She had destroyed milliners' and dress-makers' names. She could never be found. Kit would rage in vain when she looked for the red handkerchief parcel.

"I can't have been half an hour," she thought, as she tripped past the breakfast-trays and started down-stairs. "Kit and Churn may be out a long while yet. I hope so! I'd hate to come face to face with 'em in the street. Mrs. Mac or Violet won't matter. They can't stop my taking a walk!"

She told herself this boldly, yet, when she heard Violet's voice from somewhere below, her nerves jumped.

"On my way up for them trays o' yourn," the woman was saying with a laugh.

"Trays o' yourn!" To whom was she speaking? Could it be Kit, back already? Yes, it was Kit. Kit was answering:

"I'll run up ahead. I'm in a hurry."

The voices sounded near. The two women must already have climbed one flight of stairs. Clo felt that her blood was turning to water. Should she run back and lock herself into her room? No, for Kit would discover her loss, and would know what had happened. Kit was stronger than she. Besides, Kit would call Mrs. Mac and Vi to help her; or Churn might come.

But could Clo hope to pass safely if she went on? No; she had promised to guard the door. Kit would accuse and stop her.

In an anguish of doubt, Clo's hands clenched convulsively upon her breast. Her fingers closed upon Chuff's key. It gave her a hope of safety. If only she could hide in Chuff's room before Kit reached his floor!

She stumbled down the last few steps, and paused at the room under Kit's. Would the key fit? It did. It went deep into the small keyhole, and turned; but the door stuck.

Kit must be close to the top of the stairs now.

### XXXVI

CLO almost fell into Chuff's room as the door gave way. She locked herself in and went straight to the telephone. Whatever the danger menacing her, she would not call the police; but if O'Reilly were at home, he would undoubtedly make a dash to the rescue.

Her hand was on the receiver, when she remembered that she was marooned, as it were. She was ignorant of the phone number, and had never dared to inquire the number of the house or street. She had pretended to know of Mrs. McMahon through a friend. If she had asked, "What street are we in, and what is the house number?" her fib would have been exposed. "Spy!" would have been the landlady's first thought, and she would have been turned out on some excuse.

Now, when it was too late, she wished with all her heart that she had slipped out late at night, while Kit and Churn slept, and found her bearings. She had not gone, because the pair always talked till after midnight, and the later the hour the more important their confidences. When they

slept, the household slept also, and Clo would have had to leave the front door open to get in again. A policeman, passing on his beat, might have closed it, or alarmed Mrs. Mac; and it had not seemed worth while to risk it. She saw now that she had made a mistake.

But surely she could not trip over this small stumbling-block. There must be some way to step around it. If Chuff's own name was in the telephone-book, the house number and street could be found there; but the book was missing. Jake had never returned it. This was a blow; but Clo caught at another hope.

The star boarder was a swell in his way. Perhaps he possessed writing-paper stamped with the address.

The girl ran to a table on which were ink-bottles, pens, and a blotting-book. She opened the blotting-book. It was old and thickly patterned with stains, black, red, and purple; but it contained not a single sheet of paper.

She pulled out a drawer. There was writing-paper in it, but unstamped.

While she fumbled, hoping to find an old envelope or post-card addressed to Chuff, the girl could hear the patter of feet overhead. Kit was in her own room, walking about. Suddenly the boards ceased to creak. She had stopped. Was it at the bedside? Was she already pulling the cover off the patched pillow?

There was nothing in the drawer to serve Clo in her dilemma, and she had turned to a shelf crowded with books and magazines when a new idea came to her. She snatched up the blotter, and held it open in front of a mirror over the mantelpiece. From an intricate pattern formed of many written lines, the beginning of one sprang to her eyes.

"Dear Peterson," she read, "Churn will take you this, and—"

The line beneath mingled with others, and could not be disentangled; but the address of the house had been written above, and could be clearly read. With a sigh of thanksgiving, Clo ran to the telephone, called up central, and asked for the Dietz Hotel.

Her voice could no doubt be heard in the hall outside, and might even reach Kit's ears up-stairs, but the door would have to be broken before she could be torn from the phone; and at this hour, when all the men boarders were out, there was no strong

arm for such work. She was safe for a while; and meantime O'Reilly might come. The girl longed for him with a new and desperate longing. She wanted to see him, wanted to hear his voice, wanted him in a different way from anything she had ever wished for in her life.

The Dietz answered quickly. Mr. O'Reilly was still staying at the hotel, but he had gone out. He had left no word as to where he might be found or when he would return.

Tears started to Clo's eyes, but she had no time to brood over the disappointment. She was trapped now, and must summon Beverley to get the pearls. She had not the Sandses' number, and must ask central to call the Park Avenue apartment.

When she had done this, silence fell; but it was only for a moment. Clo stood with her ear still at the receiver, when a loud bang on the door made her jump as if she had been shot.

The door-knob rattled.

"You little devil!" shrilled Kit's voice. "You dirty thief! I know you're there. I know what you've done, too! Wait till I catch you!"

Clo made no answer.

"Hello!" spoke a foreign-sounding voice through the phone—the voice of a woman. "Hello! Yes, this is Mrs. Sands's flat. Mr. and Mrs. Sands are not at home."

"When will they be back?" asked Clo.

"I don't know that," answered the cold voice—the voice of Anna Schultz. "It may be a long time."

Clo was almost beaten, but she would not fail.

"I'll try Miss Blackburne," she thought in desperation.

As Kit beat furiously on the door, her shouts mingling with the cries of Mrs. Mac and Violet, the girl called up the jewelry-store where Ellen Blackburne was employed. She had, it seemed, been in that morning, for the first time in several days. Her mother had been ill, and she had had leave to stop at home. She had just gone out again, but—wait a second—oh, it seemed that she had returned. She would step to the phone.

A moment later Ellen's calm "Hello!" seemed to come from a far-distant, peaceful world where normal creatures were safe and well and happy.

"This is Clo," replied the girl, conscious that voices outside the door ceased their

clamor in order that ears might hear her message. "Yes, I said Clo! Get into a taxi and rush to the number and street I'm going to give you. Don't stop to ask questions. When you get here, you don't need to come in. I'll drop something out of the window. You can guess *what*. I'll expect you quick. Good-by!"

"I heard you!" shrieked Kit. "I can guess, too! You've stolen my pearls, and you think you'll pass 'em on to some other thief! But you won't, you little devil! We'll have this door down in five minutes. I wish my husband would come home!"

Still Clo gave no answer. She went to the window, rolled up the shade, and raised the sash.

"Why won't you let me call the police?" she heard Mrs. Mac asking. "I tell you it's the only thing. I—"

"She won't let you do it because she stole the pearls herself!" cried Clo, darting across the room to put her lips to the keyhole. "And that's not all she's afraid of. If she don't look out, I'll tell what I know. Maybe she can guess what that is, too!"

"I'll kill you when I get my hands round your throat!" Kit screamed.

"I won't be the first you've killed. Take care!" Clo retorted.

An instant later she was stung with regret for her boldness. There would be no mercy for her now, from either Kit or Churn, when the door gave way. They would know that she had been the woman at the telephone masquerading as Kit.

But if Miss Blackburne came first, before they broke in, she didn't much care. With the pearls safe, she could fight for herself.

"Hurrah, by all that's good, here's my boy!" crowed Kit, drowning the girl's threats with her triumph. "Oh, and Mr. Isaacs, too! I was never so glad in my life to see any one as you both! Churn, there's a thief in Mr. Cheffinsky's room—the girl that's been living next door to us. She's stole that little string o' pearls that was my last birthday present."

At first Clo had hoped that this might be a false alarm—that Kit was trying to frighten her; but men's voices spoke. Churn and Isaacs had indeed arrived. The girl put her ear to the keyhole once more and listened.

"Stole your string o' pearls!" Churn repeated. "How did she do dat? You vent out of de room? I t'ought you—"

"Only for a few minutes," cut in Kit. "It seemed all right. I hid the pearls inside a pillow and put on the cover. You see, I—I wanted to speak to you, if I could catch you; but I changed my mind. I came back instead. Something made me. Not that I thought of danger. Who was to know I had those little pearls? And our door was locked. I took the key."

"What did I tell you about dat key?" Churn retorted. "You're ten kinds of a fool, girl! But de tief's dere all right, you say?"

"Yes, she's there all right. She must have took Chuff's key off our mantelpiece—you left it there. She's been phonin' some pal to come in a taxi, so she can drop my pearls out the window."

"Vot's dat?" cried Churn. "Vy, I—I—don' want to mix up—"

"Let *me* go down and talk things over with the pal when he comes," said another voice, which was very smooth and had a slight lisp. Clo guessed that it was the voice of Isaacs.

"Yes, *do* go down!" she jeered him through the keyhole. "I'll call from the window what you are! A fence—that's your nickname. You're a receiver of stolen goods!"

Isaacs was silent. Clo thought that he would not go down. They would try some other plan. She heard them whispering. Then, for a few breathless moments, there was no sound.

The girl wondered if Ellen had started, and how soon she would arrive. Perhaps the time was really longer than it seemed in her excitement. She went again to the window and looked out. There was no taxi in sight, no vehicle of any sort, but there were people—children playing, women chatting together. Clo wanted to shriek at the top of her voice:

"Help! Thieves! Murder!"

A policeman would come, and she and the pearls would be saved; but Beverley would be lost. The story of the pearls would come out somehow, for they were famous, and would be recognized. Soon it would be known that Roger Sands had bought them. With one secret out, others might follow suit.

The girl gazed wistfully down on the heads of the passers-by—workaday persons who seemed so much happier than she. As she gazed, two things happened. In the house a blow from a hammer made the

door quiver; in the street a taxi came swinging into sight.

"They'll have the door down!" she gasped. "But if only that's Ellen, she'll be just in time!"

The bag containing the pearls in their red wrapping was in her hand. She stood, prepared to throw it if Ellen appeared.

The taxi was slowing down. Yes, it was stopping in front of the house. It must be Ellen—but no, it was not. A man stepped out and glanced quickly in all directions, as if he expected some one. He did not look up at the window, where Clo had shrunk back as far as she could without losing sight of what went on below. He seemed to be intent upon a gray limousine car, with several men in it, which had followed the taxi along the street.

The limousine passed on, however, and its occupants—there were four or five, Clo fancied, though she could not see their faces—were busily talking. They did not look out or interest themselves in the stopping of the taxi. The man who had come in the latter had the air of hiding behind it as he paid the chauffeur and carefully counted his change; but the instant the limousine had gone by he ran up the steps. Clo, at the window, could see him no more.

"What if it's Chuff," she thought, "and he finds them breaking down his door? They'll explain what's doing, and it will be the worse for me!"

Somehow she had the impression that Cheffinsky was wickeder than Churn—a man without scruples, a man who would stop at nothing for his own advantage.

*Crack!* One of the panels splintered, and Clo, flying to the door, snatched the key from the keyhole. She knew the panel could not last many minutes; and a picture rose before her mind of a hand pushing through a hole, to turn the key in the lock. Anyhow, that should not happen!

Back she fled to the window again, and looked out. She thought of the story of *Bluebeard*, which one of the sisters in the orphan school used to tell the children:

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne, what do you see?"

"Alas, only a cloud of dust in the distance!"

But this time there was something more than a cloud of dust. Another taxi appeared. The gray limousine had turned, and was coming back; but Clo was not interested in that. She cared only for the taxi. It was slowing down. A woman

thrust her head out—a neat little head in a black toque—and looked up.

"Miss Blackburne!" Clo cried shrilly.

The taxi stopped; but the door stuck, and the little woman could not open it. Oh, *why* didn't the silly chauffeur jump off his seat and help?

*Crash!* The panel broke with a loud shriek of rending wood. The hammer came through, and was jerked quickly out again. A man's hand seized a jagged piece of the panel and tore it away. An eye peered through the aperture, but Clo was not looking.

"Quick—quick!" she implored, and brandished the bag outside the window.

The eye disappeared from the panel, and the muzzle of a revolver took its place.

Miss Blackburne had got the door of the cab open, and had jumped down onto the pavement.

"If you throw out that bag, I fire!" a voice warned Clo—a new voice, not Churn's.

The girl looked round involuntarily, and saw the small black object framed in the smashed door-panel. Her nerves jerked, but she turned back to the window with a sensation of ice in her spine.

"String these and get them to *her*, if you have to take them to Newport!" she cried.

There was a queer, muffled explosion, not unlike the breaking of wood, yet somehow different. Clo felt a stinging blow on the shoulder, and then a strange, heartrending pain. She staggered and fell forward onto her knees, hanging over the window-sill; but she threw the bag.

A red light flamed in her eyes, not like the light of a summer day. It was more like fireworks, she thought vaguely. Through the redness she thought she saw a little woman in black catch the bag and stand still, looking up. Clo tried to wave her hand, motioning:

"Go on—hurry!"

Her lips formed the words, but she was not sure whether she spoke them or not. She was not sure whether the woman went, or whether she had been stopped at the taxi door by some men getting out of that gray limousine; the cloud of red—it was a cloud now, not a light—had grown so thick.

There were noises behind her. The men in the hall had burst the door open. She could not look around this time. Her head was on her arm, lying on the window-sill.



Then some one was dragging her away. It was all over for her; but she had done her utmost to save Beverley's pearls.

## XXXVII

A BIG blond man had hustled Mrs. McMahon and Violet down-stairs before the shot was fired. It was bewildering to them that Mr. Cheffinsky should come home, after his strange absence, with his beautiful golden beard and mustache shaved off, and the curling hair they had thought so artistic cut short as a convict's. Still, it was he, unquestionably, and his business had always been his own. He had invariably made it worth their while to obey him, and they obeyed now, Mrs. Mac being greatly distressed to learn that she had unwittingly harbored a thief.

Cheffinsky was like a general directing the defense of a beleaguered city. He took command as soon as he entered the house, seeming to understand the situation without a question.

"If any one rings, let Violet be a long time opening the door," he said. "But it must be opened. Don't act as if there was something to hide. Keep 'em talking, no matter who, as long as you can. There's been a theft from a lady boarder, and a little excitement. You've only to tell the truth—see?"

All this in a second; but it got the two women out of the way, and might keep off intruders. Not that Cheffinsky expected intruders. In broad daylight, in a fairly respectable street, a shot may pass for a burst tire, if it is heard. The spy must be muzzled at any cost, for he guessed at a word from Kit that this was the girl of the telephone. He guessed why she was in this house, and that she had found out enough to put them all behind bars.

"Pick her up," he said to Kit, when they had got the locked door open. "If any eyes are on that window, it won't look too queer for one girl to pull another back into the room. Do it as if you were fooling. Laugh! If they're looking, make 'em think it's a play."

Like the other two women, Kit obeyed. She was used to obeying Chuff in the past; and she was strong enough, with her hands under Clo's arms, to jerk the slight figure to its feet with the suggestion of a joke that the boss had ordered. She dragged Clo to the back of the room, out of sight from the window, and awaited further commands.

"Now," Chuff said, "if we're spotted, this is a suicide—see? She stole your pearls, and when she was caught she killed herself."

"But the shot's in her shoulder—came from behind—and she ain't dead. She's opening her eyes," Kit objected, while Churn, in the background, kept a sickly silence.

"She's got to be dead," Chuff decreed. "I know how to fix the bullet business. It'll have to be done now, because if trouble comes it will come quick. If no one got on to the shot, we're O. K., and can fix up the rest to please ourselves when there's time; but we can't take chances. Look here—this is the thing to do, if there's questions to answer. You caught her stealing. She ran down to this room from yours, threw the stuff out of the window to a pal, and when she saw she was copped, she grabbed my Browning from the mantelpiece. She'd have shot you, but, seeing the men, she knew the game was up, and did for herself instead. Shut the window, Kit. I'm going to put another ball into her—in the chest, just opposite the spot of blood on her back. Carry her into the closet, to cover the sound. I mustn't touch her myself. There's spots on you already. Account for them by saying you picked her up to see if she was alive."

"But if she's in the closet—"

"She ran there, and shot at you from inside the door, after we'd all broken into the room to get at her. Is that clear to you both? We must stick to the same story, if we need to tell any."

"And if we don't?" breathed Kit.

"If all's right, as I hope, we'll keep the body till to-night, and then smuggle it out. Mrs. Mac and Violet must think the girl's only hurt herself. For the good of the house they'll keep their mouths shut. Into the closet with her, Kit!"

Clo looked from face to face. There was obstinate stoicism on Kit's, sick horror on Churn's, and no emotion save cool decision on Chuff's. If she could, the girl would have screamed; but strength had gone out of her utterly. She felt a strange sensation, as if her soul had left the body that hung limp in Kit's strong arms, and was gazing at it with impersonal pity.

"The worst will be over in a minute," she thought.

Then, suddenly, she remembered Justin O'Reilly.

"He'll be sorry!" something seemed to be saying in her ear; and a great desolation of loneliness swept over her because she would never see him, never hear his voice again.

In anxiety for her mother, Ellen Blackburne had almost forgotten the mystery of the Sands pearls, closely as it concerned herself. The little old lady had never quite recovered her poise since that Sunday night of intense excitement. Preoccupied as she was, Ellen neglected the newspapers; and when Clo telephoned, she did not even know that the Sandses were out of New York. The message, however, instantly awoke her sleeping interest.

She guessed that Clo had tracked the thief, and that the place to which she had summoned her friend was the miscreant's den. Miss Blackburne was no coward, and the strange request that came over the telephone-wire did not frighten her. She prepared to follow instructions at once, taking only one precaution. Before starting, she left word that if she did not phone or return within an hour, inquiries were to be made at the address that she wrote down.

Evidently the people in the house did not wish the pearls to leave it, or Clo would not suggest throwing them down from the window. That, however, was Clo's affair. Miss Blackburne expected to know all later, and saw that it would probably be wise to keep the police out of the business.

The pearl-stringer did, therefore, what she had been asked to do. She abandoned the work laid out for the morning, and dashed off in a taxi at a moment's notice. Clo's little face at the window of a tenth-rate boarding-house told her nothing new. Clo was always pale. When the girl dropped to her knees, it looked to Ellen as if that attitude was more convenient for throwing down the bag. No sound of a pistol-shot reached her ears above the noises of the street. She heard only the sound of her own taxi, and the snort of a big gray car which had at that instant come to a stop close by.

Miss Blackburne was used to odd adventures, and prided herself on keeping cool, but she could not help giving an undignified jump as a man sprang out of the gray limousine and laid a hand on her arm.

"What is in that bag, and where are you taking it? I've a right to know," he said sharply. "I'm a friend of Miss Riley."

Ellen grabbed at the door of her taxi. The man was a little over thirty, she thought—certainly a gentleman, and rather handsome.

"I'm acting for Miss Riley," she returned as sharply. "My name's Blackburne. Clo's in a hurry for me to do an errand. If you're really her friend, you'd better let me go, while you look after her."

The two eyed each other for an instant.

"You are Miss Ellen Blackburne, the pearl-stringer?" the man inquired.

"The same," she answered.

"Then go on your errand!" he said.

While Ellen stared, he ran up the steps of the house, where a companion had already rung the bell. Neither of the men looked at her again. They were talking earnestly, and seemed to have forgotten her existence.

Ellen waited for no more. She believed now that the speaker was what he pretended to be; otherwise he would not have known her Christian name and profession.

"I guess Clo'll be all right now he's come," she said to herself, as she gave the chauffeur an order.

To save delay, and further suspense for Mrs. Sands, Ellen drove straight to the Park Avenue house, in order to string the pearls there; for she had collected her materials before starting. It was a blow to find that the Sandses had already left New York; but, hearing from the porter that a confidential servant was in charge of the apartment, she decided on going up to get further information. She even thought of sending a long-distance message to Beverly from her own flat; but the grim personality of Anna Schultz banished this idea with a glance.

Ellen realized that, if she asked to enter, she might be regarded as a suspicious character and treated accordingly. She accounted for herself, therefore, by explaining that important business with Mrs. Sands would take her to Newport immediately. If there were any letter or parcel to be sent, she would be glad to carry it.

Anna's reply to this offer was a stiff refusal, but Miss Blackburne had not reached the lift when the woman came after her.

"I've just remembered that there's a telegram for Mrs. Sands's French maid. You might give it her by hand, if you're going to Newport to-day," she said with a grudging air. "It will be quicker than mailing it."

The woman slipped the envelope into Ellen's hand, turned away without waiting for an answer, and shut herself into the flat again, smiling acidly. She had at first intended to "forget" the telegram for Léontine; but suddenly the idea of confiding it to a stranger struck her as brilliant. Anna did not know whether telegrams could or could not be traced, if inquiries were made; but a dim fear that her revenge on Léontine might somehow react upon herself had begun to trouble her uninstructed mind. This person who pretended to have business with Mrs. Sands was probably an impostor, Anna thought; but she could not be blamed for believing the story and taking advantage of the offer made. If Léontine's telegram never reached its destination, Anna Schultz would at least have acted for the best.

Having telephoned to the store where she was employed, Ellen decided to string the pearls at home. She dared not dash off to Newport without seeing her mother and arranging with a neighbor to stop in the house while she was gone.

On second thought, she told herself that it might be best, for Mrs. Sands's own sake, not to risk sending a reassuring message of any sort in advance. No harm had come upon her—Ellen—through the mysterious affair of the pearls, and her distrust of the beautiful "girl from nowhere," *alias* Mrs. Roger Sands, had diminished, if not disappeared. Though she would still have sacrificed the woman for the man, had she to choose between serving Roger or his wife, she did not wish to make trouble between them; and a telegram opened by the wrong person, or a telephone message intercepted or overheard, would be dangerous in this case.

She determined simply to work as fast as possible, and to take the first train she could catch for Newport, with the restrung rope of pearls.

### XXXVIII

BEVERLEY dreaded the night of the dance more than she had dreaded her mission, nearly a year ago, in Albuquerque.

Each day it had seemed less possible to tell Roger that the queen's pearls were gone. She realized with anguish the immensity of her mistake in not confessing frankly at first. She had not done so because she feared that Roger's suspicions would fall on O'Reilly—that he would think she had been

forced into some discreditable bargain with the one man of whom her husband was jealous—that there would be questions she could not answer. Then, later, had come Clo's encouraging letter. Beverley had hoped that at any moment the wonderful girl might bring back the pearls; but the time-limit of hope was almost at an end. The last day had arrived.

It seemed very long ago that she had been radiantly happy in the thought of this glorified cottage at Newport—Gulls' Rest, it was called—Roger's present to her. She hated it now, and hated everything associated with it. The fuss of settling into the place in a foolish hurry, though the Newport season had not yet begun; Roger's determination to begin with a house-party and a dance; his civil, quiet coldness to her; the strange look she sometimes caught in his eyes; the mystery of Clo's silence, which deepened day by day; fear of reprisals for loss of the papers—all these things seemed harder to bear in Newport than at home in New York. Often Beverley wondered how long she could keep her sanity.

The Sandses had brought a couple of friends; two others had joined them the following day, and half a dozen more had come since. Roger had engaged all the rooms in a small but pleasant hotel for other guests who would arrive for the dance and stay the night.

In advance of the season as the housewarming was, word had gone out that the entertainment would be worth a long journey. The favors for the cotillion were said to have cost ten thousand dollars, and there was to be a surprise of some sort. Perhaps this was the reason why Mrs. Heron changed her mind, and John Heron wired to Roger that he and his wife would be pleased to come on from Narragansett, where they were spending a week-end for Heron's health.

The invitation had been sent to the Herons by Roger's firmly expressed wish, but Beverley had not dreamed that it would be accepted. The old friendship between John Heron and Roger had never been broken by any overt act, but the chilling answer that Roger had received in the spring, after a long silence, had shown Beverley what line Mr. and Mrs. Heron had apparently decided to take. She was sorry for Roger, but thankful for herself, as she had the gravest reasons to avoid a meeting with the pair.

And now, after all, they were both coming to the dance! Beverley could not understand the change of tactics, but it seemed ominous. It gave her one more fear for the dreaded night.

Through the morning she still wildly hoped for news from Clo—Clo who had been so wonderful until a door of silence had suddenly shut between them. Even as the afternoon wore on, she did not utterly despair; but at six o'clock, when Roger advised her and the other women staying in the house to rest till dressing-time, she definitely abandoned hope.

For the first time since that Sunday night which had marked the end of her happiness, Roger slipped his hand under her arm in a friendly, familiar way.

"Come along," he said. "I'll take you up to your room and see that you lie down. I want you to look your best to-night; and you know dinner's at eight. You won't have more than an hour's nap. I suppose it'll take you at least an hour to dress?"

"Just about," Beverley answered dully.

She knew that she could not sleep, but she was worn out with the effort of keeping up appearances before her guests, and was glad of the chance to be alone. She expected Roger to leave her at the door of her room, which he had entered only when the house was being shown to friends; but to her surprise, almost to her alarm, he followed her in. She said she would not ring for Léontine yet. She would unfasten her own frock and find her own dressing-gown.

"I'll draw the curtains for you," he said, in the coolly kind manner to which she had grown accustomed during the black fortnight. "One rests one's brain best in twilight, I think. I'm sure you need rest. I never saw you so pale. I hope you're not worried about to-night?"

"Worried?" she caught him up with a stifled gasp. "Why should I be worried? I'm sure everything will go well—aren't you?"

"I hope so," he said gravely. "You haven't shown me your new dress. I suppose it's come?"

"Oh, yes," Beverley replied, convinced that it was not about the dress he thought or cared. "It came the day after we arrived."

"Good. Then you'll be able to do full justice to the pearls!"

Beverley had an impulse to throw herself

into his arms and upon his mercy; but because she grew more sure each moment that he suspected her, she would not, or could not—she hardly knew which. It seemed to her that, not for the first time, he was being purposely cruel. He seemed to guess, though surely he could not know, that she had some secret cause for anxiety about the pearls, and to be deliberately testing, torturing her, to see how much she could bear and not break.

"Let him find out when the time comes," she thought in sullen despair.

Instead of confessing her trouble, she asked if he would like to see her new gown.

"No," Roger said; "I'm no judge of clothes unless a beautiful woman is wearing them. I'll wait till you're ready, and then I can see you in your glory—pearls and all!"

Beverley did not answer. She only smiled—and wondered what Roger thought of her smile. He drew the curtain and left her to rest, asking at the door that she would promise to call him when she was dressed.

"I want to have a good look at you before you go down-stairs," he added as he went out.

Adjoining Beverley's bedroom was a little chamber whose walls appeared to be composed entirely of mirrors. It was a glorified wardrobe, with mirror doors, and light and ventilation came from above. It had been arranged for the former mistress of Gulls' Rest, a woman whose chief interests in life were her looks, her jewels, and her dress. Behind the mirror-doors were deep closets, some of which were lined with cedar, others with sandalwood; and at the back of one was an ingeniously concealed safe. In this safe Mrs. Roger Sands's jewels had already been placed; and among them was the empty case which had contained the queen's pearls.

Beverley slid back the sandalwood panel and opened the steel door behind it, which was manipulated by a miniature time-lock.

"Suppose I wear diamonds and emeralds," she thought, "and tell Roger they match better with my dress than the pearls—that I'll wear the pearls another time!"

But at the best this would only put off the evil moment. At worst, Roger would refuse to put it off. He would insist upon her wearing the pearls, as he had already expressed a wish for her to do.

She looked at the purple velvet case with its shining gold crown, and hated it for



adding to her trouble. It had been like a fatal gift from a wicked fairy who wished to bring about her ruin.

The idea crossed her mind that she might place the jewel-box on her dressing-table and ask Roger, when he came in, to open it. She could pretend to be as astonished as he on finding the case empty. But she put the idea away as banal and unworthy—banal, because Roger would not be so easily deceived; unworthy, because she would not in lying words deceive him.

"He loved me once," she said to herself, choking on the words. "I won't do anything to make him ashamed of his love, even if it's gone and can never come back!"

She took off her dress of embroidered white organdy, and put on a *robe de chambre*. Then she lay down on a great, cushiony sofa, not to rest, but because she had nothing else to do, and because she felt weak and tremulous.

It was very still in her room, save for a far-off murmur of waves below the rocks. Beating through this murmur she could hear the faint, all but imperceptible, ticking of a watch that she had laid on a table close by. Every few minutes she took up the timepiece and peered at its face through the undersea dusk of the drawn green curtains.

When she had remained thus for three-quarters of an hour, she sprang up, her brain throbbing more feverishly, her body quivering more uncontrollably, than when she had lain down. It was close upon seven o'clock, and she rang for Léontine. Her hair had to be done, and the whole process of dressing would need quite an hour.

(To be concluded in the August number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

"I dare say Mary Stuart took a lot of pains dressing to have her head cut off!" she thought bitterly.

Léontine came and made ready her mistress's bath. She emptied a bottle of *eau de Cologne* into the tepid water, but for once the refreshing scent failed to revive Beverley. She was like a creature in a dream as Léontine wound her long hair in bands round her head—in a new fashion with which Roger had fallen in love a few weeks ago—fastening it here and there with diamond pins.

"*Madame* will be late if we are not careful," the Frenchwoman said. "I do not know why everything seems to take so long to-night!"

She laid on the floor at Beverley's feet a cloud of silver gauze, supple as chiffon. It was the new dress, and *madame* must step into it to avoid ruffling her hair. Beverley obeyed; and when her arms had slipped into the odd little jeweled sleeves, she let Léontine draw her gently in front of a mirror.

"*Madame* is like a marvelous statue of ivory and silver," the maid exclaimed. "But she should have a little touch of color somewhere. I know *madame* never uses rouge; yet there is that rose salve for the nails. If *madame*—but no, it is too late! There is a knock. It will be *mon-sieur*. We did not expect him so soon. Shall I open the door?"

"Yes, open the door," Beverley echoed.

She thought that her voice sounded metallic and unnatural, like a voice speaking in a gramophone.

### TO THE BLIND GOD

THEY call him blind  
Who sees, beyond life's commonplace,  
The hidden beauties of the mind,  
And not the face.

He sees the harmony of dawn,  
The tenderness of night;  
In lowliest spots for him are born  
Glory and light.

The rosy glow in darkest skies  
His sight can find—  
They bind a veil across his eyes  
And call him blind!

Mary Brooks